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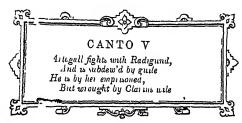
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THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGIND OF ARREGALL, OF OF JUSTICE





O soone as day forth dawning from the East Nights humid curtime from the heavens withdrew,

And enely calling forth both man and beast Communded them then daily workes renew, These noble warnors, mindefull to pursew The last daies purpose of their vowed fight, Them selves thereto prepare in order dew The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight, And th' Amazon, as best it likt her selfe to dight

All in "Cumis light of purple silke
Woven uppon with silver, subtly wrought,
And quilted uppon sittin white as milke,
Trayled with ribbands diversly distraught,
Like as the workeman had their courses taught,
Which was short tucked for light motion
Up to her ham, but, when she list, it raught
Downe to her lowest heele, and thereuppon
She wore for her defence a mijled hibergeon

ΙV

3

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
Basted with bends of gold on every side,
And mailes betweene, and laced close afore,
Uppon her thigh her Cemitare was tide
With an embrodered belt of mickell pride,
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
Uppon the bosse with stones that shined wide,
As the faire Moone in her rost full aspect,
That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect

So forth she came out of the citty gate

With stately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many Damzels that did waite
Uppon her person for her sure defence,
Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that from hence
Their sound did reach unto the heavens hight
So forth into the field she marched thence,
Where was a rich Pavilion ready pignt
Her to receive, till time they should begin the fight

Then forth came Artegall out of his tent,
All aim'd to point, and first the Lists did enter
Soone after eke came she, with fell intent
And countenaunce fierce, as hiving fully bent her
That battells utmost tirell to adventer
The Lists were closed fast, to barre the rout
From rudely pressing on the middle center,
Which ingreatheapes them circled all about, [dout
Wayting how Fortune would resolve that daungerous

The Trumpets sounded, and the field began—6
With bitter strokes it both began and ended
She at the first encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if she had intended
Out of his breast the very heart have rended
But he, that had like tempests often tride,
From that first flaw him selfe right well defended
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide.
She hewd, she found, she lasht, she laid on every side

Yet still her bitness he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win advantage new,
Yet still her crueltie increased more,
And, though powre faild, her courage did accrew
Which fryling, he gan fiercely her pursew
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
The stubborne mettall seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he feeles it mollified with heat,
With his great yron sledge doth strongly on it beat

So did Sir Artegall upon her lay,

As if she hid an yron andvile beene,

That flikes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,

Out of her steely armes were flishing seene,

That all on fire ye would her surely weene,

But with her shield so well her selfe she warded

From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,

That all that while her life she safely girded,

But he that helpe from her against her will discarded

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow

Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,

That halfe her side it selfe did naked show,

And thenceforth unto daunger opened way

Much was she moved with the mightie sway

Of that sad stroke, that halfe emag'd she grew,

And, like a greedie Beare unto her pray,

With her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew, [drew

That glauncing downe his thigh the purple bloud forth

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
And to upbrayd that chaunce which him misfell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spightfull speaches, fitting with her well,
That his great hait gan inwardly to swell
With indignation at her vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissaunce fearefull fell
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to preces round about the plane

If a ving her thus disarmed of her shilld,

Upon her helmet he againe her strooke,

That downe she fell upon the grassie field

In sencelesse swoune, as if her life forsooke,

And pangs of death her sprit overtooke

Whom when he saw before his foote, prostrated,

He to her lept with deadly decadfull looke,

And her sunshyme helmet soone unlaced,

Thinking at once both head and helmet to have raced

But, when as he discovered had her face,

He saw, his senses straunge astonishment,

A miracle of natures goodly grace

In her faire visage voide of ornament,

But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment,

Which in the rudenesse of that evill plight

Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent

Like as the Moone, in foggie winters night,

Doth seeme to be her selfe, though darkned be her light

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart

Empierced was with pittifull regard,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
Cursing his hand that had that visage mard
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
But ruth of beautic will it mollifie
By this, upstarting from her swoune, she star'd
A while about her with confused eye,
Like one that from his dreune is waked suddenlye

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy
Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
With fresh assault upon him she did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelnesse
And though he still retyr'd, yet nathelesse
With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd,
And more increast her outrage merclesse,
The more that he with meeke intreatic prayd
Her wrathful hand from greedic vengeance to have

Like as a Puttocke having spyde in sight
A gentle Faulcon sitting on an hill,
Whose other wing, now mide unmeete for flight,
Was lately broken by some fortune ill,
The foolish Kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in voine,
With many idle stoups her troubling still
Even so did Radigund with bootlesse paine
Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him constraine

Nought could he do but shun the dred despight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retyre,
And with his single shield, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre
And ever-nore he gently did desyre
To stay her stroks, and he himselfe would yield,
Yet nould she hearke, he let him once respyre,
Till he to her delivered had his shield,
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field

So was he overcome, not overcome,
But to her yielded of his owne accord,
Yet was he justly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse word,
To be her thrall and service her afford
For though that he first victorie obtayned,
Yet after, by abandoning his sword,
He wilfull lost that he before attayned
No fayrer conquest then that with goodwill is gayned

Tho with her sword on him she flatling strooke,
Ir signe of true subjection to her powre,
And as her vissall him to thialdome tooke
But Terpine, borne to' a more unhappy howre,
As he on whom the lucklesse staries did lowic,
She causd to be attacht, and forthwith led
Unto the crooke, t' abide the balefull stowie
From which he lately had through reskew fled
Where he full shamefully was hanged by the hed

But when they thought on Tilus hands to lay, He with his yron flaile amongst th m thondred, That they were fayne to let him scape away, Glad from his companie to be so sondied, Whose presence all their troups so much encombred, That th' heapes of those which he did wound and slay, Besides the rest dismayd, might not be nombied Yet all that while he would not once assay To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it just t' obay

Then tooke the Amizon this noble knight, 20 Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame, And caused him to be disarmed quight Of all the ornaments of knightly name, With which whylome he gotten had great fame In stead whereof she made him to be dight In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame, And put before his lap an apion whit Instead of Curiets and bases fit for fight

So being clad she brought him from the field, 21 In which he had bene trayned many a day, Into a long lurge chamber, which was sield With moniments of many Knights decay, By her subdewed in victorious finy Amongst the which she caused his walke aimes Be hung'd on high, that more his shame bewray, And broke his sword, for ferre of further harmes, With which he wont to stille up battailous alaimes

There entied in he round about him saw Many braveknights, whose names right well beknew, There bound t' obay that Amazons proud law, Spinning and cuding all in comely iew, That his bigge hait loth'd so uncomely vew But they were forst, through penuric and pyne, To doe those workes to them appointed dew, For nought was given them to sup or dyne, But what their hands could came by twisting linnen

twyne

Amongst them all she placed him most low,
And in his hand a distaffe to him gave,
That he thereon should spin both flax and tow,
A sordid office for a mind so brave
So hard it is to be a womans slave
Yet he it tooke in his owne selfes despight,
And thereto did himselfe right well behave
Her to obry, sith he his faith had plight
Her vassall to become if she him wonne in fight

Who had him seene imagine mote thereby
That whylome hath of Hercules bene told,
How for Iolas sake he did apply
His mightie hands the distaffe vile to hold
For his hege club, which had subdew'd of old
So many monsters which the world annoyed,
His Lyons skin chaungd to a pall of gold,
In which, forgetting warres, he onely joyed
In combats of sweet love, and with his mistiesse toyed

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,

When they have shaken off the shamefast band,
With which wise Nature did them strongly bynd
To obay the heasts of mans well ruling hand,
That then all rule and reason they withstand
To purchase a licentious libertic
But vertuous women wisely understand,
That they were borne to base humilitie,
Unlesse the heavens them lift to lawfull soveraintie

Thus there long while continu'd Artegall,

Serving proud Radigund with true subjection,
How ever it his noble heart did gall
T' obay a womans tyrannous direction,
That might have had of life or death election
But, having chosen, now he might not chaunge
During which time the warlike Amazon,
Whose wandring fancie after lust did raunge,
Gan cast a secret liking to this captive straunge

Which long concealing in her covert brest,
She chaw'd the cud of lover's carefull plight,
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
Being fast fixed in her wounded spright,
But it tormented her both day and night
Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord
To serve the lowly vissall of her might,
And of her servant make her soverayne Lord
Sogrenther pride that she such basenesse much abhord

So much the greater still her anguish grew,

Through stubborne handling of her love-sicke hart,
And still the more she strove it to subdew,
The more she still augmented her owne smart,
And wyder made the wound of th' hidden dart
At last, when long she struggled had in vaine,
She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind convert
To meeke obeysince of loves mightieraine,
And him entient for grace that had procur'd her paine

Unto her selfe in secret she did call

If in nearest handmayd, whom she most did trust,
And to her said "Claimda, whom of all
I trust alive, sith I thee fosted first,
Now is the time that I untimely must
Thereof make tryall in my greatest need
It is so hapned that the heavens unjust,
Spighting my happie freedome, have agreed
To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to breed"

With that she tuin'd her head, as halfe abashed,
To hide the blush which in her visage rose.
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
Decking her cheeke with a vermilion rose,
But soone she did her counterance compose,
And to her turning thus begin againe
"This griefes deepe wound I would to thee disclose,
Thereto compelled through hart-muiding princ,
But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still restraine"

"Ah! my deare dread," (said then the farthfull Mayd)
"Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart withhold,
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
And dare even deathes most dreadfull face behold?
Say on, my soverayne Ladie, and be bold
Doth not your handmayds life at your foot lic?"
Therewith nucle comforted she gan unfold
The cause of her conceived maladie,

As one that would confesse, yet faine would it denie

- "Claim," (sayd she) "thou seest yond Fayry Knight, Whom not my valour, but his owne brave mind Subjected hath to my unequall might What right is it, that he should thi ildome find For lending life to me, a write h unkind, That for such good him recompence with ill? Therefore I cast how I may him unbind, And by his freedome get his free goodwill, Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still
- "Bound unto me but not with such haid bands
 Of strong compulsion and streight violence,
 As now in miserable state he stands,
 But with sweet love and sure benevolence,
 Voide of multious mind or foule offence
 To which if thou canst win him any way
 Without discoverie of my thoughts pretence,
 Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,
 And eke with gratefull service me right well appy
- "Which that thou mayst the better bring to pas, 31.

 Loe I here this ring, which shall thy warrant bee,
 And token true to old Eumenias,
 From time to time, when thou it best shill see,
 That in and out thou mayst have passage face
 Goe now, Clarinda, well thy wits advise,
 And all thy forces gather unto thee,
 Armies of lovely lookes, and speeches wise,
 With which thou canst even Jove himselfa to love entire"

The trustic Mayd, conceiving her intent,

Did with sure promise of her good enderous

Give her great comfort and some harts content

So, from her parting, she thenceforth did labous

By all the meanes she might to curry favour

With th' Elfin Knight, her Ladies best beloved

With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour,

Even at the markewhite of his hart she roved,

And with wide glauncing words one day she thus him

proved

"Unhappic Knight! upon whose hopelesse state 36
Fortune, envying good, hath felly flowned,
And cruell heavens have heapt in heavy fate,
I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In sad despane, and all thy senses swowned
In stupid sorow, sith thy juster ment
Might else have with felicitie bene crowned
Looke up it last, and wake thy dulled spirit
To thinkehow this long death thou mightest disinherit"

Much did he marvell at her uncouth speach,
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceive,
And gan to doubt least she him sought t' appeach
Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weave,
Through which she might his writched life becave
Both which to barre he with this answere met ha
"Fine Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceave)
Of my mishaps art mov'd to wish me better,
For such your kind regard I can but rest your detter

"Yet, weet ye well, that to a courage great
It is no lesse beseeming well to beare
The storme of fortunes frowne or heavens threat,
Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
Timely to joy and carrie comely cheare
For though this cloud have now me overcast,
Yet doe I not of better times despeyre,
And though unlike they should for ever last,
Yet in my truther assurance I rest fixed fast."

"But what so stonie minde," (she then replyde)
"But if in his owne powie occasion lay,
"Would to his hope a windowe open wyde,
And to his fortunes helpe make readie way?"
"Unworthy sure" (quoth he) "of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke pursew, if he attrine it may"
Which speaches she applying to the scope
Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope

"Then why doest not, thou ill advized man,
Mike meanes to win thy libertie forloine,
And try if thou by faire entreatie can
Move Radigund? who, though she still have worne
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne
Of Beares and Tygnes, nor so salvage inynded
As that, albe all love of men she scorne,
She yet forgets that she of men was kynded
And south oft seene, that proudest haits base love
hath blynded"

"Certes, Cluinda, not of cancied will,"

(Sard he) "nor obstinate disdainefull mind,
I have forbore this duetie to fulfill,
For well I may this weene by that I fynd,
That she a Queene, and come of Princely Lynd,
Both worthie is for to be sawd unto,
Chiefely by him whose life her law doth bynd,
And eke of powie her owne doome to undo,
And als' of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto

"But want of meanes hath bene mine onely let
From seeking favour where it doth abound,
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to your selfe should rest for ever bound,
And readie to deserve what grace I found"
She feeling him thus bite upon the bayt,
Yet doubting least his hold was but unsound
And not well fastened, would not strike him strayt
But drew him on with hope fit leasure to awayt

But, foolish Mayd! whyles heedlesse of the hooke 43
She thus oft times was beating off and on,
Through slipperie footing fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confusion
For seeking thus to salve the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceipts owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
Conceived close in her beguined hart,
To Artegall, through pittle of his causelesse smart

Yet duist she not disclose her fancies wound,
Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being sdayned,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feareher mistresseshold have knowledge gayned,
But to her selfe it secretly retayned
Within the closet of her covert brest
The more thereby her tender hart was payned,
Yet to awayt fit time she weened best,
And fairely did dissemble her sad thoughts unrest

One dry her Ladie, calling her apurt,

Gan to demrund of her some tydings good,
Touching her loves successe, her lingring smart
Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,
As one adaw'd, and halfe confused stood,
But quickly she it overpast, so soone
As she her face had wrpt to fresh her blood
Tho gan she tell her all that she had donne,
And all the wayershe soughthis love for to have wonne

But sayd that he was obstinate and steine,
Scoining her offers and conditions vame,
Ne would be taught with any termes to leine
So fond a lesson as to love againe
Die rather would he in penurious paine,
And his abridged dayes in dolour wast,
Then his foes love or liking entertaine
His resolution was, both first and last,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plast

Which when the crucil Amazon perceived,
She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell despight which she conceived,
To be so scorned of a base borne thrall,
Whose life did he in her least eye-lids fall,
Of which she vow'd, with many a cursed threat,
That she therefore would him ere long forstall
Nathlesse, when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gin
entreat

"What now is left, Claimda? what i emaines,
That we may compasse this our enterprize?
Great shame to lose so long employed paines,
And greater shame t'abide so great misprize,
With which he daies our offers thus despize
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gratious mercie by this wize,
I will a while with his first folly beare,
Till thou have tride againe, and tempted him more neare

"Say and do all that may thereto prevaile,
Leave nought unpromist that may him perswade,
Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great availe,
With which the Gods themselves are mylder made
Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,
The art of mightie words that men can charme,
With which in case thou canst him not invade,
Let him feele hardnesse of thy heavie arme [haime
Who will not stoupe with good shall be made stoupe with

"Some of his diet doe from him withdraw, 50

For I him find to be too proudly fed

Give him more labour, and with streighter law,

That he with worke may be forwearied

Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,

That may pull downe the courage of his pride,

And lay upon him, for his greater dierd,

Cold yron chaines with which let him be tide,

And let what ever he desires be him denide

"When thou hast all this doen, then bring me newes
Of his demeane—thenceforth not like a lover,
But like a rebell stout, I will him use,
For I resolve this siege not to give over,
Till I the conquest of my will recover"
So she departed full of griefe and spaine,
Which inly did to great impatience move her
But the filse mayden shortly turn'd againe
Unto the prison, where her hart did thiall remaine

There all her subtill nets she did unfold,
And all the engins of her wit display,
In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray
So cunningly she wrought her crifts assay,
That both her Ladie, and her selfe withall,
And eke the knight attonce she did betray,
But most the knight, whom she with guilefull call
Did cast for to allure into her trap to fall

As a bad Nurse, which, fayning to receive
In her owne mouth the food ment for her chyld,
Withholdes it to her selfe, and doeth deceive
The infant, so for want of nourture spoyld,
Even so Clarinda her owne Dame beguyld,
And turn'd the trust which was in her affyde,
To feeding of her private fire, which boyld
Her inward brest, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that she it sought to cover and to hyde

For comming to this knight she purpose fayned, 54
How earnest suit she exist for him had made
Unto her Queene, his freedome to have gayned,
But by no meanes could her thereto perswade,
But that in stead thereof she sternely bade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade
All which nathlesse she for his love forbore,
So praying him t'accept her service evermore

And, more then that, she promist that she would, 55
In case she might finde favour in his eye,
Devize how to enlarge him out of hould
The Fayre, glad to gaine his libertie,
Can yield great thankes for such her curtesie,
And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
To feede the humour of her maladie,
Promist, if she would free him from that case,
He wold, by all good means he might, deserve such
grace

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet never meant he in his noble mind
To his owne absent love to be untrew
Ne ever did decerptfull Claim find
In her false hart his bondage to unbind,
But rather how she mote him faster tye
Therefore unto her mistresse most unkind
She daily told her love he did defye,
And him she told, her Dame his freedome did denye

Yet thus much friendship she to him did show,
That his scarse diet somewhat was amended,
And his worke lessened, that his love mote grow
Yet to her Dame him still she discommended,
That she with him mote be the more offended
Thus he long while in thialdome there remayned,
Of both beloved well, but litle frended,
Untill his owne true love his freedome gryned
Which in an other Canto will be best contayned



Great weaknesse, and report of him much

For yeelding so himselfe a wretched thrall To th' insolent commund of womens will, That all his former praise doth fowly spill But he the man, that say or doe so dare, Be well adviz'd that he stand stedfast still, For never yet was wight so well aware, But he, at first or last, was trapt in womens snare

Yet in the streightnesse of that captive state
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaved,
That notwithstanding all the subtill but
With which those Amazons his love still craved,
To his owne love his localitie he saved
Whose character in th' Adamatine mould
Of his true hart so filmely was engiaved,
That no new loves impression even could
Beneavent thence such blot his honour blemish should

Yet his owne love, the noble Britomart,
Scarse so conceived in her jealous thought,
What time sad tydings of his balefull smut
In womans bondage Talus to her brought,
Brought in untimely houre, ere it was sought
For after that the utmost date assynde
For his returne she waited had for nought,
She gim to cast in her miscoubtfull mynde
A thousand feares that love-sickefancies faine to finde

Sometime she feared least some hard mishap Had him misfalne in his adventurous quest, Sometime least his false foe did him entrap In traytrous traine, or had unwares opprest. But most she did her troubled mynd molest, And secretly afflict with jealous feare, Least some new love had him from her possest Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare, To thinke of him so ill, yet could she not for beare One while she blam'd her selfe, another whyle She him condemn'd as trustlesse and unticw. And their, her guefe with errour to begunle, She fayn'd to count the time againe anew, As if before she had not counted trew For houses, but dayes, for weekes that passed were, She told but moneths, to make them seeme more few, Yet when she reckned them, still drawing nearc, Each hour did seeme a moneth, and every moneth a yeare

But when as yet she saw him not returne,

She thought to send some one to seeke him out,
But none she found so fit to serve that turne,
As her owne selfe, to ease her selfe of dout
Now she deviz'd, amongst the warlike rout
Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant Knight,
And then againe resolv'd to hunt him out
Amongst loose Ladies Iapped in delight [spight
And then both Knights envide, and Ladies eke did

One day when as she long had sought for ease
In every place, and every place thought best,
Yet found no place that could her liking please,
She to a window came that opened West,
Towards which coast her love his way addrest
There looking forth, shee in her heart did find
Many vaine fancies working her unrest,
And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then wind,
To beare unto her love the message of her mind

There as she looked long, at last she spide

One comming towards her with hasty speede

Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descride,
That it was one sent from her love indeede,
Who when he high approacht, shee mote arede
That it was Talus, Artegall his groome

Whereat her heart was fild with hope and diede
Ne would she stay till he in place could come,
But ran to meete him forth to know his tidings somme

Even in the dole him meeting, she begun

"And where is he thy Loid, and how fin hence?

Declare at once and hath he lost or win?"

The yion man, albe he wanted sence
And sollowes feeling, yet, with conscience

Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And stood still mute, as one in great suspence,
As if that by his silence he would make

Her lather leade his meaning then him selfe it spake

Till she againe thus sayd "Talus, be bold, no And tell what even it be, good or bad, That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold" To whom he thus at length "The tidings sad, That I would hide, will needs, I see, be rad My Lord your love by hard mishap doth he In wretched bondage, wofully best id" "Ay me," (quoth she) "what wicked destine! And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy?"

"Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe,
But by a Tyrannesse," (he then replide)
"That him ciptived hith in haplesse woe"
"Cease, thou had newes-man! hadly doest thou hide
Thy maisters shame, in harlots bondage tide
The rest my selfe too readily can spell"
With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell,
And to her chamber went like solitary cell

There she began to make her monefull plaint

Against her Knight for being so untiew,

And hun to touch with filshoods fowle attaint,

That all his other honour overthrew

Oft did she blaine her selfe, and often rew,

For yeelding to a straungers love so light,

Whose life and maneers strainge she never knew,

And evermore she did him sharpely twight

For breach of faith to her, which he had firmely plight

And then she in her writhfull will did cast
How to revenge that blot of honour blent,
To fight with him, and goodly die her last
And then ag une she did her selfe torment,
Inflicting on her selfe his punishment
A while she walkt, and chauft, a while she threw
Her selfe uppor her bed, and did lament
Yet did she not lament with loude alew,
As women wont, but with deepesighes and singulfs few

Like is a wayward childe, whose sounder sleepe. Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright, With froward will doth set him selfe to weepe, Ne can be stild for all his nurses might, But kicks, and squals, and shriekes for fell despight, Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing, Now seeking driknesse, and now seeking light, Then craving sucke, and then the sucke refusing Such was this Ladies fit in her loves fond accusing

But when she had with such unquiet fits

Her selfe there close afflicted long in vaine,

Yet found no casement in her troubled wits,

She unto Talus forth return'd againe,

By change of place seeking to ease her paine,

And gan enquire of him with mylder mood

The certaine cause of Artegals detuine,

And what he did, and in what state he stood,

And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd?

"Ah wellaway!" (sayd then the yion mai)
"That he is not the while in state to woo,
But lies in wretched thraldome, werke and win,
Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now undoo"
"Sryd I not then" (quoth shee), "er while aright,
That this is thing compacte betwirt you two,
Mc to deceive of futh unto me plight,
Since that he was not forst, nor overcome in fight?"

With that he gan at large to her dilute

The whole discourse of his captivance sed,
In sort as ye have heard the same of late
All which when she with hard endurance had
Heard to the end, she was right sore bestud,
With sodame stounds of wrath and grief attone,
Ne would abide, till she had aumswere made,
But streight her selfe did dight, and aimor don,
And mounting to her steede bad Talus guide her on

So forth she rode uppon her ready way,

To seeke her Knight, as Talus her did guide
Sadly she rode, and never word did say
Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aside,
But still right downe, and in her thought did hide
The felnesse of hir heart, right fully bent
To fierce avengement of that womans pride,
Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,
And so great honour with so fowle reproch had blent

So as she thus melancholicke did 11de,
Chiwing the cud of griefe and inward paine,
She chaunst to meete, toward the even-tide,
A Knight that softly pixed on the plaine,
As if him selfe to solace he were faine
Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
To peace then needlesse trouble to constraine,
As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest semblant that no evil ment

With curteous words, in the most comely wize,
Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
Then termes to entertime of common guize,
Yet rather then she kindnesse would despize,
She would her selfe displease, so him requite
Then gan the other further to devize
Of things abrode, as next to hand did light,
And manythings demaind, to which she answer'd light

For little lust had she to talke of ought,
Or ought to he ue that mote delightfull bee
Her minde was whole possessed of one thought,
That gave none other place. Which when is he e
By outward signes (as well he might) did see,
He list no lenger to use lothfull speach,
But her besought to take it well in gree,
Sith shady dampe had dimd the hervens reach,
Tolodge with him that night, unles good cause empeach

The Championesse, now seeing night at doic,
Was glad to yeeld unto his good request,
And with him went without gline saying more
Not fure way, but little wide by West,
His dwelling was, to which he him addrest
Where soone uriving they received were
In seemely wise, as them beseemed best,
For he, then host, them goodly well did cheric,
And talk't of pleasant things the night away to weare

Thus passing th' evening well, till time of rest,
Then Britomart unto a bowie was brought,
Where groomes awayted her to have undrest,
But she ne would undressed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much besought
For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo
Those warlike weedes, till she revenge had wrought
Of rlate wrong uppor a mortall foe,
Which she would sure performe, betide her well or wo

Which when then Host perceiv'd, right discontent 24
In minde he giew, for fence least by that art
He should his purpose misse, which close he ment
Yet taking leave of her he did depart
There all that night remained Britomart,
Restlesse, Tecomfortlesse, with he ut deepe grieved,
Not suffering the least twingkling sleepe to start
Into her eye, which th' heart mote have relieved,
But if the least appear'd, hereyes she streight reprieved

"Ye guilty eyes," (sayd she) "the which with guyle 25
My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
My life now too, for which a little whyle
Ye will not writch? false watches, well-way!
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Unto your losse, and now needes will ye sleepe?
Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleepe? ah! wike, and rather weepe
To thinke of your hights want, that should ye waking
keepe."

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
In waylfull plaints that none was to appease,
Now walking soft, now sitting still upright,
As sundry chaunge her seemed best to ease
Ne lesse did Talus suffer sleepe to serze
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great disease
Like to a Spaniell wayting carefully
Least any should betray his Lady treacherously

What time the native Belman of the night,
The bild that wained Peter of his fall,
Frist rings his silver Bell t' each sleepy wight,
That should then mindes up to devotion call,
She heard a wondrous noise below the hall
All sodainely the bed, where she should lic,
By a false trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was raysd againe, that no man could it spie

With sight whereof she was dismayd right soie,
Perceiving well the treason which was ment,
Tet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would ensue of that event
It was not long before she heard the bund
Of aimed men comming with close intent
Towards her chamber, at which dieadfull stound
She quickly caught her sword, and shield about her
bound

With that there came unto her chumber dore
Two Kneghts all armed ready for to fight,
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight
Whome scone as Talus spide by glims of night,
He started up, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his thresher ready keight
They seeing that let drive at hire streightway,
And round about him preace in rictous aray

But, soone as he begin to lay about

With his rude yion flade, they gan to flie,
Both aimed Knights and eke unarmed rout,
Yet Talus after them apace did plie,
Where ever in the darke he could them spie,
That here and there like scattled sheepe they lay
Then, backe returning where his Dame did he,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray

Wherewith though wondrous wioth, and inly burning To be avenged for so fowle a deede,
Yet being forst to abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd, but with right wary heede,
Least any more such practise should proceede
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknowen was) whence all this did proceede,
And for what cause so great mischievous smart
Was ment to ber that never evill ment in hart

The goodman of this house was Dolon hight,

A man of subtill wit and wicked minde,

That whilome in his youth had bene a Knight,

And aimes had boine, but little good could finde

And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde

Of life for he was nothing valorous,

But with she shiftes and wiles did underminde

All noble Knights, which were adventurous,

And many brought to shame by treason treacherous

He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes, 33
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compasse wonnes,
The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile
By Artegall, through his owne guilty wile
His name was Guizor, whose untimely fate
For to avenge, full many treasons vile
His father Dolon had deviced of late
With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cankied hate

For sure he weend that this his present guest
Wis Artegall, by many tokens plaine,
But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,
Which still was wont with Artegall remaine,
And therefore ment him surely to have slaine
But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,
She was preserved from their traytrous traine
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
Ne suffied slothfull sleepe her eyelids to oppresse

The monow next, so soone as dawning houre
Discovered had the light to living eye,
She forth yssew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t' avenge that villiny
On that vilde man and all his family,
And comming down to seeke them where they wond,
Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie
Each rowme she sought, but them all empty fond
They all were fied for feare, but whether, nether kond

She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,

But tooke her steede, and thereon mounting light
Gan her addresse unto her former way

She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that she saw there present in her sight

Those two false brethren on that perfillous Bridge,
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight

Streight was the passage, like a ploughed ridge,
That, if two met, the one mote needs fall over the hdge

There they did thinks them selves on her to wreake,
Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one
These vile reproches gan unto her speake
"Thou recreant filse traytor, that with lone
Of umeshastknighthoodstolne, yet Knight art none,
No more shall now the darkenesse of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone
But with thy bloud thou shalt appease the spright
Of Guizor by thee slaine, and murdred by thy slight"

Strange were the words in Britomartis eare,
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perillous Bridge she came, and there
Talus desn'd that he might have prepared
The way to her, and those two losels scared,
But she thereat was wroth, that for despight
The glauncing sparkles through her bever glared,
And from her eres did flash out fiery light,
Like coles that through a silver Censer sparkle bright

She stayd not to advise which way to take,
But putting spuries unto her fiery beast,
Thorough the midst of them she way did make
The one of them, which most her wrath increast,
Uppon her specie she bore before her breast,
Till to the Bridges further end she past,
Where falling downe his challenge he releast
The other over side the Bridge she cast
Into the river, where he drunke his deadly last

As when the flashing levin haps to light
Uppon two stubboine oakes, which stand so neare
That way betwart them none appeares in sight,
The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th' one from the earth, and through the aire doth beare,

The other it with force doth everthrow
Uppon one side, and from his rootes doth reme
So did the Championesse those two there strow,
And to their site their carcasses left to bestow



3



OUGHT is on cuth more sacred or divine, in That Gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue that doth right define
For th' hevens themselves, whence mortal men implice

Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore Of highest Jove, who doth true justice deale To his inferiour Gods, and evermore Therewith containes his heaverly Common-weale The skill whereof to Princes hearts he doth reveale

Well therefore did the antique world invent
That Justice was a God of soveraine grace,
And altars unto him and temples lent,
And hervenly honours in the highest place,
Calling him great Osyris, of the race
Of th' old Ægyptian Kings that whylome were
With fayned colours shading a true case,
For that Osyris, whilest he lived here,
The justest man alive and truest did appeare

His wife was Isis, whom they likewise made
A Goddesse of great powie and soverainty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of Justice which is Equity,
Whereof I have to treat here presently
Unto whose temple when as Britomart
Arrived, shee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart,
But Talus mote not be admitted to her part

There she received was in goodly wize

Of many Priests, which duely did attend
Uppon the rites and daily sacrifize,
All clad in limnen robes with silver hemd,
And on their heads, with long locks comely kemd,
They wore rich Mittes shaped like the Moone,
To shew that Isis doth the Moone portend,
Like as Osyris signifies the Sunne
For that they both like race in equall justice runne

The Championesse them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led,
Whose goodly building when she did behould,
Borne uppon stitely pillouis, all dispired
With shining gold, and uiched over hed,
She wondred at the workmans passing skill,
Whose like before she never saw nor red,
And thereuppon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could never gaze her fill

Thence forth unto the Idoll they her brought,

The which was framed all of silver fine,

So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,

And clothed all in garments made of line,

Hemd all about with fringe of silver twine

Uppon her head she wore a Crowne of gold,

To shew that she had powre in things divine

And at her feete a Crocodile was rold,

That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold

One foote was set uppon the Crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand,
So meaning to suppresse both forged guile
And open force and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white sclender wand
Such was the Goddesse whom when Britomart
Had long beheld, her selfe uppon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble hart
Unto her selfe her silent prayers did impart

To which the Idoll, as it were inclining,
Her wand did move with amrable looke,
By outward shew her inward sence desining
Who well perceiving how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke
By this the day with dampe was overeast,
And joyous light the house of Jove forsooke,
Which when she saw her helmet she unlaste,
And by the altars side her selfe to slumber plaste

For other beds the Priests there used none,
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,
And bake their sides uppon the cold hard stone,
T'enure them selves to suffer runce thereby,
And proud rebellious flesh to mortify
For by the vow of their religion,
They tied were to steadfast classity
And continence of life, that, all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their devotion

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,

Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine, for wine, they say, is blood,
Even the bloud of Gyants, which were slaine
By thundring Jove in the Phlegrean plaine
For which the earth (as they the story tell)
Whoth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her sonnes which gainst them did rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did against them swell

And of then vitall bloud, the which was shed Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought The fruitfull vine, whose liquor blouddy red, Having the mindes of men with fury fraught, Mote in them stirre up old rebellious thought To make new warre against the Gods againe Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought The fell contagion may thereof restraine, Ne within reasons rule her madding mood containe

13

14

There did the warlike Maide her selfe repose,

Under the wings of Isis all that night,

And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did close,

After that long dries toile and weary plight

Where whilest her cuthly puts with soft delight

Of sencelesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,

There did appeare unto her heavenly spright

A wondrous vision, which did close implie

The course of all her fortune and posteritie

Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifize

To Isis, dockt with Mitre on her hed
And linner stole after those Priestes guize,
All sodainely she saw transfigured
Her linner stole to rope of scarlet red,
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold,
That even she her selfe much wondered
At such a change, and joyed to behold
Her selfe adoin'd with gems and jewels manifold

And in the midst of her felicity,

An hideous tempest seemed from below

To rise through all the Temple sodainely,

That from the Altar all about did blow

The holy fire, and all the embers strow

Uppon the ground, which, kindled privity,

Into outragious flames unwares did grow,

That all the Temple put in jeopardy

Of flaming, and her selfe in great perplexity

With that the Crocodile, which sleeping lay
Under the Idols feete in fearelesse bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stowre,
And gaping greedy wide did streight devoure
Both flames and tempest—with which growen great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peer elesse powre,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat,
But that the Goddesse with her rod him backe did beat

The turning all his pilde to humblesse meeke,
Him selfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grice and love of her to secke,
Which she accepting, he so neare her drew
That of his game she soone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a Lion of great might,
That shortly did a other beasts subdew
With that she waked full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully dismay d through that so uncouth sight

So thereuppon long while she musing lay,
With t outsand thoughts feeding her fantasie,
Untill she spide the lampe of lightsome day
Up-lifted in the porch of heaven hie
Then up she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas,
Whereas the Priestes she found full busily
About their holy things for morow Mas,
Whom she saluting faire, fair e resaluted was

But by the change of her unchearefull looke,

They might perceive she was not well in plight,
Or that some pensivenesse to heart she tooke
Therefore thus one of them, who seem'd in sight
To be the greatest and the gravest wight,
To her bespake "Sir Knight, it seemes to me,
That thorough cyrll rest of this list night,
Or ill apayd or much disning dige be,
That by your change of cheire is easie for to see"

"Certes," (sayd she) "sith ye so well have spide The troublous passion of my pensive mind, I will not seeke the same from you to hide, But will my cares unfolde, in hope to find Your aide to guide me out of errour blind" "Say on" (quoth he) "the secret of your hart, For by the holy vow which me doth bind, I am adjur'd best counsell to impart To all that shall require my comfort in their smart"

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse
Of all that vision which to her appeard,
As well as to her minde it had recourse
All which when he unto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared
Through great astonishment of that strange right,
And, with long locks up-standing stifly, stared
Like one adawed with some dreadfull spright
So, fild with heavenly fury, thus he her behight

- "Magnificke Viigin, that in quent disguise 21 Of British aimes doest maske thy royall blood, So to pursue a perillous emprize, [hood, How couldst thou weene, through that disguized To hide thy state from being understood? Can from th' immortall Gods ought hidden bee? They doe thy linage, and thy Lordly brood, They doe thy size limenting sore for thee, They doe thy love forloine in womens thialdome see
- "The end whereof, and all the long event,
 They do to thee in this same dreame discover,
 For that same Crocodile doth represent
 The righteous Knight that is thy faithfull lover,
 Like to Osyris in all just endever
 For that same Crocodile Osyris is,
 That under Isis feete doth sleepe for ever,
 To shew that clemence oft, in things amis,
 Restraines those sterne behests and cruell doomes of his
- "That Knight shall all the troublous stoimes asswage
 And raging flames, that many foes shall leare
 To hinder thee from the just heritage
 Of thy snes Crowne, and from thy countrey deare
 Then shalt thou take him to thy loved ferc,
 And joyn in equall portion of thy lealme,
 And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
 That Lion-like shall shew his powie extreame
 So blesse thee God, and give thee joyance of thy
 dreame!"

All which when she unto the end had heard,
She much was eased in her troublous thought,
And on those Priests bestowed rich reward,
And royall gifts of gold and silver wrought
She for a present to their Goddesse brought
Then taking leave of them, she for wild went
To seeke her love, where he was to be sought,
Ne rested till she came without relent
Unto the land of Amazons, as she was bent

Whereof when newes to Radigund was brought, 25
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She wife confused in her troublous thought,
But fild with courage and with joyous glee,
As glad to herre of rumes, the which now she
Had long surceast, she bud to open bold,
That she the face of her new foe might see
But when they of that yron man had told, [hold
Which late her folke had slaine, she bad them for the

So there without the gate, (as seemed best)

She caused her Pavilion to be pight,

In which stout Britomut her selfe did rest,

Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night

All night likewise they of the towne in fright

Uppon their wall good watch and wild did keepe

The morrow next, so soone as dawning light

Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,

The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peepe

And caused streight a Trumpet loud to shall,
Tawnae her foc to battell soone be prest
Who, long before awoke, (for she ful ill
Could sleepe all night, that in unquiet brest
Did closely harbour such a jerlous guest)
Was to the battell whilome ready dight
Eftsoones that warrouresse with haughty crest
Did forth issue all ready for the fight
On th' other side her foe appeared soone in sight

ıv

But ene they neared hand the Amazone

Began the streight conditions to propound,

With which she used still to tye her fone,

To serve her so as she the rest had bound

Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd

For high custains of such indignity,

And would no lenger treat, but bad them sound

For her no other termes should ever tre

Then what prescribed were by lawes of chevalue

The Trumpets sound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smot,
Ne either sought the others strokes to shun,
But through great fury both their skill forgot,
And practicke use in aimes, ne spared not
Their dainty parts, which nature had created,
So faire and tender without staine or spot,
For other uses then they them translated, [hated
Which they now hackt and hewd as if such use they

As when a Tygie and a Lionesse

Are met at spoyling of some hungiy pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedinesse
But first the Tygie clawes thereon did lay,
And therefore, loth to loose her right away,
Doth in defence the eof full stoutly stond
To which the Lion strongly doth grinesay,
That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hond,
And therefore ought it have where ever she it fond

Full fiercely layde the Amizon about,

And dealt her blowes unmercifully sore,

Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,

And them repaide againe with double more

So long they fought, that all the grassic flore

Was fild with bloud which from their sides did flow,

And gushed through their armes, that all in gore

They trode, and on the ground their lives did strow,

Like fruitles seede, of which untimely death should

At last proud Radigund, with fell despight,
Having by chaunce espide advantage neare,
Let drive at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus upbrayding said "This token be ne
Unto the man whom thou doest love so deare,
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gavest"
Which spitefull words she, sore engriev'd to heare,
Thus answer'd "Lewdly thou my love deprayest,
Who shortly must repent that now so variely bravest"

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage found,
That glauncing on her shoulder plate it bit
Unto the bone, and made a griesly wound,
That she her shield, through raging smart of it,
Could scarse uphold yet soone she it requit,
For, having force increast through furious paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated on the plaine

Where being layd, the wrothfull Britonesse
Stayd not till she came to her selfe ag une,
But in revenge both of her loves distresse
And her late vile reproch though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft
Which dreadfull sight when all her warlike traine
There present saw, each one of sence bereft
Fled first into the towne, and her sole victor left

But yet so fast they could not home retrate,
But that swift Talus did the formost win,
And pressing through the preace unto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in
There then a pitcous slaughter did begin,
For all that ever came within his reach
He with his yron fiale did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach [peach
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may em-

And now by this the noble Conqueresse

Her selfe came in, her glory to partake,

Where, though revengefull vow she did professe,

Yet when she saw the heapes which he did make

Of slaughtred carkasses, her heart did quake

For very ruth, which did it almost rive,

That she his fury willed han to slake

For else he sure had left not one alive,

But all, in his revenge, of spirite would deprive

The when she had his execution stayd,

She for that yron prison did enquire,
In which her wretched love was captive layd
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entied into all the partes entire,
Where when she saw that lothly uncouth sight
Of men disguiz'd in womanishe attire,
Her heart gan grudge for very deepe despight
Of so unmanly maske in misery misdight

At last when as to her owne Love she came,
Whom like disguize no lesse deformed had,
At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad
To have beheld a spectacle so bad,
And then too well believ'd that, which tofore
Jealous suspect as true untruely drad
Which vame conceipt now nourishing no more,
She sought with ruth to salve his sad misfortunes sore

Not so great wonder and astonishment

Did the most chast Penelope possesse
To see her Lord, that was reported drent
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
After long travell of full twenty yeares,
That she knew not his favours likelynesse,
For many scarres and many hoary heares,
Butstood long staring on himmongst uncertaine feares

"Ah, my dene Lord! what sight is this?" quoth she, • "What May-game hath misfortune made of you? Where is that dieadfull manly looke? where be Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t' embiew In bloud of Kings, and great hoastes to subdew? Could ought on earth so wondrous change have wrought,

As to have robde you of that manly hew? Could so great courage stouped have to ought? Then, farewell fleshly force, I see thy pride is nought"

Thenceforth she streight into a bowne him brought, 41 And cause him those uncomely weedes undight, And in their steede for other rayment sought, Whereof there was great store, and armors bright, Which had bene left from many a noble Knight, Whom that proud Amrzon subdewed had, Whilest Fortune favourd her successe in fight In which when as she him anew had clad. She was reviv'd, and joyd much in his semblance glad

So there a while they afterwards remained, Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale During which space she there as Princes rained, And changing all that forme of common weale The liberty of women did repeale, Which they had long usurpt, and, them restoring To mens subjection, did true Justice deale, That all they, as a Goddesse her adoring, Her wisedome did admire, and hearkned to her loring

For all those Knights, which long in captive shade 43 Had shrowded bene, she did from thirdome free, And magistrates of all that city made, And gave to them great living and large fee And that they should for ever faithfull bee, Made them sweare fealty to Artegall, Who when him selfe now well recui'd did sec, He purposd to proceed, what so be fall,

Uppon his first adventure which him forth did call

Full sad and sonowfull was Britomart

For his departure, her new cause of griefe,
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Consisted much in that adventures priefe
The care whereof, and hope of his successe,
Give unto her great comfort and reliefe,
That womanish complaints she did represse,
And tempred for the time her present heavinesse

There she continu'd for a certaine space,

Till through his want her woe did more increase.

Then hoping that the change of an e and place.

Would change her paine, and sorrow somewhat ease,

She parted thence her anguish to appease.

Meane while her noble Lord sir Artegull.

Went on his way, he ever howre did cease,

Till he redeemed had that Lady throll.

That for another Canto will more fitly full.





OUGHT under heaven so strongly doth allure [possesse,

The sence of man, and all his minde
As beauties lovely batte, that doth procure
Great warfiours oft their rigour to represse,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse,
Drawne with the poure of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifye
Their hardned hearts, enui'd to bloud and cruelty

So whylome learnd that mighty Jewish swune, 2
Each of whose lockes did match a min in might,
To lay his spoiles before his lemans traine
So also did that great Octean Knight
For his loves sake his Lions skin undight,
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The worlds whole rule for Cleopatras sight
Such wondrous power hath wemens fure aspect
To captive men, and make them all the world reject

Yet could it not steine Aitegall retaine,
Not hold from suite of his avowed quest,
Which he had undertane to Gloriane,
But left his love, albe her strong request,
Faire Britomait in languor and unrest,
And rode him selfe uppon his first intent
Ne day nor night did ever idly rest,
Ne wight but onely Talus with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous government

So travelling, he chaunst far off to heed

A Damzell, flying on a palfrey fast
Before two Knights that after her did speed
With all their powie, and her full fiercely chast
In hope to have her overhent at last
Yet fled she fast, and both them fare outwent,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,
With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent,
And ever as she rode her eye was backeward bent

Soone after these he saw another Knight,
That after those two former rode apace.
With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might.
So ran they all, as they had bene at bace,
They being chased that did others chace.
At length he saw the hindmost overtake.
One of those two, and force him turne his face,
However loth he were his way to slake,
Yet mote he algates now abide, and answere make.

But th' other still pursu'd the fearefull Myd,
Who still from him as fast away did flie,
Ne once for ought her speedy passage stayd,
Till that at length she did before her spre
Sin Artegill, to whom she straight did hie
With glidfull hast, in hope of him to get
Succour against her greedy enimy
Who seeing her approch gan forward set
To save her from her feare, and him from force to let

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,

Being important of impediment,
Continu'd still his course, and by the way
Thought with his spenie him quight have overwent
So both together, ylike felly bent,
Like ficicely met — But Artegall was stronger,
And better skild in Tilt and Turn iment,
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer
Then two spenies length—So mischiefe overmatcht
the wioner

And in his fall musfortune him mistooke,

For on his head unhappily he pight,

That his owne wright his necke asunder broke,
And left there dead. Meane while the other Knight
Defeated had the other faytour quight,
And all his bowels in his body brast

Whom leaving there in that dispiteous plight,
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast

His other fellow Pagan which before him past

In stead of whom finding there ready prest
Sr Artegall, without discretion
He at im ran with ready speare in rest,
Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,
Against him made againe So both mon
Together met, and shongly either strocke
And broke their speares, yet neither has forgon
His horses backe, yet to and fiolong shooke
And tottred, like two towies which through a tempest
quooke

But when againe they had recovered sence,

They drew their swords, in mind to make amends

For what their speares had fayld of their pretence

Which when the Damzell, who those deadly ends

Of both her foes had seene, and now her frends

For her beginning a more fearefull fray,

She to them runnes in hast, and her haire rends,

Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,

Until they both do heare what she to them will say

They stayd then hands, when she thus gan to speake "Ah gentle Knights! what meane ye thus unwise Upon your selves anothers wrong to wreake? I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprise Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise Witnesse the Paynims both, whom ye may see There dead on ground What doe ye then devise Of more revenge? If more, then I am shee Which was the roote of all end your revenge on mee."

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about 12
To weete if it were true as she had told,
Where when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftsoones they gan their wrothfull hands to hold,
And Ventailes reme cuch other to behold
Tho when as Artegall did Arthure, wew,
So faire a creature and so wondrous bold,
He much admired both his heart and hew,
And touched with intire affection nigh him diew,

Saying, "Sir Knight, of paidon I you pray,
That all unweeting have you wrong'd thus sore,
Suffring my hand against my heart to stray,
Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore
Yeeld for amends my selfe yours evermore,
Or what so penaunce shall by you be red"
To whom the Prince "Certes me needeth more
To crave the same, whom errour so misled,
As that I did mistake the living for the ded

"But, sith ye please that both our blames shall die, Amends may for the trespasse soone be mide, Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby." So can they both them selves full eath perswade To faire accordance, and both fulls to shade, Either embracing other lovingly, And swearing faith to either on his blade, Never thenceforth to nourish enmity, But either others cause to maintaine mutually.

Then Artegall gan of the Pince enquie,

What were those knights which there on ground were
And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire, [liyd,
And for what cause they chased so that Mayd?

"Certes I wote not well," (the Prince then sayd)

But by adventure found them faring so,
As by the way unweetingly I strayd
And lo! the Damzell selfe, whence all did grow,
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion know"

Then they that Damzell called to them me,
And asked her what were those two her fone,
From whom she earst so fast away did flie?
And what was she her selfe so woo begone,
And for what cause pursu'd of them uttone?
To whom she thus "Then wote ye well, that I
Doe serve a Queene that not far hence doth wone,
A Princesse of great power and majestic,
F unous through all the world, and honor'd far and me

- 'Her name Mercilla most men use to call,
 That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,
 For her great bounty knowen over all
 And sover one grace, with which her royall crowne
 She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
 The malice of her foes, which her envy
 And at her happinesse do first and frowne
 Yet she her selfe the more doth magnify,
 'And even to her foes her mercies multiply
 - "Mongst many which maligue her happy state,
 There is a mighty man, which wonnes hereby,
 That with most fell despight and deadly hate
 Seekes to subvert her Crowne and dignity,
 And all his powre doth thereunto apply
 And her good Knights, of which so hi we a bind
 Serves her as any Princesse under sky,
 He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
 Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand
 - "Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill,
 Which he unto her people does each day,
 But that he seekes by traytrous traines to spill
 Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay
 That, O ye Heavens, defend! and turne away
 From her unto the miscreant him selfe,
 That neither hath religion nor fay,
 But makes his God of his ungodly pelfe,
 And Idols serves so let his Idols serve the Elfe!

21

22

- "To all which cruell tyranny, they say,
 He is provokt, and stind up day and night
 By his bad wife that hight Adicia
 Who counsels him, through confidence of might,
 To breake all bonds of law and rules of right
 For she her selfe professeth mortall foe
 To Justice, and against her still doth fight,
 Working to all that love her deadly woe,
 And making all her Knights and people to doe so
- "Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best With that his wife in friendly wise to deale, For stint of strife and stablishment of rest Both to her selfe and to her common weale, And all forepast displeasures to repeale So me in message unto her she sent, To treat with her, by way of enterdeale, Of finall peace and faire attonement Which might concluded be by mutuall consent
- "All times have wont safe passage to afford
 To messengers that come for causes just
 But this proude Dame, disd lyning all accord,
 Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,
 Reviling me and rayling as she lust,
 But lastly, to make proofe of utmost shame,
 Me like a dog she out of dores did thrust,
 Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
 That never did her ill, ne once deserved blame
- "And lastly, that no shame might wanting be, When I was gone, soone after me she sent."

 These two false Knights, whom there ye lying see, To be by them dishonoured and shent.

 But, thankt be God, and your good hardiment, They have the price of their owne folly payd."

 So said this Damzell, that hight Samient, And to those knights for their so noble ayd. Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, and heaped thanks repayd.

But they now having throughly heard and seene 24
Al those great wrongs, the which that mayd complained

To have bene done against her Lady Queene By that proud dame which her so much disdained, Were moved ruch thereat, and twist them fained With all their force to worke avengement strong Uppon the Souldan selfe, which it mayntained, And on his Lady, th' author of that wrong,

And uppon all those Knights that did to her belong

But, thinking best by counterfet disguise

To then deseigne to make the easier way,
They did this complot twint them selves devise
First, that Sir Artegall should him array
Like one of those two Knights which dead there lay,
And then that Damzell, the sad Samient,
Should as his purchast prize with him convay
Unto the Souldans court, her to present
Unto his scornefull Lady that for her had sent

So as they had deviz'd, Sir Artegall

Him clad in th' armour of a Pagan knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,
That Damzell, led her to the Souldans right
Where soone as his proud wife of her had sight,
Forth of her window as she looking lay,
She weened streight it was her Paynim Knight,

Which brought that Damzell as his purchast pray, And sent to him a Page that mote direct his way

Who bringing them to their appointed place,
Offied his service to disarme the Knight,
But he refusing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be discovered by his sight,
Kept himselfe still in his straunge armour dight
Soone after whom the Prince arrived there,
And sending to the Souldan in despight
A bold defyance, did of him requere
That Damsell whom he held as wrongfull prisonere

Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraught, 28
Swearing and banning most blasphemously,
Commaunded straight his armour to be brought,
And, mounting straight upon a chariet hye,
With yron wheeles and hookes aim'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell steedes which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe ded
Their bodies to his beastes for provender did spred,

So forth he came, all in a cote of plate

Burnisht with bloudic rust, whiles on the greene
The Briton Prince him readie did awayte,
In glistering armes right goodly well beseene,
That shone as bright as doth the heaven sheene
And by his stirrup Talus did attend,
Playing his pages part, as he had beene
Before directed by his Loid, to th' end
He should his flale to final execution bend

Thus goe they both together to their geare,
With like fielce minds, but meanings different,
For the proud Souldan, with presumpteous cheare
And countenance sublime and insolent,
Sought onely slaughter and avengement,
But the brave Prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight
More in his causes truth he trusted then in might

Like to the Thiacian tyrant, who they say
Unto his hoises gave his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedie pray,
And torne in pieces by Alcides great,
So thought the Souldan, in his follies threat,
Either the Prince in pieces to have to ne
With his sharp wheeles, in his first rages heat,
Or under his firce horses feet have boine,
And trampled down in dust his thoughts disdained
scorne

But the bold child that perill well espying,
If he too rashly to his charret drew,
Give way unto his horses speedie flying,
And their resistlesse rigour did eschew
Yet, as he passed by, the Pagan threw
A shivering dart with so impetuous force,
That had he not it shunn'd with heedfull vew,
It had himselfe transfixed or his horse,
Or made them both one masse withouten more remoise

Oft diew the Prince unto his chartet nigh,
In hope some stroke to fisten on him neare,
But he was mounted in his sent so high,
And his wingfooted coursers him did beare
So fast away that, ere his readic speare
He could advance, he farre was gone and past
Yet still he him did follow every where,
And followed was of him likewise full fast,
So long as in his steedes the firming breath did lest

Againe the Pagan threw another dart,

Of which he had with him abundant store
On every side of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons lesse or more,
Which warlike uses had deviz'd of yore
The wicked shaft, guy ded through th' ayrie wy de
By some bad sprift that it to mischiefe bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glyde,
And made a griesly wound in his enriven side

Much was he grieved with that haplesse three,
That epened had the welsping of his blood,
But much the more, that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come to wreake his writhfull mood
That made him lave, like to a Lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand
Cannot come neare him in the covert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his shady stand,
And fenst himselfe about with many a flaming brand

Still when he sought t' approch unto him ny
His charret wheele, about him whiled round,
And made him backe againe as fast to fly,
And eke his steedes, like to an hungry hound
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him pursew and chace,
That his good steed, all were he much renound
For noble courage and for hardie race, [place
Duist not endure their sight, but fled from place to

Thus long they trast and traverst to and fio,

Seeking by every way to make some breach,

Yet could the Prince not night unto him goe,

That one sure stroke he might unto him reach,

Whereby his strengthes assay he might him teach

At last from his victorious shield he drew

The vaile, which did his powrefull light empeach,

And comming full before his horses vew,

As they upon him prest, it plaine to them did shew

Like lightening flash that hath the gazer burned, 38 So did the sight thereof their sense dismay, That backe againe upon themselves they turned, And with their ryder ranne perforce away. Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay. With raynes or wonted rule, as well he knew. Nought feared they what he could do or say, But th' onely feare that was before their vew, From which, like mazed deare, dismayfully they flew.

Fast did they fly as them then feete could beare 39
High over hilles, and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of then former feare
In vaine the Pagan bannes, and sweares, and rayles,
And backe with both his hands unto him hayles
The resty raynes, regarded now no more
He to them calles and speakes, yet nought avayles,
They heare him not, they have forgot his lore,
But go which way they list, then guide the, have
forlore

As when the fine-mouthed steedes, which dicw
The Sunnes bright wayne to Phaetons decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion vew
With ugly craples crawling in their way,
The dreadfull sight did them so sore affray,
That their well knowen courses they forwent,
And, leading th' ever-burning lampe astray,
This lower would nigh all to askes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the firmament

Such was the fune of these head-strong steeds,
Soone as the infants sunlike shield they saw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and scornd all former law [draw
Through woods, and nocks, and mountaines they did
The yron charet, and the wheeles did terre,
And tost the Paynim without ferre or awe,
From side to side they tost him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine that nould his crying here

Yet still the Prince pursew'd him close behind,
Oft making offer him to smite, but found
No easie meanes according to his mind
At last they have all overthrowne to ground
Quite topside turvey, and the Pagan hound
Amongst the gron hookes and graples keene
Toine all to rags, and rent with many a wound,
That no whole peece of him was to be seene,
But scattled all about, and show'd upon the greene

Like as the cursed son of Theseus,

That-following his chace in dewy morne,
To fly his stepdames loves outrageous,
Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne,
That for his sake Diana did lament,
Andall the wooddy Nymphes did wayle and mourne
So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,
That of his shape appear'd no little moniment

Onely his shield and aimour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to bi usd and bioken,
He up did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remains for an eternall token
To all mongst whom this storie should be spoken,
How worthly, by heavens high decree,
Justice that day of wrong her selfe had wroken,
That all men, which that spectacle did see,
By like ensample mote for ever warned bee

So on a tree before the Tyrants dore

He caused them be hung in all mens sight,
To be a moniment for everimore

Which when his Ladie from the castles hight
Beheld, it much appald her troubled spright

Yet not, as women wont, in dolefull fit
She was dismayd, or frynted through affright,
But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
And gan eftsoones devize to be aveng'd for it

Streight downe she ranne, like an emaged cow
That is belobbed of her youngling dere,
With knife in hand, and fatally did vow
To wreake her on that mayden messengere,
Whom she had causd be kept as prisonere
By Artegall, misween'd for her owne Knight,
That brought her backe And comming present there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with revenge and furrous despight

Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand
She threw her husbands murdred infant out,
Or fell Meden, when on Colchicke strand
Her brothers bones she scattered all about,
Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout
Of Bacchus Priests, her owne deare flesh did teare
Yet neither Ino, nor Medea stout,
Nor all the Menades so furrous were,
As this bold woman when she saw that Damzell there

But Artegall, being thereof aware, 48 Did stay her cruell hand ere she her rought, And is she did her selfe to strike prepare, Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught With that, like one enfelon'd or distraught, She forth did some whether her rage her bore, With franticke passion and with furie fraught, And, breaking forth out at a posterne dore, Unto the wyld wood ranne, her dolours to deplore

As a mad bytch, when as the firsticke fit 49 Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath, Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit Snatching at every thing doth wreake her wrath On man and beast that commeth in her path There they doe say that she transformed was Into a Tygre, and that Tygres scath In crueltic and outrage she did pas To prove her surname true, that she imposed has

Then Artegall, himselfe discovering plaine, 50 Did issue forth gainst all that warlike rout Of knights and armed men, which did maintaine That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout All which he did assault with courage stout, All were they nigh an hundred knights of name, And like wyld Goates them chiced all about, Flying from place to place with cowheard shame, So that with finall force them all he overcame

Then crused he the gates be opened wyde, 51 And there the Prince, as victour of that day, With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde, Presenting him with all the rich array And rotall pompe, which there long hidden lay, Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious wrong Of that proud Souldan whom he earst did slay So both for rest there having stayd not long, Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for another song



THAT Tygie, or what other salvage wight,
Is so exceeding furious and fell
As wrong, when it hath aim'd'it selfe with
might?

Not fit mongst men that doe with leason mell, But mongst wyld beasts, and salvage woods, to dwell, Where still the stronger doth the weake devoure, And they that most in boldnesse doe excell Are dreadded most, and finied for their powre, Fit for Adicia there to build her wicked bowre

There let her wonne, farre from resort of men,
Where righteous Artegall her late exyled,
There let her ever keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd purts defyled,
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled,
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leave, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreaffull fate
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state

Where having with Sir Artegall a space
Well solast in that Souldans late delight;
They both, resolving now to leave the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Unto that Damzell in her Ladies right,
And so would have departed on their way,
But she them woo'd, by all the meanes she might,
And carnestly besought to wend that dry
With her to see her Luke, thence not fure away

5

By whose entreatie both they over commen

Agree to goe with her, and by the way,
(As often falles) of sundry things did commen

Mongst which that Damzell did to them bewray
A straunge adventure, which not fure there lay,
To weet, a wicked villaine, bold and stout,
Which wonned in a rocke not fure away,
That robbed all the countrie there about,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, (she sayd)
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both unassaylable, gave him great ayde
For he so crafty was to forge and free,
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
That could deceive one looking in his face
Therefore by name Malengin they him call
Well knowen by his feates, and tamous over all

Through these his slights he many doth confound 6
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous strong and hewen fure under ground,
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no m in can tell,
But some doe say it goeth downe to hell
And all within it full of wyndings is
And hidden wayes, that scarse an hound by smell
Can follow out those files footsteps of his,
Ne none can backe returne that once are gone smis

Which when those knights had heard, then harts gan
To understand that villems dwelling place, [earne
And greatly it desn'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it should trace
"Were not" (sayd she) "that it should let your pace
Towards my Ladies presence, by you ment,
I would you guyde directly to the place"
"Then let not that" (said they) "stry you intent
For neither will one foot till we that the place in the

So forth they past, till they approched ny
Unto the rocke where was the vill ans won
Which when the Damzell neare at hand did \$\forall p\$,
She wain'd the knights thereof, who thereupon
Gan to fdvize what best were to be done.
So both agreed to send that may& afore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and raysing pittifull uprore,
As if she did some great calamitic deplore

With noyse whereof when as the caytive carle Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle, They in awayt would closely him ensirall.

Ere to his den he backward could recoyle, And so would hope him easily to foyle The Damzell straight went, as she was directed, Unto the rocke, and there, upon the soyle Having her selfe in wretched wize abjected, Gan weepeand wayle, as if great griefe had her affected.

The cry whereof entring the hollow cave

Eftsoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
With hope of her some wishfull boot to have
Full dreadfull wight he was as ever went
Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long cuild locks that downe his shoulders
shagged,

And on his backe an uncouth vestiment Made of strunge stuffe, but all to worne and ragged, And underneath his breech was all to torne and ragged

And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,

Whose top was aim'd with many an yion hooke,

Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,

Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke,

And ever round about he cast his looke

Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,

With which he seldome fished at the brooke,

But usd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,

Of which he in fair e weather wont to take great store

Him when the damzell saw fast by her side,
So ugly creature, she was nigh dismayd,
And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride
But when the villaine saw her so affrayd,
He gan with guilefull words her to per wade
To builsh feere, and, with Sudoman smyle
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle, [whyle
That from her self unwares he might her steale the

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype

Charm to the birds full many a pleasant lay,

That they the whiles may take lesse heedic keepe

How he his nets doth for their ruine lay

So did the villaine to her prate and play,

And many pleasant trickes before her show,

To turne her eyes from his intent away

For he in slights and jugling feates did flow,

And of legic demayne the mysteries did know

To which whilest she lent her intentive mind,

He suddenly his net upon her threw,

That overspied her like a puffe of wind,

And snatching her soone up, ere well she knew,

Ran with her fast eway unto his mew,

Crying for helpe aloud but when as ny

He came unto his cave, and there did vew

The armed knights stopping his pissage by,

He threw his burden downe, and fast away did fly

But Artegall him after did pursew,

The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance still Up to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
Like a wyld Gote, leaping from hill to hill,
And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will,
That deadly daunger seem'd in all mens sight
To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill
Ne ought avayled for the armed knight
To thinke to follow him that was so swift and light

Which when he saw, his yion man he sent

To follow him, for he was swift in chace
He him pursewd where ever that he went,
Both over lockes, and hilles, and every place
Where & he fled, he followd him apace,
So that he shortly forst him to formke
The hight, and downe descend unto the base
There he him courst affesh, and soone did make
To leave his proper forme, and other shape to take

Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourne,

But he him hunted like a Foxe full fast.

Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme,

But he the bush did beat, till that at last

Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,

Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand,

But he then stones at it so long did cast,

That like a stone it fell upon the land,

But he then tooke it up, and held fast in his hand

So he it brought with him unto the knights,
And to his Loid Sir Artegall it lent,
Warning him hold it fast for feare of slights
Who whilest in hand it gryping had he hent,
Into a Hedgehogge all unwares it went,
And prickt him so that he away it threw
Then ganne it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew,
But Talus soone him overtooke, and backward ther

But when as he would to a snake againe

Have turn'd himselfe, he with his yion flayle

Gan drive it him with so huge might and maine,

That all his bones as small as sandy grayle

He broke, and did his bowels disentiable,

Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past

So did deceipt the selfe deceiver fryle

There they him left a carrion outcast

For beasts and foules to feede upon for their reprist

Thence forth they passed with that gentle Mayd
To see her Ladie, as they did agree,
To which when she approched, thus she sayd
"Loe! now, right noble knights, arriv'd ye bee
Nigh to the place which ye desn'd to see
There shall ye see my soverayne Lidy Queene,
Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,
That ever yet upon this earth was seene,
Or that with Diademe hath ever crowned beene"

The gentle knights rejoyced much to heare
The prayses of that Prince so manifold,
And, passing little further, commen were
Where they a stately pallace did behold
Of pompous show, much more then she had told,
With many towies, and tair as mounted hye,
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
That seemed to outshine the dimmed skye, [eye
And with their brightnesse daz'd the strange beholders

There they alighting by that Damzell were
Directed in, and shewed all the sight,
Whose porch, that most magnificke did appeare,
Stood open wyde to all men day and night,
Yet warded well by one of mickle might
That sate thereby, with gyantlike resemblance,
To keepe out guyle, and malice, and acspight,
That under shew oftimes of fryned semblance
Are wont in Princes courts to worke girlt seith and
hindrance

His name was Awe, by whom they passing in

Went up the hall, that was a large wide roome,
All full of people making troublous din
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some
Which unto them was dealing righteous doome
By whom they passing through the thickest preasse,
The marshall of the hall to them did come,
Itis name hight Order, who, commanding peace,
Themguyded through the throng that did their clamors

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They ceast then clamors upon them to gaze,
Whom seeing all in almour bright as day,
Straunge there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with unwonted terror halfe affray,
For never saw they there the like array,
Ne ever was the name of ware there spoken,
But joyous peace and quietflesse alway
Dealing just judgments, that mote not be broken
For any brybes, or threates of any to be wroken

There, as they entired at the Seriene, they saw
Some one whose tongue was for his trespesse vyle
Nayld to a post, adjudged so by law,
For that therewith he falsely did wyle
And foule blaspheme that Queene for forged guyle,
Both with bold speaches which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems which he did compyle,
For the bold title of a poet bad
He on himselfe had to'en, and rayling rymes had sprad

Thus there he stood, whylest high over his head
There written was the purport of his sin,
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
Bon Fons, but Bon, that once had written bin,
Was raced out, and Mal was now put in
So now Malfont was plainely to be red,
Eyther for th' evill which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a welhed
Of evill words, and wicked sclaunders by him shed

They, passing by, were guyded by degree
Unto the presence of that gratious Queene,
Who sate on high, that she might all men see
And might of all men royally be scene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
Adorned all with genimes of endlesse price,
As either might for wealth have gotten bene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rate device,
And all embost with Lyons and with Flourdelice

All over her a cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tissew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her brode spreading wings did vyde unfold,
Whoseskin's were bordred with brightsunny beames,
Glistring like gold amongst the plights enrold,
And here and there shooting forth silver streames,
Mongst which crept litle Angels through the glittering
gleames

Scemed those litle Angels did uphold

The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants through their nimblesse bold
Besides, a thousand more of such as sings
Hymns to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompassed the throne on which she sate,
She, Angel-like, the heyre of a rent kings
And mightic Conquerors, in royall state,
Whylestkings and kesars at her feet did them prostrate

Thus she did sit in soverayne Majestie,

Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,

The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,

With which high God had blest her happie land,

Maugre so many foes which did withstand

But at her feet her sword was likewise layde,

Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand,

Yet when as foes enforst, or friends sought ayde,

She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismayde

And round about before her feet there sate

A bevie of faire Virgins clid in white,
That goodly seem'd t' adoine her royall state,
All lovely daughters of high Jove, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in loves delight
Upon the righteous Themis, those, they say,
Upon Joves judgment-sert wryt day and night,
And when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance stay

They also doe, by his divine permission,

Upon the thiones of mortall Princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through frayltie which offend
Those did pon Mercillaes throne attend,
Just Dice, wise Eunomie, myld Eneffe,
And them amongst, her glorie to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance in garments clene,
And sacred Reverence yborne of heavenly strene

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
Admy'd of many, honoured of all,
Whylest underneith her feete, there as she sate,
An huge great Lyon lay, that mote appall
An hardie courage, like captived thrall
With a strong yron chaine and coller bound,
That once he could not move, nor quich at all,
Yet did he murifure with rebellious sound,
And softly royne, when salvage choler gin redound

So sitting high in dieaded soverayntie,

Those two strange knights were to her presence
Who bowing low before her Majestie, [brought,
Did to her myld obeysance, as they ought,
And meekest boone that they imagine mought
To whom she eke inclyning her withall,
As a faire stoupe of her high soaring thought,
A chearefull counterrance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with some majestic importall

As the bright sunne, what time his fierre teme
Town do the westerne brim begins to draw
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,
And fervour of his flames somewhat adriw,
So did this mightie Ladie, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to her make,
Bute somewhat of that Majestie and awe
That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
And with more myld aspect those two to entertake

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,

When these two sittinger knights at w'd in place,
She was about affaires of common wele,
Dealing of Justice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people meane and base
Mongst which, as then, there was for to be heard
The tryall of a great and weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating haid,
But at the sight of these those were a while debatid

But, after all her princely entertayne,

To th' hearing of that former cause in hand
Her selfe eftsoones she gan convert againe
Which that those knights likewise mote understand,
And witnesse forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them up unto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly scand
On either part, she placed th' e on th' one,
The other on the other side, and neare them none

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre, 38 A Ladie of great countenance and place, But that she it with foule abuse did marre, Yet did appears rare beautie in her face, But blotted with condition vile and base, That all her other honour did obscure, And titles of nobilitie deface

Yet in that wretched semblant she did sure The peoples great compassion unto her allure

Then up arose a person of deeperench,

And rare in sight hard matters to revele, [speach That well could charme his tongue, and time his To all assayes, his name was called Zele He gan that Ladie strongly to appele Of many haynous crymes by her enured,

And with sharp reasons rang her such a pele,

If at those whom she to price had allured,

He now t'abhorre and louth her person had procured

First gan he tell how this, that seem'd so faire And royally arayd, Duessa hight,
That false Duessa, which had wrought great care
And mickle mischiefe unto many a knight,
By her be uyled and confounded quight
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vyld treasons and outrigeous shame,
Which she against the died Mercilla oft did frame

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels false conspyred
With faithlesse Blandamour and Paridell,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspyred)
And with them practiz'd, how for to depryve
Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
That she might it unto her selfe deryve,
And tryumph in their blood whom she to death did
dryve

But though high heavens grace, which favour not 42
The wicked driftes of trayterous desynes
Gainst locall Princes, all this cursed plot,
Ene proofe it tooke, discovered was betymes,
And th'actours won the meede meet for their crymes
Such be the meede of all that by such mene
Unto the type of kingdomes title clymes!
But false Duessa, now untitled Queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be seene

Strongly did Zele her haynous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
And aggravate the horror of her blame
And with him, to make part against her, came
Many grave persons that against her pled,
First was a sage old syre, that had to name
The Kingdomes Care, with a white silver hed,
That many high regards and reasons gainst her red

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Then gan Authority her to appose
With peremptore powre, that made all mute,
And then the law of Nations gainst her lose,
And reasons brought that no man could retute
Next gan Religion gainst her to impute
High Gods beheast, and powre of holy lawes,
Then gan the Peoples cry and Commons sute
Importune care of their owne publicke cause,
And lastly Justice charged her with breach of lawes

But then, for her, on the contraine part,
Rose many advocates for her to plead
First there came Pittie with full tender hart,
And with her joyn'd Regard of womanhead,
And then came Daunger, threatning hidden dread
And high alliance unto forren powre,
Then came Nobilitie of birth, that bread
Great right through her misfortunes tragicke stowie
And lastly Griefe did plead, and many teares forth
powre

With the neare touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton Prince was sore empassionate,
And wore inclined much unto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched rume of so high estate,
That for great ruth his courage gan relent
Which when as Zele perceived to abate,
He gan his earnest fervour to augment,
And many fearefull objects to them to present

He gan t'efforce the evidence anew,

And new accusements to produce in place
He brought forth that old hag of hellish hew,
The cursed Ate, brought her face to face,
Who privie was and partie in the case
She, glad of spoyle and rumous decay,
Did her appeach, and, to her more disgrace,
The plot of all her practise did display,
And all her traynes and all her treasons forth did lay

Then brought he forth with gressly grim aspect
Abhorred Murder, who, with bloudie knyfe
Yet dropping fresh in hand, did her detect,
And there with guiltie bloudshed charged ryfe
Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding stryfe
In troublous wits, and mutinous uppore
Then brought he forth Incontinence of lyfe,
Even foule Adulterie her face before,
And lewd Impretie, that her accused sore

All which when as the Prince had heard and seene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie effsoones was drawen cleene
But Artegall, with constant firme intent
For zeale of Justice, was against her bent
So was she guiltie deemed of them all
Then Zele began to urge her punishment,
And to their Queene for judgement loudly call,
Unto Mercilla myld, for Justice gainst the thrall

But she, whose Princely brest was touched nere—50 With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight, Though plaine she saw, by all that she did heare, That she of death was guiltie found by right, Yet would not let just vengeance on her light, But rather let, in stead thereof, to fall Few perling drops from her fane lampes of light, The which she covering with her purple pall Would have the passion hid, and up more withall



OME Clarkes doe doubt in their devicefull art
Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
To weeten Mercie, be of Justice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate

This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
And menteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almightics everlasting seat
She first was bred, and borne of hewenly race,
From thence pour'd down on men by influence of grace

For if that Vertue be of so great might

Which from just verdict will for nothing start,
But to preserve inviolated right

Oft spilles the principall to save the part,
So much more, then, is that of power and art
That seekes to save the subject of her skill,
Yet never doth from doome of right depart,
As it is greater prayse to save then spill,
And better to reforme then to cut off the ill

Who then can thee, Mercilla, throughly prayse,
That herein doest all earthly Princes pas?
What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour rayse
Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
And now on earth it selfe enlarged has
From th' utmost brinke of the Armericke shore
Unto the margent of the Molucas?
Those Nations fure thy justice doe adore,
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse much more

Much more it praysed was of those two knights, 4
The noble Prince and righteous Artegill,
When they had seene and heard her doome arghts
Against Duessa, damned by them all,
But by er tempred without griefe or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce
And yet even then ruing her wilfull fall
With more then needfull naturall remorse,
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched corse

During all which, those knights continu'd there a Both doing and receiving curtesies. Of that great Ladie, who with goodly chere. Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities, Approving dayly to their noble eyes. Royall examples of her mercies rare. And worthie paterns of her clemencies, Which till the day mongst many living are, Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,

There came two Springals of full tender yeares,
Fare thence from forreinland where they did dwell,
To seeke for succour of her and her Peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull terries,
Sent by their mother, who, a widow, was
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares
By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and slaine her children ruefully, alas!

Her name was Belgæ, who in former age
A Ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And mother of a frutefull heritage,
Even seventeene goodly sonnes, which who had
In their first flowie, before this fital teene
Them overtooke and their fine blossomes blasted,
More happie mother would her surely weene
Then famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latonacs childrens wight that all her issue wasted

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powie, if it her now but five of all that brood. For twelve of them he did by times devoure, And to his Idol sact fice then blood, Whylest he of none was stopped nor withstool. For soothly he was one of mitchlesse might, Of horrible aspect and diendfull mood, And had three bodies in one wast empight, And th' aimes and legs of three to succour him in fight.

An' sooth they say that he was borne and bred
Of Gya is race, the sonne of Geryon,

Ile that whylome in Sprine so sore was died
For his huge powre and great oppressor,
Which brought that I and to his subjection,
Through his three bodies powre in one comban'd,
And eke all strungers, in that region
Arrying, to his kyne for food assynd,
The figurest kyne alive, but of the figurest kynd

For they were all, they say, of purple hea,

Kept by a cowheard, hight Eurytion,

A cruell cule, the which all stringers slow,

Ne day nor night did sleepe to attend them on,

But walkt about them ever and mone

With his two headed dogge that Orthrus hight,

Orthrus begotten by great Typhoon

And foule Echidan in the house of night

But Hercules them all did overcome in fight

His sonne was this Geryoneo hight,

Who, after that his monatious fither fell

Under Alcides club, streight tooke his flight

From that sad land where he his syre did quell,

And came to this, where Belge then did dwell

And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,

Being then new made widow (as befell)

After her Noble husband's late decesse,

Which gave beginning to her woe and wretchednesse

Then this bold Tyrant, of her widowhed

Taking advantage, and her yet fiesh woes,

Himselfc and service to her offered,

Her to defend against all forrein foes

That should their powre against her right oppose

Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,

Him entertayn'd and did her champion chose,

Which long he usd with carefull diligence,

The better to confirme her fearelesse confidence

By meanes whereof she did at last commit
All to his hands, and gave him soveraise powre
To doe whatever he thought good or fit
Which having got, he gan forth from that howre
To strine up strife and many a tragicke stowne,
Giving her dearest children one by one
Unto a dreadfull Monster to devoure,
And setting up an Idole of his owne,
The image of his monstrous parent Geryone

So tyrannizing and oppressing all,

The woefull widow had no mernes now left,
But unto gratious great Mercilla call

For ryde against that cruell Tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft

Therefore these two, her cldest sonnes, she sent
To seeke for succour of this Ladies greft,
To whom their sute they humbly did present
In th' hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent

Amongst the which then fortuned to bee

The noble Briton Prince with his brave Peare,
Who when he none of all those lnights did see
Histily bent that erterprise to heare,
Nor undertake the same for cowheard feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admy'd of all the rest in presence there,
And humbly gan that mighte Queene entreat
To graunt him that adventure for his former feat

She gladly grainted it then he straight way 16
Himselfe unto his journey gan preprie,
And all his armours readic dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote stay his fare
The morrow next appear'd with purple hayre
Yet dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,
And bringing light into the heavens fayre,
When he was readic to his steede to mount
Unto his way, which now was all his care and count

Taking humble leave of that great Queene, 17
Who give him 1011ll giftes and 11 thes 1 u.e,
As tokens of her thankefull mind beseene,
And leaving Artegall to his owne care,
Upon his voyage forth he gan to fare
With those two gentle youthes, which him did ginde
And all his way before him still prepare
Ne after him did Artigall abide,
But on his first adventure forward forth did 11de

It was not long till that the Prince arrived
Within the land where dwelt that Lube sul,
Whereof that Tyrant had her now deprived,
And into moores and marshes banisht had,
Out of the pleasant soyle and citties glid,
In which she wont to habour happily
But now his cruelty so sore she di id,
That to those fennes for fastnesse she did ily,
And there her selfe did hyde from his hard trianny

There he lier found in sorrow and dismay,
All soliture without living wight,
For all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themselves, or taken further flight
And eke her selfe, through sudden sir unge affright
When one in armes she saw, began to fly,
But, when her owne two somes she had in sight,
She gan take hart and looke up joyfully,
For well she wist this knight came succour to supply

And running unto them with greedy joyes, 20
Fell straight about then neckes as they did kneele
And bursting forth in teares, "Ah! my sweet boyes,"
(Sayd she) "yet now I gim new life to feele,
And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
Now rise againe at this your joyous sight
Alreadie seemes that fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turne, and sunne to shine more bright
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight"

Then turning unto him, "And you, Sir knight"—
(Said she) "that taken have this toylescine princ
For wretched woman, miserable wight,
May you in herven immortall guerdon gaine
For so great travell as you doe sustaine!
For other meede may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought else but bure life doth remaine,
And that so wretched one, as ye do see,
Is liker lingring death then lorthed life to bee"

Much was he moved with her pitcous plight,
And low dismounting from his loftic steede
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deep rooted dreede
With hope of helpe in that her greatest neede
So thence he wished her with him to wend
Unto some place where they mote rest and feede,
And she take comfort which God now did send
Good hart in earls doth the earls much amend

"Ay me!" (sayd she) "and whether shall I goe? 23
Are not all places full of for ame powres?
My pullaces possessed of my foe,
My cities sackt, and then sky-threating towres
Ruced and made smooth fields, now full of flowres?
Onely these marshes and myrre bogs,
In which the fearefull ewftes do build then bowres,
Yeeld me an hostry mongst the croking from the same and harbour here in safety from those rayenous dogs."

"Nuthlesse," (said he) "deare Ladie, with me goe, 24
Some place shall us receive and hubour yield,
If not, we will it force, maugic your foe,
And purchise it to us with speare and shield
And if all fryle, yet farewell open field,
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends"
With such his chemefull speaches he doth wield
Her mind so well, that to his will she bends,
And, bynding up her locks and weeds, forth with him
wends

They are unto a Citic fulle upland,
The which whylome that Ladies ower had bene,
But now by force extort out of her hand
By her strong foe, who had defreed cleene
Her stately townes and buildings sunny sheene,
Shut up her haven, mad her marchants trade,
Robbed her people that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a Castle huge had made, [awade
The which did her command without needing per-

That Castle was the strength of all that state, 26
Untill that state by strength was pulled downe,
And that same cate, so now runnate,
Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes crowne,
Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that th' offended heavens list to lowie
Upon their blisse, and balefull fortune frowne
When those gainst states and kingdomes do conjure,
Who then can thinke their hedlong run to recure?

But he had brought it now in service bond,
And made it beare the yoke of inquisition,
Stryving long time in vaine it to withstond,
Yet glad at last to make most base submission,
And life enjoy for any composition
So now he hath new laws and orders new
Imposd on it with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to doe unto his Idole most unitiew

To him he hath before this Castle greene

Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed

Of costly Ivory full rich beseene,

On which that cursed Idole, faire proclumed,

He hath set up, and him his God hath named,

Offing to him in sinful sacrifice

The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse framed,

And powring forth their bloud in brutishe wire,

That any yion eyes to see it would agrize

And for more horror and more crueltie,
Under that cursed Idols altar stone
An hideous monster doth in driknesse he,
Whose dreadfull shape was never seene of none
That lives on earth, but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrificed bee
Those he devoures, they say, both flesh and bone
What else the have is all the Tyrants fee,
So that no whit of them remaying one may see

There eke he placed a strong garrisone,
And set a Seneschall of dieaded might,
That by his powre oppressed every one,
And vanquished all ventious knights in fight
To whom he wont shew all the shame he might,
After that them in battell he had wonne
To which when now they gan approch in sight,
The Ladie counseld him the place to shonne,
Where as so many knights had fouly bene for donne

Her fearefull speaches nought he did regard,
But, ryding streight under the Castle will,
Called aloud unto the watchfull ward
Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call
Into the field their Tyrants Seneschall
To whom when tydings thereof came, he streight
Cals for his rimes, and anning him withall
Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addresse him to the fight

They both encounter in the middle plaine,
And then sharpe species doe both together smite.
And then sharpe species doe both together smite.
And then sharlds, with so huge might and main.
That seem'd then soules they would have ray on Out of their breasts with furious despigit [quight Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find Into the Princes shield where it empight,
So pure the metall was and well refynd,
But shivered all about, and scattered in the wand

Into its shield it readic passage found,

Both through his haberjeon and eke his corse,

Which tombling downe upon the senselesse ground
Gave leave unto his ghost from thraldome bound
To wander in the griesly shades of night
There did the Prince him leave in deadly swound,
And thence unto the castle marked right,
To see if entrance there as yet obtains he might

But, as he nigher drew, three knights he spide All aim'd to point issuing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their powre did ride,
And meeting him right in the middle rice
Did all their speares attonce on him enchace
As three great Culverings for battrie bent,
And leveld all against one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth rent,
That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment

So ill attonce they on the Prince did thonder,
Who from his saidle swarved nought asyde,
Ne to their force gave way, that was great wonder,
But like a bulwarke firmely did abyde,
Rebutting him, which in the midst did 13 de,
With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare [syde,
Past through his shield and preist through cuther
That downe he fell uppon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly die

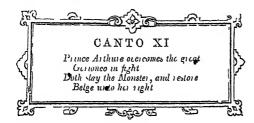
Whom when his other fellowes saw, they fled
As fast as feete could carry them away,
And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,
To be aveng'd of their unknightly play
There, whilest they entring th'one did th'other stay,
The hindmost in the gate he overheart,
And, as he pressed in, him there did slay
His carkasse tumbling on the threshold sent
His groning soule unto her place of punishment

The other which was entired laboured fast

To sperie the gate, but that same lumpe of clay,
Whose grudging ghost was thereout fied and past.
Right in the middest of the threshold lay,
That it the Posterne did from closing stay
The whiles the Prince hard preased in betweene,
And entirunce wonne Streight th' other fied away,
And ran into the Hall, where he did weene
Himselfe to save, but he there slew him at the skreene

Then all the rest which in that Castle were,
Seeing that sad ensample them before,
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them convayd out at a Posterne dore
Long sought the Prince, but when he found no more
T' oppose against his powre he forth issued
Unto that Lady, where he had lore,
And her gan cheare with what she there had vewed,
And what she had not seene within unto her shewed

Who with light humble thankes him goodly gleeting
For so great prowesse as he there had proved,
Much greater then was ever in her weeting,
With great admirance inwardly was moved,
And honourd him with all that her behoved
Thenceforth into that Castle he her led
With her two sonnes, light deare of her beileved,
Where all that night them selves they cheristical,
And from her balefull minde all care he banished



Toften fals, in course of common life, I
That light long time is overboine of wrong,
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or
strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong,

But Justice, though her dome she doe prolong, Yet at the last she will her owne cruse right. As by sad Belge seemes, whose frongs though long. She suffied, yet at length she did requight, And sentred esse thereof by this brave Briton Knight. Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought, 2. How that the Lady Belge now had found. A Champion, that had with his Champion fought, And laid his Seneschall low on the ground, And eke him selfe did threaten to confound. He gan to burne in rage, and friese in feare, Doubting sad end of principle unsound. Yet, with he heard but one that did appeare, He did him selfe encourage and take better cheare. Nathelesse him selfe he armed all in hist,

Nathelesse him selfe he aimed all in hist,
And forth he fai'd with all his many bad,
Ne stryed step, till that he came at last
Unto the Castle which they conquered had
There with huge terrour, to be more y drad
He sternely marcht before the Castle gate,
And with bold y units and ydle threating bad
Delver him his owne, ere yet too lite,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull state

The Prince staid not his aunswere to device,

But, opening streight the Sparre forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize,

And asked him, if that he were the same
Who all that wrong unto that wofull Dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame?

He boldly aunswerd him, he there did stand
That would his doings justifie with his owne hand

With that so furiously at him he flew,

As if he would have overrun him streight
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew

So hideously uppon his armour bright,

As he to precess would have chopt it quight,

That the bold Prince was forced foote to give

To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight,

The whilest at run so dreadfully he drive,

Thit seem'd a marble rocke rounder could have rive

Thereto a great advauntage eke he has

Through his three double hands thrise multiply de,
Besides the double strength which in them was
For stil, when fit occasion did bety de,
He could his weapon shift from side to syde,
From hand to hand, and with such numblesse sly
Could wield about, that, ere it were espide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply

Which uncouth use when as the Prince perceived, 7
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Least by such slight he were unwares deceived,
And ever, ere he saw the stroke to land,
He would it meete and warrly withstand
One time, when he his weapon fayed to shift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He me him with a counterstroke so swift,
That quite smit off his a me as he it up did lift

10

Therewith all fraught with fury and disdame,

He brind aloud for very fell despight,

And sodimely, t' avenge him selfe againe

Gin into one assemble all the might

Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,

Thinking to pay him with that one for all

But the sad steele end not, where it was hight,

Uppon the childe but somewhat short did fill,

And lighting on his horses head him quite did mill

Nowne streight to ground fell his astonisht steed, 9
And seke to th' earth his builden with him bare,
But he him selfe full lightly from him fieed,
And gan him selfe to fight on foote prepare
Whereof when as the Gyant was aware,
He wowlight blyth, as he had got thereby,
And liught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might have seene emaining disorderly,
Like to a rancke of piles that pitched are away

Eftsoones againe his axe he raught on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his genre,
And can let drive at him so dreadfullie,
That had he chrunced not his shield to reare,
Ere that huge stroke arrived on him neare,
He hid him surely cloven quite in twame
But th' Adamantine shield which he did benre
So well was tempred, that for all his maine
It would no passage yeeld unto his purpose vaine

Yet was the stroke so for cibly applide,

That made him stagger with uncertaine sway,
As if he would have tottered to one side
Wherewith full wroth he fiercely gan assay
That curt's with like kindnesse to repay,
And smote at him with so importune might,
That two more of his aimes did fall away,
Like fruitlesse braunches, which the hatchets slight
Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped quight

With that all mad and furious he grew,

Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,

And curst, and band, and bluephemies forth threw

Against his Gods, and fire to them did threat,

And hell unto him selfe with horiour great

Thenceforth he cur'd no more which way he strooke,

Nor where it light, but gan to chaufe and sweat,

And gnasht his teeth, and his head at him shooke,

And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke

Nought fear d the childe his lookes, ne yet his throat,
But onely wexed now the more aware
To save him selfe from those his furious heat,
And watch advantage how to worke his cure,
The which good Fortune to him offied faire,
For as he in his rage him overstrooke,
He, ere he could his weapen backe repaire,
His side all bare and naked overtooke,
And with his mortal steel quite through the body strooke

Through all three bodies he him strooke attorice, 14.

That all the three attorice fell on the plaine,
Else should he thrise have needed for the nonce.

Them to have stricken, and thrise to have slune.
So now all three one sencelesse lumper remaine,
Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloudy gord,
And byting th' earth for very deaths disdaine,
Who, with a cloud of night him covering, bore.

Downe to the house of dole, his daies there to deplore.

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw, 15
Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand,
She towards him in hast her selfe did draw
To greet him the good fortune of his hand
And all the people, both of towne and land,
Which there stood gazing from the Citties will
Uppon these warrours, greedy t' understand
To whether should the victory befall,
Now when they saw it falre, they eke him greeted all

But Belge, with her sonnes prostrated low

Before his feete in all that peoples sight, [wo, Mongst joyes mixing some tears, mongst wele some Him thus bespike "O most redoubted Knight, The which hast me, of all most wretched wight, That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe, And these weake impes replanted by thy might, What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine, Butev'n that which thousavedst thine still to remaine?"

H tooke her up forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the best he neight,
Saying, "Deare Lidy, deedes ought not be sound
By th' authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by their trueth and by the causes right
That same is it which tought for you this dry
What other meed, then, need me to requight,
But that which yeeldeth vertues need alway?
That is, the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay"

She humbly thankt hum for that wondrous grace, 18
And further styd "Ah! Sn, but mote ye please,
Sith ye thus fure have tendred my poore case,
As from my chiefest for me to release,
That your victorious arms will not yet cease,
Till ye have rooted all the relickes out
Of that vilde race, and stablished my peace"
"What is there else" (sayd he) "left of then rout?
Declare it boldly, Dame, and doe not stand in dout"

"Then wote you, Sn, that in this Church hereby 19
There stands an Idole of great note and name,
The which this Gyant reared first on hie,
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame
To whom, for endlesse horiour of his shame,
He offied up for daily sacrifize
My children and my people, buint in firme
With all the tortures that he could devize, [guize
The more t'aggrate his God with such his blouddy

"And underneath this Idoll there doth he
An hideous monster that doth it defend,
And feedes on all the carkasses that die
In specifize unto that cursed feend,
Whose ugly shape none ever saw, nor kend,
That ever scap'd for of a man, they say,
It has the voice, that speacees forth doth send,
Even blasphemous words, which she doth bray
Out of her poysnous entrails fraught with dire decry

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan come
For great desire that Monster to assay,
And prayd the place of her abode to learne,
Which being shew d, he gan him selfe streight way
Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display
So to the Church he came, where it was told
The Monster underneath the Altar lay
There he that Idoll saw of massy gold
Most richly made, but there no Monste did behold

Upon the Image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke,
And the third time out of an hidden shade
There forth issewd from under th' Altris smooke
A dieulfull feend with fowle deformed looke,
Thit stretcht it selfe as it had long lyen still,
And her long taile and fethers strongly shooke,
That all the Temple did with terrour fill,
Yet him nought terrifide that feared nothing ill

An huge great Beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth, that nigh fild all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength
Horible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Boine of the brooding of Echidna base,
Or other like infernall furies kinde,
For of a Mryd she had the outward face,
To hide the horiour which did lurke behinde,
The better to begule whom she so fond did finde

Thereto the body of a dog she had,

Full of fell ravin and fierce greedinesse,

A Lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,

To rend and terre what so she can oppresse

A Dragons tale, whose sting without reducese

Full deadly wounds where so it is empight,

And Engles wings, for scope and speedinesse,

That nothing may escape her reaching might,

Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight

A shike in foulnesse and deformity
I nto that Monster, whom the Thebri Knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill her selfe for very hearts despight
That he had red her Riddle, which no wight
Could ever loose but suffied deadly doole
So also did this Monster use like slight
To many a one which came unto her schoole,
Whom she did put to death, deceived like a foole

She comming forth, when is she first beheld 26
The armed Prince with shield so blazing bright
Her ready to issaile, was greatly queld,
And much dismined with that dismineful sight,
That backe she would have turned for great affright,
But he gan her with comage fierce assay,
That forst her turne igaine in her despight
To save her selfe, least that he did her slay,
And sure he had her slaine, had she not turned her way

Tho, when she saw that she was forst to fight,
She flew at him like to an hellish frend,
And on his shielde tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it she would in peeces rend,
Or reave out of the hand that did it hend
Strongly he strove out of her greedy gripe
To loose his shield, and long while did contend,
But when he could not quite it, with one stripe
Her Lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe

G

With that aloude she gan to bray and yell, 23
And fowle blasphemous sperches forth did cast,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell,
That even the Temple, wherein she was plast,
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast
Tho with her huge long taile she at him strooke,
That made him stagger and stand halfe agast
With trembling joynts, as he for terrour shooke,
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke

As when the Mist of some well timbred hulke 29
Is with the blast of some outragious storme
Blowne downe, it shikes the bottome of the bulk,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne,
Whilest still she stands, as storight and forlorne
So was he stound with stroke of her huge taile,
But ere that it she backe ag one had borne,
He with his sword it strooke, that without faile
He joynted it, and maid the swinging of her flule

Then gan she cry much louder than afore,
That all the people there without it heard,
And Belge selfe was therewith storied sore,
As if the onely sound thereof she feard
But then the feend her selfe more fiercely read
Uppon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard,
That had he not forescene with heedfull vew,
And thrown his shield atween, she had him done tore w

But, as she prest on him with heavy sway,

Under her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
And for her entrailes made an open way

To issue forth, the which, once being brust,
Like to a great Mill damb forth fiercely gusht,
And powred out of her infernall sinke
Most ugly filth, and poyson therewith rusht,
That him high choked with the deadly stinke
Such loathly matter were small lust to speake or thinke

Then downe to ground fell that deformed Masse, 32
Breathing out clouds of sulphine fowle and blacke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loathd then Leina, or then Stygi in lil e,
That any man would night whaped make
Whom when he say on ground, he was full glid,
And streight went forth his gladnesse to partake
With Belge, who watcht all this while full sad,
Wayting whatend would be of that same daunger diad

When when she saw so joyously come forth,
She gan rejoyce and shew trumphant chere,
Lauding and praysing his renowmed worth
By all the names that honorable were
Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
The present of his paines, that Monsters spoyle,
And eke that Idoll deem'd so costly dere,
Whom he did all to preces broke, and foyle
In filthy durt, and left so in the louthely soyle

Then all the people which beheld that day
Gan shout aloud, that unto heaven it long,
And all the damzels of that towne in lay
Came damning forth, and joyous carlols song
So him they led through all their streets along
Crowned with galonds of immortall buies,
And all the vulgar did about them throng
To see the man, whose cverlasting pruse
They all were bound to all posterities to ruse

There he with Belgæ did awhile remaine
Miking great feast and joyous merriment,
Untill he had her settled in her raine
With safe assurance and establishment
Then to his first emprize his mind he lent,
Full louth to Belgæ and to all the rest,
Of whom yet taking leave thenceforth he went,
And to his former journey him addrest,
On which long way he rode, he ever dry did rest

But turne we now to noble Artegall,

Who, having left Mercilla, streight way went
On his first quest, the which him forth did call
To weet, to worke Trenaes franchisement,
And eke Grantortoes worthy punishment
So forth he fired, as his manner was,
With onely Talus wayting diligent,
Through many perils, and much way did pas,
Till nigh unto the place at length approach he has

There as he traveld by the way, he met
An aged wight wayfaring all done,
Who through his yeares long since aside had set.
The use of armes, and battell quite forgone
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone
That it was he which whileme did attend
On farie Liene in her affliction,
When first to Facry court he saw her wend,
Unto his soveraine Queene her suite for to commend

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan
"Haile, good Su Seigis, truest Knight alive,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne deprive,
What new occasion doth thee hither drive,
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is she thiall, or doth she not survive?"
To whom he thus "She liveth sure and sound,
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thialdome bound

"For she presuming on th' appointed tyde,
In which ye promist, as ye were a Knight,
To meete her at the salvage Hands syde,
And then and there for triall of her right
With her unrighteous enemy to fight,
Did thither come, where she, afrayd of nought,
By guilefull treason and by subtill slight
Surpived was, and to Grantor to brought,
Who her imprisoned hath, and her life often sought

"And now he hath to her prefix a dry,
By which if that no champion doe appeare,
Which will her cause in buttailous array
Against him justifie, and prove her cleare
Of all those crimes that he gainst hor doth reare,
She death shall sure aby "Those tidings sad
Did much abash Su Artegall to heare,
And grieved sore that through his fault she had
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and usage bad

Then thus replide "Now sure and by my life,
Too much am I to blame for that take Maide
That have her driven to all this troublous strite,
I'th ough promise to afford her timely aide,
Which by default I have not yet defraide
But witnesse unto me, ye herens, that know
How cleare I am from blame of this upbraide,
For ye into like thialdome me did throw,
And kept from complishing the futh which I did owe

"But now aread, Sir Sergis, how long space 42 Hith he her lent a Champion to provide?"

"Ten daies," (quoth he) 'he graunted hith of grace, For that he weencth well before that tide None can have tidings to assist her side For all the shores, which to the sea accoste, He day and night doth ward both faire and wide, That none can there arrive without an hoste

So her he deemes already but a damned ghoste"

"Now turne againe," (Sn Artegall then sayd)
"For, if I live till those ten daies have end,
Assure your selfe, Sn Knight, she shall have ayd,
Though I this dearest life for her doe spend"
So backeward he attone with him did wend
Tho, as they rode together on then way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confusde array,
As if that there were some tumultuous affray

To which as they approacht the cause to know,
They saw a Knight in daungerous distresse
Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,
That sought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,
And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse
And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,
Crying, and holding up her wretched hands
Tohim for aide, wholong invaine their rage with stands

Yet still he strives, ne any perill spares,

To reskue her from then rude violence,
And like a Lion wood amongst them fares,
Dealing his dicadfull blowes with large dispence,
Gainst which the pullid death findes no defence,
But all in vaine—their numbers are so great,
That naught may boot to banishe them from thence,
For soone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
They turns afresh, and oft renew their former threat

And now they doe so sharpely him assay,

That they his shield in peeces battied have,
And forced him to throw it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to save,
Albe that it most safety to him gave,
And much did magnifie his noble name
For from the day that he thus did it leave,
Amongst all Knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant Knightwith endles shame

Whom when they thus distressed did behold,
They drew unto his aide, but that rude rout
Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, how ever strong and stout
They were, as well approved in many a doubt,
Breke to recule, untill that your man
With his huge flaile began to lay about,
From whose sterne presence they diffused ran,
Like scattred chaffe the which the wind away doth fan

So when that Knight from perill cleare was freed, 48

He drawing neare began to greete them faire,
And yield great thankes for their so goodly deed,
In saving him from daungerous despance
Of those which sought his life for to empance
Of whom Sir Artegall gan then enquine
The whole occasion of his late misfac,
And who he was, and what those villaines were,
The which with mortall malice him pursa'd so nere

To whom he thus 'My name is Burbon hight, 49
Well knowne, and fur renowned heretofore,
Untill late mischiefe did uppon me light,
That all my former praise hath blemisht sore
And that faue Lady, which in that uprore
Ye with those captives saw, Flourdelis hight,
Is mine owne love, though me she have forlore,
Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read uight

- "But sure to me her faith she first did plight 50
 To be my love, and take me for her Lord,
 Till that a Tyrint, visich Grandtorto hight,
 With golden giftes ind many a guilefull word
 Entyced her to him for to accord
 O! who may not with gifts and words be tempted?
 Sith which she hath me ever since abhord,
 And to my foe hath guilefully consented
 Ay me, that ever guyle in wemen was invented!
- 'And now he hath this troupe of villums sent
 By open force to fitch her quite away
 Gunst whom my selfe I long in a une have bent
 To rescue her, and daily meanes assay,
 Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may,
 For they doe me with multitude oppresse,
 And with unequall might doe overlay,
 That oft I driven am to great distresse,
 And forced to forgoe th' attempt remedilesse'

- "But why have ye" (said Artegall) "forborne
 Your owne good shield in daungerous dismay?
 That is the greatest shame and foulest scorne,
 Which unto any knight behappen may,
 To loose the bridge that should his deedes display "
 To whom Sir Burbon, blushing halfe for shame
 "That shall I unto you" (quoth he) "bewray,
 Least ye therefore mote happily me blame,
 And deeme it doen of will, that through inforcement
 came
- "True is that I at first was dubbed knight
 By a good knight, the knight of the Rederosse,
 Who, when he gave me arms in field to fight,
 Gave me a shield, in which he did endosse
 His deare Redeemers badge upon the bosse
 The same long while I bore, and therewithall
 Fought many battels without wound or losse,
 Therewith Grandtorto selfe I did appall,
 And made him oftentimes in field before me fill
- "But for that many did that shield envie,
 And cruell enemies increased more,
 To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,
 That bloudie scutchin, being battered sore,
 I layd aside, and have of late forbore,
 Hoping thereby to have my love obtayned,
 Yet can I not my love have nathemore,
 For she by force is still frome detayned,
 And with corruptfull brybes is to untruth mistrayned."
- To whom thus Artegall "Certes, Sn knight, 11 nd is the case the which ye doe complaine, Yet not so haid (for nought so haid may light, That it to such a streight mote you constraine) As to abandon that which doth containe Your honours stile, that is, your walke shield All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine Then losse of fame in disventious field

"Not so," (quoth he) "for yet, when time doth serve,
My former shield I may resume againe
To temporize is not from truth to swerve,
Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
When as necessitie doth it constraine"

"Fre on such forgerie!" (sayd Artegall)

"Under one hood to shadow faces twaine
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all
Of all things to dissemble fouly may beful!"

"Ye' let me you of courtesie request'
(Said Burbon) "to assist me now at need
Against these pesants which have me opprest,
And forced me to so infamous deed,
That yet my love may from their hands be freed"
Sin Artegall, albe he carst did wyte
His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And buckling him eftsoones unto the fight,
Didset upon those troupes with all his powre indimight

Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
Of flyes upon a brichen bough doth cluster,
Did them assault with terrible allume,
And over all the fields themselves did muster,
With bils and glayves mixing a dreadfull luster,
That forst at first those knights backe to retyre
As when the wrathfull Boreas doth bluster,
Nought may abide the tempest of his yre,
Both man and beast doe fly, and succoun doe inquire

But when as overblowen was that brunt,
Those knights began afresh them to assayle,
And all about the fields like Squiriels hunt,
But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,
Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote avayle,
Made cruell havocke of the baser crew,
And chaced them both over hill and dale
The raskall manie soone they overthrew,
But the two knights themselves their captains did
subdew

At last they came whereas that Ladie bode, Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight To save themselves, and scattered were abrod? Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight, As neither glad nor some for their sight, Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad In rotall robes, and many twells dight, But that those villens through then usage bad Them fouly rent, and shamefully defreed had

But Burbon, streight dismounting from his steed, 61 Unto her ran with greedie great desvie. And catching her fast by her ragged weed Would have embraced her with hait entyre, But she backstarting with disdrinefull yie Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his lore Allured be for prayer nor for meed Whom when those knights so floward and for lore Beheld, they her rebuked and upbrayded sore

Sayd Artegall "What foule disgrace is this 62 To so fane Ladie, as ye seeme in sight, To blot your beautie, that unblemisht is, With so foule blame as breach of faith once plight, Or change of love for any worlds delight! Is ought on earth so pretious or deare As prayse and honour? Or is ought so bright And beautifull as glories beames appeare, Whose goodly light then Phabus lampe doth shine more cleare?

"Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted bee 63 Unto a strangers love, so lightly placed, For guiftes of gold or any worldly glee, To leave the love that ye before embraced, And let your fime with falshood be defaced? Fig on the pelfe for which good name is sold, And honour with indignitie debased! Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold, But dener then them both your faith once plighted

1,11"

Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind

Abusht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,

Nought to answere thereunto did find,

But hanging down her head with heavie cheare,

Stood long amaz'd as she amated we're

Which Burbon seeing her againe assayd,

And clasping twint his aimes, her up did reare

Upon his steede, whiles she no whit gainesayd

So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apayd

Nathlesse the yion man did still puisew

That laskall many with unpitted spoyle,
Ne ceased not, till all then scattled ciew
Into the sea he drove quite from that soyle,
The which they troubled had with great turmovle
But Artegall, seeing his cruell deed,
Communded him from slaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed,
For that the terme, approching fist, required speed





SACRED hunger of ambitious mindes, And impotent desire of men to raine! Whom neither dread of God, that devil bindes.

Not lawes of men, that common weales containe, Not bands of nature, that wilde beastes restraine, Can keepe from outlage and from doing wrong, Where they may hope a Lingdome to obtaine No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong, No love so lasting then, that may enduren long

Witnesse may Burbon be, whom all the bands Which may a Knight assure had surely bound, Untill the love of Lordship and of lands Made him become most futbless and unsound And witnesse be Genioneo found. Who for like cause fanc Belge did oppresse, And right and wrong most cruelly confound And so be now Grantorto, who no lesse Then all the rest burst out to all outragiousnesse

Gainst whom Sir Artegall, long having since Tiken in hand th' exploit, being theretoo Appointed by that mightie Facile Prince, Giert Gloriane, that Tyrant to fordoo, Through other great adventures hether too Had it forslackt but now time drawing ny To him assynd her high beheast to doo, To the sea shore he gan his way apply,

To weete if shipping readie he mote there descry

The when they came to the sea coast they found A ship all readic (as good fortune fell)

To put to sea, with whom they did compound To passe them over where them list to tell

The winde and weather served them so well,

That in one day they with the coast did fall,

Whereas they readic found, them to repell,

Great hostes of men in order martiall,

Which them forbad to land, and footing did forstall

But nathemore would they from land refraine
But when as high unto the shore they drew
That foot of man might sound the bottome plaint,
Talus into the sea did forth issew
[threw,
Though duts from shore and stones they at him
And wading through the waves with stedfast sway,
Maugre the might of all those troupes in rew,
Did win the shore, whence he them chist away,
And made to fly like doves whom th' Eigle doth affiliat

The whyles Sir Artegill with that old knight
Did forth descend, there being none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in sight
By this came tydings to the Tyrants erre,
By those which earst did fly away for feare,
Of their arrival wherewith troubled sore
He all his forces straight to him did reare,
And forth issuing with his scouts afore,
Meant them to have encountred ere they left the shore

But eie he maiched faile he with them met,
And fielcely charged them with all his force,
But Talus steinely did upon them set,
And brusht and battred them without remoise,
That on the ground he left full many a coise,
Ne any able was him to withstand,
But he them overthiew both man and hoise,
That they lay scattred over all the land,
As thicke as doth the seede after the sowers hand

8

Till Artegall him seeing so to rage

Willd him to stry, and signe of truce did make

To which all harkning did a while asswage

Then forces furie, and then terror slake,

Till he an Herauld cald, and to him spake,

Willing him wend unto the Tyrant streight,

And tell him that not for such slaughters sake

He thether came, but for to true the right

Of fayre Lienaes cause with him in single fight

And willed him for to reclayme with speed
His scattred people, ere they all were slaine,
And time and place convenient to areed,
In which they two the combat might darraine
Which message when Grantorto heard, full fryne
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,
And pointed for the combat twirt them twayne
The morrow next, ne gave him longer day
So sounded the retraite, and drew his folke away

That night Sir Artegall did cause his tent
There to be pitched on the open plaine,
For he had given streight commandement
That none should drie him once to entertaine,
Which none durst breake, though many would right
For fure Irena, whom they loved deare
But yet old Sergis did so well him paine,
That from close friends, that dri'd not to appeare,
He all things did purvay which for them needfull weare

The morrow next, that was the dismall day
Appointed for Lienas death before,
So soone as it did to the world display
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
The heavy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of Artegals arryvall her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full sid and hart full sore,
Weening her lifes last howie then neare to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh she did not heare not see

Then up she lose, and on her selfe did dight

Most squalid guments, fit for such a dry,
And with dull countenance and with doletul spright

She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay

For to receive the doome of her decry

But comming to the place, and finding there

She Artegall, in battalous array

Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,

And new life to her lent in midst of deadly fear

Like as a tender Rose in open plane,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soone as few drops of rune
Thereon distill and deaw her druntie free,
Gins to look up, and with fresh wonted grace
Dispreds the gloric of her leaves gry,
Such was Irenas countenance, such her case,
When Artegall she saw in that array,
There wayting for the Tyrant till it was farred by

Who came at length with proud presumpteous gate 14
Into the field, is if he tearclesse were
All aimed in a cote of vion plate
Of great defence to waid the deadly feare,
And on his head a steele cap he did werie
Of colour rustie browne, but sure and strong,
And in his hand an huge Police did beare,
Whose steale was gron studded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight to justific his wrong

Of stature huge and hideous he was,

Like to a Giant for his monstrous hight,
And did in strength most sorts of men surpas,
Ne ever any found his match in might,
Thereto he had great skill in single fight
His face was ugly and his counten mee sterne,
That could have flayd one with the very sight,
And gaped like a gulfe when he did geine,
That whether man or monster one could scarsed sectione

Soone as he did within the listes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with feare.
And, grinning griesly, did against him weld
His deadly weapon which in hand he held
But th' Elfin swayne, that oft had seene like sight,
Was with his chastly count hance nothing queld,
But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
And east his shield about to be in readic plight

The trompets sound, and they together goe
With dreadfull terror and with fell intent,
And then huge strokes full daungerously bestow,
To doe most dammage where as most they ment
But with such force and fuire violent
The Tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,
That through the yron walles their way they rent,
And even to the vitall parts they past,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they eleft or brast

Which cruell outrage when as Artegall
Did well avize, thenceforth with ware heed
He shund his strokes, where ever they did fall,
And way did give unto their gracelesse speed
As when a skilfull Marriner doth reed
A storme approching that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of such dread,
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his mainsheat,
And lends unto it leave the emptie agree to beat

So did the Faene knight himselfe abeare,
And stouped oft his head from harme to shield
No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to reare,
And, much to gaine, a litle for to yield
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field
But still the tyrant sternely at him layd,
And did his yron are so nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him sore did overlade

22

Yet when as fit advantage he did py,

The whiles the cursed felon high did reare

Instruell hand to smite him mortally,

Under his stroke he to him stepping neare

Right in he flanke him stroke with deadly dreare,

That the gore blond thence gushing grievously

Did underneath him like a pond appeare,

And all his armour did with purple dye

Thereat he brayed loud, and velled dreadfully

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,

Kept on his course as he did it direct,

And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,

That seemed nought could him from death protect,

But he it well did ward with wise respect,

And twict him and the blow his shield did cast,

Which thereon seizing tooke no great effect,

But byting deepe therein did sticke so fist

That by no meanes it broke againe he forth could wrist

Long while he tug'd and strove to get it out,
And all his powie applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all about
Nathlesse, for all that ever he could doe,
His are he could not from his shield undoe,
Which Artegall perceiving strooke no more,
But loosing soone his shield did it forgoe,
And whiles he combied was therewith so sore,
He gan at him let drive more fiercely then afore

So well he him puisew'd, that at the last
He stroke him with Chrysnoi on the hed,
That with the souse thereof full sore ighast
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted
Againe, whiles he him saw so ill bested,
He did him smite with all his might and maine,
That, falling, on his mother earth he fed
Whom when he saw prostrated on the plaine,
He lightly reft his head to ease him of his paine

Ε

27

Which when the people round about him saw,
They shouted all for joy of his successe,
Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,
Which with strong powre did them long time opAnd running all with greedie joyfulnesse [presse,
To fane Irena, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humblenesse
As their true Liege and Princesse naturall,
And eke her champions glorie sounded over all

Who streight her leading with meete majestic
Unto the pallace where their kings did rayne,
Did her therein establish peaceable,
And to her kingdomes seat restore agayne
And all such persons, as did late maintayne
That Tyrants part with close or open ayde,
He sorely punished with hervie payne,
That in short space, whiles there with her he stayd,
Not one was left that durst her once have disobayd

During which time that he did there remayne,
His studie was true Justice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his busice paine
How to reforme that ragged common-weale
And that same from man, which could reveale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he sent
To search out those that usd to rob and steale,
Or did rebell gainst lawfull government,
On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment

But ere he coulde reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Facine Court, that of necessity
His course of Justice he was forst to stay,
And Talus to revoke from the right way
In which he was that Realme for to redresse
But envies cloud still dimmeth vertices ray
So, having freed Irena from distresse,
He tooke his leave of her, there left in heavinesse

The as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriv'd reame whence forth he set,
He had not passed faire upon the strand,
When as two old ill favour'd Hags he met,
By the way side being together set,
Two griesly creatures and to that then faces
Most foule and filther were, then garments yet,
Being ill rag'd and tatter'd, then disgraces
Didmuch the more augment, and made most uglaces

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke aske v,
That her mis-chape much helpt, and her fould he use
Hung loose and loathsomely. Thereto her here
Wis wan and leane, that all her teeth new,
And all her bones might through her checkes be red.
Her lips were, like raw lether, pale and blew.
And as she spake therewith she silvered,
Yetspakesheseldom, but thought more the less she sed.

Her hands were foule and during never washt 30 In all her life, with long navles over raught, Like puttocks clawes, with th' one of which the searcht

Her cursed head, although at a tched maught
The other held a snake with venime fraught
On which she fed and grawed hungaly,
As at that long she had not eaten ought,
That round about her pawes one might descry
The bloudie gore and poyson dropping lothsomely

Her name was Envie, knowen well thereby,
Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
That ever she sees doen prays-worther,
Whose sight to her is greatest crosse may full,
And veveth so that makes her eat her gall,
For when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne may unnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat,
Meat fit for such a monsters more throus dyeat

And it she hapt of any good to heare,

That had to any happily betid,

Then would she mly fiet, and givene, and teare
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid
But if she heard of ill that any did,

Or harme that any had, the would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid,
And in anothers losse great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby and gryned a great stake

The other nothing better was then shee,
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd,
But in bad maner they did disagree,
For what so Envie good or bad did fynd
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd,
But this, what ever evill she conceived,
Did spied abroad and throw in th' open wynd
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was mens good name to have
berevied

For what soever good by any sayd
Or doen she heard, she would streightwayes invent
How to deprave or slaunderously upbrayd,
Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,
And turne to all the thing that well was ment
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort

And if that any ill she head of any,

She would it eeke, and make much woise by telling,
And take great joy to publish it to many,
That every matter woise was for her melling
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was neare to Envie, even her neighbour next,
A wicked hag, and Envy selfe excelling
In mischiefe, for her selfe she onely vext,
But this same both her selfe and others eke perplext

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,

Forming with poyson round about her gils,
In which her cursed tongue, full sharpe and short,
Appear'd like aspis sting that closely kils,
Or cruelly does wound whom so she wils
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she litle spinnes, but spils,
And faynes to werve false tales and leasings bud,
To throw amongst the good which others had disprace

These two now had themselves combynd in one,
And linckt together gainst Sir Artegall,
For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into mischiefe fall,
For freeing from their snares Irena thrall
Besides, unto themselves they gotten had
A monster, which the Blatant beast men call,
A dreadfull feend of gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by slights allur'd, and to their purpose lad

Such were these Higs and so unhandsome diest 38

Who when they nigh approching had espyde Sn Artegall, return'd from his late quest, They both arose, and at him loudly cryde, As it had bene two shepheards curries had scryde A ravenous Wolfe amongst the scattered flockes And Envie first, as she that first him eyde, Towardes him runs, and with rude fluing lockes About her eares, does beat her brest and forhead knockes

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
The which whylene she was so greedily
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throws it most despightfully
The cursed Scipent, though she hungrily
Earst chawd thereon, yet was not all so dead
But that some life remayined secretly,
And as he past afore withouten diead,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read

Then th' other comming neare gin him revile,
And fouly rayle with all she could invent,
Saying that he had, with unmanly guile
And fould abusion, both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the sword of Justice lent
If id stayined with reprochfull crueltie
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent
As for Grandtorto, him with treacheric
And trayines having surprized, he fouly did to die

Thereto the Blatant beast, by them set on,
At him began aloud to bluke and bay
With litter lage and fell contention,
That all the woods and lockes night to that way
Begun to quike and tremble with dismity,
And all the me rebellowed againe,
So die adually his hundred tongues did bray
And evermore those higs them selves did pune
To sharpen him, and then over cursed tongs did straine

And still among most bitter wordes they spake, 42
Most shamefull, most unrighteous, most unriew,
That they the mildest in in alive would make
To get his patience, and yeeld rengeaunce dew
To her, that so false sel unders at him threw
And more, to make them pierce and wound more
deepe,

She with the sting which in her vile tongue grew Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe Yet be past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe

But Talus, he ring her so lewdly rule,
And speake so ill of him that well deserved,
Would her have chistic'd with his pron flaile,
If her Sir Artegall had not preserved,
And him forbudden, who his heast observed
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cust, yet he for nought would swerve
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Previce Court, where what him fell shall else be told



THE SIXTL BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAINING THE LEGEND OF S CALIDORE,

OR COURTESIE

HE waies, through which my werry steps
I guyde
In this delightfull land of Frery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wide,

And spimchled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to ease or eye,
That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby,
And, when I gim to feele decay of might,
Itstiength to me supplies, and chemismy dulled spright

Such secret comfort and such hervenly pleasures, 2
Ye sacred imps, that on Parnasso dwell,
And there the keeping have of learnings threasures
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse,
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange wares where never foote did use,
Ne none can find but who was taught them by the
Muse

Revele to me the sacred noursery

Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in silver bowre does hidden by
From view of men, and wicked worlds disdaine,
Since it at first was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, being derived at furst
From heavenly seedes of bounty soveraine,
And by them long with quefull labour nurst,
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst

Amongst them all growes not a fayrer flowre
Then is the bloosme of comely courtesie,
Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,
And spreds it selfe through all civilitie
Of which though present age doe plenteous seeme,
Yet, being mitcht with plaine Antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned showes esteeme,
Which cury colours fure that feeble eies misdeeme

But, in the firidl of frue curtesie,

Its now so faire from that which then it was,

That it indeed is nought but forgerie,

Fashion d to please the eies of them that pas,

Which see not perfect things but in a glas

Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blynd

The wisest sight to thinke gold that is bras,

But vertues seat is deepe within the mynd,

And not in outward shows, but inward thoughts defynd

But where shall I in all Antiquity 6
So fine a patterne finde, where may be seene
The goodly praise of Princely curtesie,
As in your selfe, O soverame Lady Queene?
In whose pure minde, as in a mirrour sheene,
It shower, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
The eyes of all which thereon fixed beene,
But menteth indeede an higher name
Yet so from low to high uplifted is your fame

Then pardon me, most dreaded Soverune,
That from your selfe I doe this vertue bring,
And to your selfe doe it returne againe
So from the Ocean all rivers spring,
And tribute backe repay as to then King
Right so from you all goodly vertues well
Into the rest which round about you ring,
Faire Lords and Ladies which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your Court where courtesies excell





F Court, it scemes men Courtesie doe call, For that it there most useth to abound, And well beseemeth that in Princes hall That vertue should be plentifully found,

Which of all goodly marners is the ground, And roote of civil conversation

Right so in Fiery court it did redound. Where curteous Knights and Ladies most did won Ot all on earth, and made a matchlesse purigon

But mongst them all was none more courteous Knight Then Calidore, beloved over all, In whom, it seemes that gentlenesse of spright And minners mylde were planted naturall. To which he adding comely guize with ill And gracious sperch, did steale mens hearts away Nuthlesse thereto he was full stout and tall. And well approv'd in batterlous affray,

That him did much renowne, and far his fame display

Ne was there Knight ne was there Lady found In Fiery court, but him did denie embrace For his fane v-age and conditions sound, The which in all mens liking gayned place, And with the greatest purchast greatest grace Which he could wisely use, and well apply, To please the best, and th' exill to embase, I or he louthed leasing and base fluttery, And loved simple truth and stedfist honesty

And now he was in travell on his way,

Uppon an hard adventure sore bestad,

Whenas by charince he met uppon a day

With Artegall, returning yet halfe sad

From his late conquest which he gotten had

Who whenas each of other had a sight,

They knew them selves and both their persons rad,

When Calidore thus first "Haile, noblest Knight

Of all this day on ground that breather living spright!

- "Now tell, if please you, of the good successe
 Which ye have had in your late enterprize"
 To whom Sh Artegall gan to expresse
 His whole exploite and a dorous emprize,
 In order as it did to him unize
 'Now, happy man," (sayd then Sh Calidore)
 "Which have, so goodly as ye can devize,
 Atchiev'd so hard a quest, as few before,
 That shall you most renowmed make for evermore
- "But where ye ended have, now I begin
 To trend an endlesse trace, withouten gayde
 Or good direction how to enter in,
 Or how to issue forth in walls untryde,
 In perils strange, in labours long and wide,
 In which although good Fortune me betill,
 Yet shall it not by none be testifyde?

 "What is that quest," (quoth then Sir Artegill)
 "That you into such perils presently doth call?"
- "The Bluttant Beast" (quoth he) 'I doe pursew, 7
 And through the world ince santly doe chase,
 Till I him overtake, or else subdew
 Yet know I not or how, or in what place
 To find him out, yet still I forward trace"
 "What is that Blattant Beast?" (then he replide)
 "It is a Monster bied of hellisher ace,"
 (Then answered he) 'which often hith annoyd
 Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroyd

- "Of Cerberus whilome he was begot And fell Chimera, in her darkesome den,
 Through fowle committure of his filthy blots,
 Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,
 Till he to perfect ripenesse grew, and then,
 Into this wicked world he forth was sent
 To be the plague and scourge of wietched men,
 Whom with vile tongue and venemous intent
 He sore doth wound, and bite and cruelly torment."
- "Then, since the salvage Island I did lenve," 9
 Sayd Artegall, "I such a Beast did see,
 The which did seeme a thousand tongues to have,
 That all in spight and malice did agree,
 With which he bayd and loudly backt at mee,
 As if that he attonce would me devoure
 But I, that knew my selfe from perill free,
 Did nought regard his malice nor his powre,
 But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure"
- "That surely is that Beast" (saide Calidore) to "Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad To heare these tidings, which of none afore Through all my weary travell I have had, Yet now some hope your words unto me add" "Now God you speed," (quoth then Sn Artegall) And keepe your body from the daunger drad, For ve have much adoe to deale withall" So both tooke goodly leave, and purted severall
- Sin Calidore thence travelled not long,

 Whenas by chaunce a comely Square he found,

 That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong

 Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound,

 Who, seeing him from fure, with piteous sound

 Of his shall cries him called to his aide

 To whom approching, in that painefull stound

 When he him saw, for no demainds he stude,

 But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him saide

109

"Unhappy Squne! what had mushap thee brought 12
Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
And thee captyved in this shamefull place?"
To whom he answered thus "My haplesse case
Is not occasiond through my misdesert,
But through musfortune, which did me abase
Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert

"Not fure from hence, uppon yould rocky hill, 13
Hard by a streight, there strinds a castle strong,
Which doth observe a custome lewd and ill,
And it hath long magnitud with mighty wrong
For may no Knight nor Lady passe along
That way, (and yet they needs must passe that way,
By reason of the streight, and rocks among)
But they that Ladies lockes doe share away, [par "And that knights bend, for toll which they for passage

"A shamefull use as ever I did herre,"

Styd Calidore, "and to be overthrowne
But by what meanes did they at first it reare,
And for what cause? tell, if thou have it knowne."

Sayd then that Squire, "The Lady, which doth owne
This Castle, is by name Briana hight,
Then which a prouder Lady liveth none
She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty Knight,
And sought to win his love by all the meanes she might

"His name is Crudor, who, through high disdaine 15
And proud despight of his selfe pleasing mynd,
Refused hath to yeeld her love agrine,
Untill a Mantle she for him doe fynd
With beards of Knights and locks of Ladies lynd
Which to provide she hath this Castle dight,
And therein hath a Seneschall assynd,
Cald Maleffort, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will with worse despight

16

"He, this same day, as I that way did come
With a func Damzell, my beloved deale,
In execution of her lawlesse doome
Did set upport us flying both for feare,
For little bootes against him hand to re the
Me first he tooke unhable to withstond,
And whiles he her pursued every where,
Till his returne unto this tree he bond,
Ne wote I surely whether her he yet have fond"

Thus whiles they spake they hered a nucfull shricke 17
Of one loud crying, which they streight way ghest.
That it was she the which for helpe did seeke.
The looking up unto the cry to lest,
They saw that Cule from fure, with hand unblest.
If tyling that may den by the yellow herie,
That all her garments from her snowy brest,
And from her head her lockes he nigh did to ue,
Ne would he spare for pitty, not retraine for feare

Which haynous sight when Calidore beheld,

Litsoones he loosd that Squire, and so him left
With hearts dismay and inward doloni queld,
For to pursue that villaine, which had reft
That pitcous spoile by so injurious theft,
Whom overtaking, loude to him he cryde
"Leave, flytor, quickely that misgotten weft
To him that hath it better justify de,
And turne thee soone to him of whom thou art defyde'

Who herekning to that voice him selfe upicaid, and seeing him so fiercely towardes make, Aguinst him stoutly ran, as nought afeard, But rather more emag'd for those words sake, And with sterne count'n nunce thus unto him spake "Art through the crystive that defyest me? And for this Mind, whose party thou doest take, Writ give thy broud, though it but little bee? Yet shall it not her lockes for raunsome from thee."

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd 20 On hiddons strokes with most importane might. That off he made him stagger as unstayd, And off requile to shunne his sharpe despight. But Calidor, that was well skild in fight, Him long forbore, and still his sprite sparid, Lying in waite how him he dimadge might, But when he felt him shrinke, and come to wind, He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more hard.

Like as a water streame, whose swelling source Shall drive a Mill, within strong bancks is pent, And long restrayhed of his ready course, So soone as passage is unto him lent, Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent, Such was the fury of Sir Culidore When once he telt his forman to relent, He flercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore, Who as he still decayd so he encreased more

The heavy burden of whose dieadfull might
When is the Carle no longer could sust une
His heart gar funt, and streight he tooke his flight
Toward the Castle, where, if need constraine,
His hope of refuge used to remaine
Whom Calidore perceiving fast to flie,
He him pursu'd and chaced through the plane,
That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
Unto the ward to open to him hastilie

They, from the wall him seeing so aghist,

The gite soone opened to receive him in,
But Cil dore did follow him so fast,
That even in the Porch he him did win,
And cleft his head is under to his chin
The carkisse tumbling downe within the dore
Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of sin,
That it could not be shut, whilest Calidore
Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore

24

With that the rest the which the Castle kept About him flockt, and haid at him did lay, But he them all from him full lightly swept As doth a Steue, in heat of sommers day, With his long taile the biyzes brusk away Thence passing to the into the hall he came, Where of the Lady selfe in sad dismay He was ymett, who with uncomely shame Gan him salute, and fowle upbi and with faulty blame

"Filse tray to: Knight!" (said she) "no Knight at all, But scorne of a mes, that hast with guilty hand Muidled my men and slane my Seneschall, Now comest thou to 10b my house unmand, And spoile my selfe that can not thee withstand? Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight Then thou, that shall thy treason understand, Will it wenge, and pay thee with thy right, And if none do, yet shame shal thee with shame requight"

Much was the Knight abashed at that word. 26 Yet answer'd thus "Not unto me the shame, But to the shamefull does at afford Bloud is no blemish, for it is no blame To punish those that doe deserve the same. But they that breake bands of civilitie, And wicked customes make, those doe defame Both noble armes and gentle curtesie No greater shame to man then inhumanitie

"Then doe your selte, for dread of shame, forgoe 27 This evill manner which ye here maintaine, And doe in stead thereof mild curt'sie showe To all that passe That shill you glory game More then his love, which thus ye seeke t' obtaine " Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replyde "Vile recreant! know that I doe much disdaine Thy courteous love, that doest my love decide, Who scornes thy yelle scoffe, and bids thee be defy de"

"To take defiaunce at a Ladies word"

(Quoth he) "I hold it no indignity,
But were he here, that would it with his sword
Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby"

[illy "Cowherd!" (quothshe) "werenotthat thou would at Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place"

"If I doe so," (sayd he) "then liberty
I leave to you for aye are to disgrace
With all those shames, that cast we spake me to deface"

With that a Dwaife she cald to her in hast,
And taking from her hand a ring of gould,
A privy token which betweene them past,
Bad him to flie with all the speed he could
To Crudor, and desire him that he would
Vouchsafe to reskue her against a Knight,
Who through strong powrehad nowher self in hould,
Having late stune her Seneschall in fight,
And all her people murdred with outragious might

The Dwarfe his way did hast, and went all night, 30 But Calidore did with her there abyde. The comming of that so much threatned Knight, Where that discourteous Dame with scornfull pryde. And fowle entrerty him indignifyde, That yron heart it hardly could sustaine. Yet he, that could his writh full wisely guyde, Did well endure her womanish disdaine, And did him selfe from fraile imputience ich une.

The morrow next, before the lampe of light
Above the earth uprend his firming head,
The Dwrife, which bore that message to her knight,
Brought runswere backe, that ere he tristed broul
He would her succour, and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand
Therefore he wild her doe away all dread,
And, that of him she mote assured stand,
He sent to her his bisenet as a faithfull band

'Thereof full blyth the Lady streight became,
And gan it' augment her bitternesse much more,
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
Ne ought dismayed was Sn Calidore,
But 1 other did more chearefull second therefore
And having soone his aimes about him dight,
Did 1-sue forth to meete his foe afore,
Where long he stayed not, when as a Knight
Hespidecome pricking on with all his powre and might

Well weend he streight that he should be the same 33
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintime,
Ne stryd to iske if it were he by name,
But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine
They bene ymett in middest of the plaine
With so fell finy and dispiteous forse,
That neither could the others stroke sustaine,
But rudely rould to ground, both man and horse,
Neither of other taking pitty nor remorse

But Calidore uprose againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in sencelesse sound,
Yet would he not him huit although he might,
For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound
But when Brina saw that diery stound,
There where she stood uppor the Castle will,
She deem'd him sure to have bene dead on ground,
And made such piteous mourning therewithall,
That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall

Nothlesse at length him selfe he did upiene 35
In lustlesse wise, as if against his will,
Eie he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to stretch his limbs, which feeling ill
Of his late fall, a while he rested still
But, when he saw his foe before in vew,
He shooke off luskishnesse, and courage chill
Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew,
To prove it better foote then horsebacke would ensew

There then begin a fearefull crucil fray

Betwirt them two for maystery of night,

For both were wondrous practicke in that play,

And passing well expert in single fight,

And both i flam'd with furious despight,

Which as it still encreast, so still increast

Then crucil strokes and terrible affright,

Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,

Ne once to breath a while their angers tempest coast

Thus long they true'd and traverst to and fig. 37
And try de all wares how each mote entrance make Into the life of his malign int foe
They hew'd then helmes, and plates asunder brake, As they had potshines bene, for nought mote slake Then greedy vengeaunces but goary blood, That at the last like to a purple lake
Of bloudy gore congeal'd about them stood,
Which from their riven sides for th gushed like a flood

At length it chaunst that both then hinds on hie 38
At once did here with all then powe and might,
Thinking the utmost of then force to trie,
And prove the finall fortune of the fight,
But Calidore, that was more quicke of sight
And nimbler handed then his enemic,
Prevented him before his stroke could light,
And on the helmet smote him formerlie,
That made him stoupe to ground with meeke humilitie

And, ere he could recover foote agrine,

He, following that fine advantage first,

His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,

That him upon the ground he groveling cast,

And leaping to him light would have unlast

His Helme, to make unto his rengeance way

Who, seeing in what daunger he was plast,

Cryde out, "Ah mercie, Sin! doe me not slay,

But save my life, which lot before your foot doth lay"

With that his mortall hand a while he stayd,
And, having somewhat culm'd his wrathfull heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd
"And is the boast of that proud Ladges threat,
That menaced me from the field to beat,
Now brought to this? By this now may be learne
Strangers no more so rudely to entreat,
But put away proud looke and usage sterne,
The which shall nought to you but foule dishonor yearne

"For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
That court'sie doth is well as aimes professe,
However strong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproch of pride and cruelnesse
In varie he seeketh others to suppresse,
Who high not learnd him selfe first to subdew
All flesh is frayle and full of ficklenesse,
Subject to fortunes chance, still chaunging new
What haps to day to me to morrow may to you

Who will not mercie unto others shew,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?
To pay each with his owne is right and dew,
Yet since ye mercie now doe need to crave,
I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to save,
With these conditions which I will propound
First, that ye better shall your selfe behave
Unto all errant knights, whereso on ground,
Next, thit ye Lidies ayde in every stead and stound"

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,
And promist to performe his precept well,
And whatsoever else he would requere
So, suffring him to rise, he made him swerre
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,
To take Brians for his loving fere
Withouten dowre or composition,
But to release his former foule condition

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Bynding himselfe most firmely to obry,
He up arose, however hefe or loth,
And swore to him true fealtie for tye
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay
The sad Briana which all this beheld,
Who comming forth yet full of late afray
Sir Calidore upcheard, and to her teld
All this accord to which he Crudor had compeld

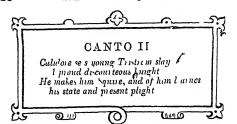
Whereof she now more glad then sory earst,
All overcome with infinite affect
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before his feet her selfe she did project,
And him adoring as her lives derie Lord,
With all due thankes and dutifull respect,
Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and love restord

So all returning to the Cristle glad,

Most joyfully she them did entertuine,
Where goodly glee and first to them she made,
To show her thunkefull mind and meaning fame,
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine
And, after all, unto Sir Calidore
She freely give that Castle for his pame,
And her selfe bound to him for excimore,
So wondrously now chaung'd from that she was afore

But Calidore himselfe would not returne

Nor land nor fee for hyre of his good deede,
But gave them streight unto that Squine againe,
Whom from her Seneschall he lately freed,
And to his dimzell, as their rightfull meed
For recompence of all their former wrong
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he weved hole and strong,
And then to his first quest he passed forth along



HAT vertue is so fitting for a knight, in the order of th

To all of each degree as doth behove?

For whether they be placed high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know.

Then good, that none them rightly may reprove
Of rudenesse for not yeelding what they owe.

Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

Thereto great helpe dame Nature selfe doth lend, 2
For some so goodly gratious are by kind,
That every action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find,
Which others that have greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselves, cannot attaine,
For everie thing to which one is included
Doth best become and greatest grace doth gains
Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes enforst with
paine

That well in courteous Calidore appeares,
Whose every act and deed, that he did say,
Was like enchantment, that through both the eucs
And both the eyes did steale the hait away
He now againers on his former way
To follow his first quest, when as he spyde
A tall young man, from thence not fure away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,
Against an armed laught that did on horsebackery de

5

And them beside a Ladie fune he saw
Stunding alone on foot in foule arry,
To whom himselfe he histily did driw
To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,
And to deput them, if so be he may
But one he came in place, that wouth had kild
That aimed knight, that low on ground he lay,
Which when he saw, his hart was fully child [fild
With great amazement, and his thought with wonder

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
A goodly youth of armable grace,
Yet but a sterder slip, that searse did see
Yet seventeene years, but tall and time of face,
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble aree
All in a woodman's jacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with silver lace,
And on his head an hood with aglets spirid,
And by his side his hunters home he hanging had

Buskins he wore of costlest condwavne,
Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle swayne
In his right hand he held a trembling dut,
Whose fellow he before had sent apart,
And in his left he held a sharp bone-peare,
With which he wont to launch the salvage hart
Of many a Lyon and of many a Beare,
That first unto his hand in chase did happen neare

Whom Calidore a while well having vewed,
At length bespake, "What meanes this, gentle
Swame?

Why hath thy hand too bold it selfe embrewed In blood of hnight, the which by thee is sluine, By thee no knight, which aimes impugneth plaines. 'Ceites," (said he) "loth were I to have broken The law of aimes, yet breake it should again, Rather then let my selfe of wight be stroken, So long as these two aimes were able to be wroten

- "For not I hun, as this his Ladie here
 May witherse well, did offer first to wrong,
 Ne surely thus unarm'd I likely were
 But he me first through pride and pursance strong
 Assayld, not knowing what to armes doth long"
 "Perdie great blame" (the sud Sn Calidore)
 "For armed knight a wight unarm'd to wrong
 But then aread, thou gentle chyld, wherefore
 Betwirt you two began this strife and sterne uprore"
- "That shall I, sooth," (said he) "to you declare I, whose unipper yeares are yet unfit. For thing of weight or worke of greater care, Doe spend my dayes and bend my carelesse wit. To salvage chace, where I thereon may hit. In all this forrest and wyld wooddie raine. Where, as this day I was enraunging it, I chaunst to meete this knight, who there lyes slaine, Together with this Ladie, passing on the plaine.
- "The knight, as ye did see, on hoisebacke was, and this his Ladie (that him ill became)
 On her fure feet by his hoise side did pas. Through thicke and thin, unfit for any Dame Yet not content, more to increase his shame, When so she lagged, as she needs mote so, He with his speare, that was to him great blame, Would thumpe her forward and inforce to goe, Weeping to him in vaine and making pitcous woe
- "Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
 Much was I moved in indignant mind,
 And gan to blame him for such cruelty
 Towards a Ladie, whom with usage kind
 He i thei should have taken up behind
 Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud disdaine,
 Tooke in foule scorne that I such full did find,
 And me in heu thereof revi'd againe,
 Thiertning to chastize me, is doth t'a child per tune

"Which I no lesse disdayning, backe returned 12 His scornefull taunts unto his teeth againe, That he streightway with haughtie choler burned, And with his speare strocke me one stroke or twaine, Which I, enforst to beare, though to my paine, Cast to requite, and with a skinder dark, Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine, Strocke him, as seemeth, underneath the hart, That through the wound his sprit shortly did deput "

Much did Sn Calidore admyre his speach
Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke
That through the mayles had madesostrong a breach
Into his hait, and had so steinely wroke
His wrath on him that first occasion broke,
Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
Of that same Ladie, whether what he spoke
Were soothly so, and that th' unrighteous ire
Of her owne knight had given him his owne due hire?

Of all which when as she could nought deny,
But cleard that stripling of th' imputed blame,
Sayd then Sir Calidore, "Neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame
For, what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame,
And what he did, he did himselfe to save
Against both which that knight wrought knightlesse
shame.

For knights and all men this by nature have, Towards all womenkind them kindly to behave

"But, sith that he is gone inevocable,
Please it you, Ladie, to us to aicad
What cause could make him so dishonourable
To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread
And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead"
"Certes, Sir knight," (sayd she) "full loth I were
To rayse a lyving blame against the dead,
But since it me concernes my safe to clare,
I will the truth discover as it chaunst whylere

'This day, as he and I together roade
Upon our way to which we weren bent,
We chaurst to come foreby a covert glade
Within a wood, whereas a Ladic gent.
Sate with a knight in joyous jolliment.
Of their franke loves, free from all gerlous spyes
Faire was the Ladic, suce, that mote content
An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
And unto him did shew all lovely courteyes.

"Whom when my knight did see so lovely faire, 17
He inly gan her lover to envy,
And wish that he part of his spoyle might share.
Whereto when is my presence he did spy
To be a let, he but me by and by
For to alight but when as I was loth.
My loves owne part to leave so suddenly, [throw th, He with strong hand downe from his steed me.
And with presumpteous powre against that knight streight go'th.

"Unaim'd all was the knight, as then more meete 18 I'm Ludies service, and for loves delight, Than fearing any foeman there to meete Whalcot he tiking oddes, streight bids him dight Himsalte to yield his Love, or else to fight Whalcut the other starting up dismiy d, Yet boldly unswerd, as he rightly right, To lave his love he should be ill apayd, In which helped good right grynstall that it gimes ind

"Yet since he was not presently in plight

He to defend, or his to justifie,
He him requested, as he was a knight,
To lend him day his better right to true,
Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
Might lightly fetch—But he was ficice and whot,
No time would give, nor any termes aby,
But at him flew, and with his specie him smot,
True will do to thinke to save himselfe it booted not

- "Meane while his Ladie, which this outrige siw, 20 Whilest they together for the quarrey strove, Into the covert did her selfe withdraw, And closely hid her selfe within the grove My knight hers soone, as seemes, to damager drove, And left sore wounded but, when her he mist, He wore halfe mad, and in that tage gan rove And range through all the wood, where so he wist She hidden was, and sought her so long is him list.
 - "But, when as her he by no meanes could find,
 After long scarch and chauff he turned backe."
 Unto the place where me he left behind.
 There gan he me to curse and bun, for lacke.
 Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wricke.
 To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong.
 Of all which I yet glad to here the packe.
 Strove to appease him, and per-waded long,
 But still his passion grew more violent and strong.
 - "Then, as it were t' avenge his wirth on mee,
 When forward we should frue he flit refused
 To take me up (as this young min did sec)
 Upon his steed, for no just cause accused,
 But forst to frot on foot, and foule misused,
 Pounching me with the butt end of his speare,
 In vaine complaying to be so abused,
 For he regarded neither playin nor terre,
 But more enforstmy paine the more my plaints to he me
 - "So passed we till this young man us met,
 And being moov'd with pittie of my plight
 Spake, as was meet, for ease of my regret
 Whereof befell what now is in your sight"
 "Now sure," (then said Sir Calidore) "and right,
 Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault
 Who ever thinkes through confidence of might,
 Or through support of count'nance proud and hall,
 To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne assault"

Then tuning backe unto that gentle boy,
Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit,
Seeing his face so lovely sterne and coy,
And hearing th' answeres of his pregnant wit,
He prayed it much, and much admyred it,
That sure he weer I him bor e of noble blood,
With whom those graces did so goodly fit
And when he long had him beholding stood,
He burst into these wordes, as to him seemed good

- "Fane gentle swayne, and yet as stout as fayre,
 Thitin these woods amongst the Nymphs dost won
 Which daily may to thy sweete lookes repayre,
 As they are wont unto Latonaes sonne
 After his chace on woodie Cyrthus donne,
 Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,
 As by thy worth thou worthly hast wonne,
 Or surely borne of some Heroicke send,
 That in thy face appeares and gratious goodlyhead
- "But, should it not displease thee it to tell,
 (Unlesse thou in these woods thy selfe conceale
 For love amongst the woodie Gods to dwell)
 I would thy selfe require thee to reveale,
 For deare affection and unfayined zeale
 Which to thy noble personage I beare,
 And wish thee grow in worship and great weale,
 For since the day that aimes I first did reare,
 I never saw in any greater hope appeare"
- To whom then thus the noble Youth "My be, 27
 Su knight, that, by discovering my estate,
 II ume my arise unweeting unto me,
 Nathlesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
 To you I will not feare it to relate
 Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
 Sonne of a King, how ever thorough fate
 Or fortune I my countrie have forlorne, [adorne
 And lost the crowne which should my head by right

- "And Tristiam is my name, the onely hence Of good king Meliogras which did rayne In Coinewale, till that he through lives despend Untimely dyde, before I did attaine Ripe years of reason my right to muntaine After whose death his brother, seeing mee An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine, Upon him tooke the rotall high degree, And sent me where him list instructed for to bee
- "The widow Queene my mother, which then hight
 Faire Emiline, conceiving then great feare
 Of my fiaile safetie, resting in the might
 Of him that did the kingly Scepter beare,
 Whose gealous dread induring not a penie
 Is wont to cut off all that doubt mry breed,
 Thought best away me to remove somewhere
 Into some forrein land, where as no need
 Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed
- "So, taking counsell of a wise man red, 30
 She was by him adviz'd to send me quight
 Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,
 The which the fertile Lionesse is hight,
 Into the lund of Faerie, where no wight
 Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong
 To whose wise read she herrkning sent me streight
 Into this land, where I have wond thus long
 Since I wasten year esold, now growen to stature strong
- "All which my dates I have not lewdly spent,
 Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
 In ydlesse, but, as was convenient,
 Have trayned bene with many noble feres
 In gentle thewes and such like seemly leres
 Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been
 To hunt the salvage chace, amongst my peres,
 Of all that raungeth in the forest greene,
 Of which none is to me unknowne that ev'r was seene

"Note there hauke which mantleth her on pearch, 32 Whether high towning or accoasting low, But I the measure of her flight doe search, And all her pray and all her diet know. Such be our joyes which in these forrests grow. Oncly the use of times, which most I joy, And fitteth most for noble swayne to know, I have not tasted yet, yet past a boy, And being now high time these strong joynts to imploy

"Therefore, good Si, sith now occasion fit
Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,
Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
That ye will make me Squino without delity,
That from henceforth in batterlous array
I may bear aimes, and learne to use them right,
The rather, since that fortune hath this day
Given to me the spoile of this dead knight,
These goodly gilden aimes which I have won in fight"

All which when well Sir Calidore had heard,
Him much more now then carst he gan admine
For the rine hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replace "Frine chyld, the high desire
To love of times, which in you doth aspine,
I may not, certes, without blame denie,
But rather wish that some more noble hine
(Though none more noble then is chevalite)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie"

There him he caused to kneele, and made to sweare 35
Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all,
And never to be recreant for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call
Full glad and joyous then young Tristram grew,
Like as a flowic, whose silken leaves small
Long shut up in the bud from heavens vew, [hew
Atlength breakes forth and brode displayes his smyling

Thus when they long had treated to and fio,
And Calidore betooke him to deput,
Chyld Tristram prayd that he with him might gree
On his Aventure, vowing not to start,
But way too him in every place and put
Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,
And greatly joy'd at his so noble hart,
In hope he sure would prove a doughtic knight
Yet for the time this answere he to him behight

"Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squine, 37
To have thy presence in my present quest,
That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
And firme forth honour in thy noble brest,
But I am bound by vov, which I profest
To my dread Soveraine, when I it assayd,
That in atchievement of her high behest
I should no creature joyne unto mine ayde
For thy I may not graunt that we so greatly provide

But since this Ladie is all desolite,
And needeth sifegrid now upon her way,
Ye may doe well, in this her needfull state
To succour her from drunger of dismay,
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay."
The noble ympe, of such new service fayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did say
So taking courteous leave they parted twayne,
And Calidore forth passed to his former payne

But Tristiam, then despoyling that dead knight
Of all those goodly implements of prayse,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the fine sight
Of the bright mettall shyning like Sunne rayes,
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes
And after having them upon him dight,
He tooke that Ladie, and her up did rayse
Upon the steed of her owne late dead knight,
So with her marched forth, as she did him behight

There to their fortune leave we them awhile,
'And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore,
Who, ere he thence had traveild many ramile,
Came to the place whereas ye heard gore
This knight, whom Tristian slew, had wounded sore
Another knight in his despreous pryde
There he that knight found lying on the flore
With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
That all his gaments and the grasse in vermeill dyde

And there beside him sate upon the ground
His wofull Ladie, piteously complaying
With loud laments that most unluckie stound,
And her sad selte with carefull hand constraying
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter paying
Which some sight when Calidore did vew
With heavie eyne, from teares uneath refraying,
His mightie hart their mournefull case can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew

Then speaking to the Ladie thus he said

"Ye dolefull Dame, let not your griefe empeach
To tell what cruell hand hath thus arayd
This knight unaim'd with so unknightly breach
Of armes, that, if I yet him nigh may reach,
I may avenge him of so foule despight"
The Ladie, hearing his so courteous speach,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her sory hut few heavie words forth sight

In which she shew'd, how that discounteous knight, 43
(Whom Tristi um slew) them in that shadow found
Joving together in unblum'd delight,
And him unaim'd, as now he lay on ground,
Chaig'd with his speare, and rioitally did wound,
Withouten cause, but onely her to reave
From him to whom she was for ever bound
Yet when she fled into that covert greave,
He, her not finding, both them thus high dead did leave

When Calilore this rucfull storie had
Well understood, he gan of her demand,
What manner wight he was, and how yelrd,
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand
She then, like as she best could understand,
Him thus described, to be of stature large,
Clad all in gilden names, with azure band
Quartied athwart, and bearing in his targe
A Ladie on rough waves rowed in a sommer barge

Then g in Sir Culidore to ghe-se streight way,
By many signes which she described had,
That this it is he whom Tristiam exist did slay,
And to her suid. Dune, be no longer sad,
For he, that hath your Knight so ill bestad,
Is now him selfe in much more wretched plight
These eyes him saw upon the cold earth spriid,
The meede of his desert for that despight,
Which to your selfe he wrought and to your loved
knight

"Therefore, fune Lady, by aside this griefe,
Which ye have gathered to your gentle hait
For that displeisure, and thinke what relicfe
Were best devise for this your lovers smart,
And how ye may him hence, and to what part,
Convay to be recui'd" She thankt him de ne
Both for that newes he did to her impurt,
And for the courteous one which he did be ne
Both to her love and to her selte in that sid dre ne

Yet could she not devise by any wit,

How thence she might convry him to some place,

For him to trouble she it thought unfit,

That was a strainger to her wietched case,

And him to beare she thought it thing too base

Which when as he perceiv'd he thus bespake

"Faire Ludy, let it not you seeme disgrice

To beare this burden on your dainty backe,

My selfe will beare a part, coportion of your picke"

A

So off he did his shield, and downeward layd
Upon the ground, like to an hollow bears,
And powring bilme, which he had long purvayd,
Into his wounds, him up thereon didactie,
And twist their both with parted paines did beare,
This lite and death, not knowing what was donne
Thence they him carried to a Castle neare,
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne
Where what ensu'd shall in next Canto be begonne





RUE is, that whilene that good Poet sayd, a The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne Fo. a man by nothing is so well bewrayd As by his manners, in which plane is showne Of what degree and what race he is growne For seldome seene a trotting Stalion get An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne So seldome seene that one in basenesse set Doth noble courage shew with curteous manners met

But evermore contrary hoth bene tryde,

That gentle bloud will gentle monners breed,
As well may be in Condore descrade,
By late ensample of that courteous deed

Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Unto the Castle where they had decreed
There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was besought

He was to weete a min of full ripe yeares,

That in his youth hid becare of mickle might,
And boine great sway in armes amongst his peares,
But now weake age had draid his candle light
Yet was he counteous still to every wight,
And loved all that did to aimes incline
And was the Father of that wounded Kriight,
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine,
And Aldus was his name, and his sonnes, Aladine

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight.

With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a heare
By a faire Lady and a straunger Knight,
Was inly touched with compassion deare,
And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,
That he these words burst forth "Ah, sory boy!
Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
Thou brings? are me! is this the timely joy,
Which I expected long, now turned to sad annoy?

"Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope,
So tickle is the state of earthly things,
That ere they come unto their aymed scope,
They fall too short of our finile reckenings,
And bring us bile and bitter sorrowings,
In stead of comfort which we should embrace
This is the state of Keasars and of Kings!
Let none therefore, that is in mearer place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case"

So well and wisely did that good old Knight 6
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his guests whom he had stayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare
That to Sir Calidore was easie geare,
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover deare,
And only did afflict her pensive thought [brought
With thinking to what case her name should now be

For she was daughter to a noble Lord

Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy
To a great pere, but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply,
But lov'd this fiesh young Knight who dwelt her ny,
The lusty Aladine, though me mer borne
And of lesse livelood and hability,
Yet full of valour the which did adoine [scorne
His meanesse much, and make her th' others riches

So, having both found fit occasion,

They had together in that luckelesse glide,
Where that proud Knight in his presumption
The gentle Alidine did crist invade,
Being unum'd and set in secret shade
Whereof she now beeninking, gan t'idvize
How great a hazard she at crist had made
Of her good fame, and further gin devize
How she the blame might salve with coloured disguize

But Calidore with all good courtesie

Fin'd her to frolicke, and to put way
The pensive fit of her melancholie,
And that old Knight by all meines did assay
To make them both as merry as he may
So they the evening past till time of rest,
When Calidore in scennly good array
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undrest
Did sleepe all night through weny trivell of his quest

But fane Priscille (so that Lady hight)

Would to no bed, not take no kindely sleepe,
But by her wounded love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did wash and steepe
So well she washt them, and so well she washt him,
That of the deadly swound, in which full deepe
He drenched was she at the length dispatch him,
And drove anythe stound which not fully attacht him

The monow rest, when dry gin to uplooke,
He also gin uplooke with diery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dienne awooke
Where when he saw his fance Priscilla by,
He deepely sigh'd, and grouned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill state in which she stood,
To which she for his sake had weetingly
Now brought her selfe, and blam'd her noble blood
For first, next after life, he tendered her good

Which she perceiving did with plenteous teares

His care more then her owne compassion te,

Forgetfull of her owne to minde his feries

So both conspiring gan to intimate.

Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,

And twist them twane with equal care to cast

How to save whole her hazarded estate,

For which the onely helpe now left them last

Seem'd to be Calidore all other helpes were past

Him they did deeme, as suice to them he seemed,
A courteous Knight and full of faithfull trust,
Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing just
Eucly, so soone as Titans beames forth brust
Through the thicke clouds in which they steeped lay
All night in dukenesse, duld with yron rust,
Calidore rising up as fresh as dry
Gan freshly him addresse unto his former way

But first him seemed fit that wounded Knight
To visite, after this nights perillous passe,
And to salute him, if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady, his faire lovely lasse
There he him found much better then he was,
And moved speach to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to overpasse
Mongst which he namely did to him discourse
Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wacked sourse

Of which occasion Aldine taking hold
Gan breal e to him the fortunes of his love,
And all his disadventures to unfold,
That Calidore it dearly deepe did move
In th' end, his kyndly courtesic to prove,
He him by all the bands of love besought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behave,
To safeconduct his love, and not for ought
To leave, till to her fathers house he had her brought

Sn Calidore his faith thereto did plight

It to oer forme so after little strv,

That see her selfe had to the journey dight,

He passed forth with her in faire may,

Fearlesse who ought did thinke or ought did say,

Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from wite

So, as they past together on their way,

He can devize this counter-cast of slight,

To give faire colour to that Ladies cause in sight

Streight to the carkasse of that Knight he went, 17
The cause of all this evill, who was slane
The day before by just avengement
Of noble Tristium, where it due remaine
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame
So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers house he came,
Most pensive man, through feare what of his childe
became

There he arriving boldly did present

The ferrefull Lidy to her fitner deare,
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweers,
Since first he saw her, and did free from ferre
Of a discourteous Knight, who has had reit
And by outragious force away did be ne
Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for rengement of his-theft

Most joyfull man her sire was her to see,
And heard the adventure of her late mischaunce,
And thousand thankes to Calidore for fee
Of his large paines in her deliveraunce
Did yeeld. Ne lesse the Lady did advance
Thus having her restored trustily,
As he had now'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Unto his first explore he did him selfe apply

So as he was pursuing of his quest,

He chainst to come whereis a jolly Knight
In covert shade him selte did safely rest,

To solice with his Lady in delight
His willke aimes he had from him undight,
For that him selfe he thought from dunger free,
And far from envious eyes that mote him spight,
And eke the Lady was full fare to see,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree

Fo whom Sir Cahdore approaching nye,
Ele they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abasht, but more him selfe thereby,
That he so rudely did uppon them light,
And troubled had then quiet loves delight
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Him selfe thereof he laboun'd to acquite,
And pardon crav'd for his so rish default,
That he gainst countesie so fowly did default

With which his gentle words and goodly wit

11e soone ill lyd that Knights conceiv'd displeasure,
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they mote treat of things abrode at leasure,
And of adventures, which had in his measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late
So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure
His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through daungerous debate

Of which whilest they discoursed both together,
The fine Scient (so his Lidy hight)
Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether
And pleasuance of the place, the which was dight
With divers flowres distinct with rine delight,
Wandred about the fields, as hising led
Her wavening lust after her wandring sight,
To make a garland to adorne her hed,
Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dred

All sodaincly out of the forrest nere

The Platant Beest forth rushing uniw ne
Caught her, thus loosely winding here ind their,
And in his wide great mouth awith her bare
Crying aloud to show her sad mistine
Unto the Knights, the calling oft for ayer,
Who with the horrour of her haplesse care
Hastily starting up, like men dismitted,
Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mixto.

The Beast, with their pursuit meited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to have spoyled her, when Calidore,
Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,
Him overtooke in middest of his race,
And, fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake him selfe to fenerall flight,
For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight

Who nathelesse, when he the Lady saw 26
There left on ground, though in full evill plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now neare did draw,
Stude not to succour her in that afflight,
But follow'd fast the Monster in his flight
Through woods and hils he follow'd him so fast,
That he nould let him breath, nor gather spright,
But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread ighast,
As if his lungs and lites were night a sunder that

And now by this Sir Calepine (so hight)

Came to the place where he his Lady found
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Ilaving both sides through graphwith griedy wound
His weapons soone from him he three away,
And stouping downe to her in diery swound
Uprear'd her from the ground whereon she liv,
And in his tender armes her forced up to stry

So well he did his busic paines apply,

That the faint spright he did revoke againe

To her fittle minsion of mortality

Then up he tooke her twist his aimes awaine,

And setting on his steede her did sustaine

With carefull hands, soft footing her beside,

Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,

Where she in safe issurance mote abide,

Till she recared were of those her woundes wide

Now when as Phæbus with his fiery waine
Unto his Inne began to draw apace,
Tho wexing weary of that toylesome paine,
In travelling on foote so long a space,
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace,
Downe in a dale forby a rivers syde
He chaunst to spie a faire and stately place,
To which he meant his werry steps to guyde,
In hope there for his love some succour to provyde

But, comming to the rivers side, he found
That hardly passable on foote it was,
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pas.
Thus whilest he was in this distressed case,
Devising what to doe, he night espyde
An aimed Knight upproaching to the place
With a faire Lady lincked by his syde,
[ride]
The which themselves prepaid thorough the foord to

Whom Calepine saluting (as became)

Besought of countesie, in that his neede,

For safe conducting of his sickely Dame

Through that same perillous foord with better heede,

To take him up behinde upon his steed,

To whom that other did this taunt returne

Perdy, thou peasant Kinght mightst rightly reed

Me then to be full base and evill borne,

If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne

"But, as thou hust thy steed forlorne with shame, 32 So face on foote till thou another gayne,
And let thy Lady likewise doe the same,
Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing pryne,
And prove thy manhood on the billowes vayne"
With which rude speach his Lady much displeased
Did him reprove yet could him not restrigue,
And would on her owne Pulfrey him his e cased,
For pitty of his Dame whom she saw so discused

Sn Calepine her thinckt, jet, inly width
Against her Knight, her gentlenesse refused,
And chielesly into the river go'th,
As in despight to be so fowle abused
Of a rude churle, whom often he accused
Of fowle discourtesie, unfit for Knight,
And, strongly wading through the wives unused,
With specie in th' one hand stryd him selte upright,
With th' other stride his Lady up with steddy might

And all the while that same discourteous Kinght 34 Stood on the further bincke beholding him, At whose culmity, for more despiaht, He lrught, and mockt to see him like to swim But when as Cilepine came to the brim, And saw his carriage past that perill well, Looking at that same Curle with count naise grim, His heart with rengerunce inwardly and swell, And forth at last did breake in speaches sharpeared fell

"Unknightly Knight, the blemish of that name,
And blot of all that aimes uppon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of tame,
Loe! I defie thee, and here challenge mike,
That thou for even doe those aimes for ake,
And be for even held a receient Knight,
Unlesse thou daie, for thy deare Ladies alle
And for thine owne defence, on foote alight
To justifie thy fault gainst me in equal fight"

The dastard, that did heare him selie defide,

Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,

But laught them out, as if his greater prode

Did scorne the challenge of so base a thirdly,

Or had no courage, or cloeding offended,

That him to no revenge he forth could call,

But both his challenge and him selfe contemned,

Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned

But he, nought weighing what he sayd or did,
Turned his steede about another way,
And with his Lady to the Castle rid,
Where was his won ne did the other stay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke,
Where he arriving with the full of day
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke
And myld entirenty lodging did for her beseeke

But the rude Porter that no manners had
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad
Nath'lesse the Knight, now in so needy case,
Gun him entreat even with submission base,
And humbly pixed to let them in that night,
Who to him aunswer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
Unlesse that with his Lord he formarly did fight

"Full loth am I," (quoth he) "as now at east 39
When day is spent, and nest as needeth most,
And that this Lady, both whose sides are pearst
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost,
Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
That should to me such curtesie afford,
Unlesse that I were thereunto enforst
But yet are id to me, how hight thy Loid,
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the ford?"

"His name," (quoth he) "if that thou hist to learne, 40 Is hight Sin Turpine, one of mickle might And in nhood rare, but terrible and stearne In all assaies to every errant Knight, Because of one that wrought him towle despight" "Ill seemes," (say The) "if he so valiaunt be, That he should be so sterne to stranger wight, For seldome yet did living creature see That curtesie and manhood ever disagree

"But go thy waies to him, and no me say, 4r
That here is at his gate an errant Knight,
That house-rome craves, yet would be loth t'assay
The proofe of battell now in doubtfull night,
Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite
Yet, if he needes will fight, crave leave till morne,
And tell with all the lamentable plight
In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,
That pitty craves, as he of woman was yborne"

The groome went streight way in, and to his Lord 42
Declar'd the message which that Knight did move,
Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund approve,
But both himselfe revil'd and eke his love,
Albe his Lady, that Blandina hight,
Him of ungentle usage did reprove,
And earnestly entreated, that they might
Finde favour to be lodged there for that same night

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,

Ne from his currish will awhit reclame

Which answer when the groome returning brought

To Calepine, his heart did rily flame

With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,

That he could not thereof avenged bee,

But most for pitty of his dearest Dame,

Whom now in deadly daunger he did see,

Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee

But all in vaine, for why no remedy

He saw the present mischiefe to redresse,
But th' utmost end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him addresse.
So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,
And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse,
Whiles he him selfe all night did nought but weepe,
And wary watch about her for her safegrad keepe

The monow next, so soone as joyous day
Did shew it selfe in sunny beames bedight,
Seiena full of dolorous dismay,
Twint dukenesse dread and hope of living light,
Upicu'd her head to see that chemefull sight
Then Calepine, however inly wroth,
And greedy to avenge that vile despight,
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth
To make there lenger stay, forth on his journey goth

He goth on foote all armed by her side,
Upstrying still her selfe uppon her steede,
Being unhable else alone to ride,
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede,
Till that at length, in his extremest neede,
He chaunst fir off an armed Knight to spy
Pursuing him apace with greedy speede,
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make advantage of his misery

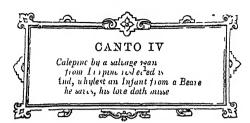
Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew,
To weet what issue would thereof betyde
Tho, whenas he approched mgh in vew,
By certaine signes he plunly him descryde
To be the man that with such sconfull pryde
Had him abusde and shamed yesterday,
Therefore, misdoubting least he should misguyde
His former malice to some new assay,
He cust to keepe him selte so safely as he may

By this the other came in place blewise,
And couching close his sperie, and all his powre
As bent to some militious critipiise,
He bad him stand t'abine the bittle, stoure
Of his some vengen nee, or to make aroune
Of the lewd words and deedes which he had done
With that ian at him, as he would devouce
His life attonce, who nought could do but shun
The perill of his pride, or else be overium

Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did chace
Flying the fury of his bloudy will
But his best succour and retuge was still
Behind his Ladies back, who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As ever he to Lady was affyde,
To spare her Knight, and rest with reason pacifyde

But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felness, him pursew'd,
So that it length, after long weary chace,
Hiving by chaunce a close idvintage vew'd,
He over rought him, having long eschew'd
His violence in vame, and with his spere
Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood ensew'd
In great aboundance, as a well it were
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
But chaste him still for all his Ladies cry,
Not satisfy de till on the fatall ground
He saw his life powrd forth despiteously
The which was certer in great jeopurdy,
Had not a wondrous channee his reskue wrought,
And saved from his cruell villany
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought,
That in another Canto shall to end be brought





IKE as a ship with dieadfull storme long tost,
Having spent all her mastes and her groundhold.

Now fure from harbour likely to be lost,
At list some fisher banke doth neare behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold
Such was the state of this most courteous knight
Being oppressed by that frytour bold,
That he remay ned in most perilous plight,
And his sail Ladie left in pitiful affright

Till that, by fortune, passing all foresight,

A silvage min, which in those woods did wonne, Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous shright, Toward the same incessantly did ronne. To understand what there was to be donne. There he this most discourteous craven found, As fiercely yet is when he first begonne, Chasing the gentle Calepine around,

Ne spring him the more for all his grievous wound.

The salvage man, that never till this houre
Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,
Seeing his shape assault and cruell stoure,
Was much emmoved at his perils vew,
That even his ruder hart began to rew,
And feele compassion of his evill plight,
Against his foe that did him so pursew,
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that so villenous despight

Yet aimes or werpon had he none to fight
Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,
Swe such as sudden rage him lent to smite,
But naked, without needfull vestiments
To clid his corpse vith meete habiliments,
He cared not for dint of sword nor specie.
No more then for the stroke of strawes or bents
For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

He stayed not t'advice which way were best
His foe t'assiyle, or how himselfe to grid,
But with fierce fury and with force infest
Upon him i in, who being well prepaid
His first as walt full willy did ward,
And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare
Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and hard
That forst him backe recoyle and reele arche,
Yet in his bodie made no wound not bloud uppeare

With that the wild man more emiged grew,
Like to a Tiggre that hath mist his pray,
And with mad mood againe upon him flew,
Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,
Nor his flerce steed that mote him much dismry
The salvage nation doth all dread despize
Tho on his shield he griple hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wize
He could him force to loose, or leave his enterpize

Long did he wiest and wring it to and fro,
And every way did try, but all in vaine,
For he would not his greedic grype forgoe,
But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe
Who having now no use of his long speare
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
Bothspeare and shield, as things that needlesse were,
He quite for sooke, and fied himselfe away for feare

9

But after him the wyld man ran apace,
And him pursewed with importune speed,
(For he was swift as any Bucke in chace)
And, had he not in his extremest need
Bene helped through the spatieness of his steed,
He had him overtake ran his flight
Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shricked out, a thing uncomely for a knight

But, when the Salvage saw his labour vaine
In following of him that fled so fast,
He wearie wove, and backe return'd againe
With speede unto the place, whereas he last
Had left that couple nere their utmost cast
Those he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
And cke the Ladie fenefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present stound,
And also for the shappnesse of her rankling wound

For though she were right glad so rid to bec. From that vile lozell which her late offended, Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see, And perill, by this salvinge man pretended, Grinst whom she saw no merries to be defended, By reason that her knight was wounded sore. Therefore her selfe she wholy recommended. To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore. To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

But the wild man, continue to her feare,

Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by jude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground,
For other language had he none nor speach,
But a soft murmure and confused sound
Of senselesse words, which nature did him teach
T'expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach

And comming likewise to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the streames of purple blood
Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the light,
He made great mone after his salvage mood,
And running streight into the third est wood,
A certaine herbe from thence anto him brought,
Whose vertue he by use well understood
The juyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it strunched
thought

Then taking up that Recionis shield and spence, 13
Which exist he left, he signes unto them mide
With him to wend unto his wonning neare,
To which he easily did them persuade
Faire in the forest, by a hollow glade
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spiedding brode
Did underneath them make a gloomy shade,
Where foot of living creature never trode, [about
Ne scarse wyld beasts durst come there was this wights.

Thether he brought these unrequirated guests. To whom fane semblance as Le could he should. By signes, by lookes, and all his other gests, But the bare ground with house mosse bestrowed. Must be then bed, their pillow was unsowed. And the frutes of the foriest was their feast, For their bad Stund neither plough'd nor sower, Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wyld beast. Did taste the bloud, obeying natures first beheas.

Yet, howsoever base and meane it were,

They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,

Which had them freed from that deadly feare,

And sav'd from being to that caytive thiall

Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)

Compelled were themselves a while to rest,

Glad of that easement, though it were but small

That having there then wounds awhile reduct,

They mote the abler be to passe anto the rest

During which time that wild man did apply

His best ender our and his duily paine
In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
For her best odressethen wounds, still seeming faine
When ought he did, that did then lyking gaine
So is ere long he had that knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe,
But that same Ladies hunts no her be he found
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly unsound

Now when as Calepine was wosen strong,
Upon a day he cast abrode to wend,
To take the agreated heart the thrushes song,
Unum'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without sword his person to defend
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappie end,
A cruell Beard, the which in infint bore
Betwirt his bloodie jawes, besprinckled all with gore

The litle bibe did loudly scrike and squall,
And ill the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To Calepine, whose exics those shrieches shrill,
Percing his hait, with pities point did thirll,
That after him he ran with zerious haste
To rescue th' infint, cre he did him kill
Whom though he saw row somewhat overpast,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursewed fast

Well then him chaunst his heavy a mes to want, 19
Whose builden mote emperch his needfull speed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant,
For having long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
Now winting them he felt himselfe so light,
That like an Huike, which feeling her selfe freed
From bels and jesses which did let her flight,
Him seem'd his feet did fly and in their speed delight

So well he sped him, that the wear e Berre
Ere long he overtooke and forst to stay,
And without werpon him as syling neare,
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to him
Wherewith the beas' enrag'd to loose his prov
Upon him turned, and with greedie force
And furie to be crossed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse
To be aveng'd on him and to devourt his corse

But the bold knight no whit there it disn'ryd,

But catching up in hand a ragged stone
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
Upon him i in, and thrust it all attone
Into his giping throte, that made him grone
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being unable to digest that bone,
Ne could it upward come, nor downward passe,
Ne could be brooke the coldnesse of the stony masses

Whom when as he thus combied did behold,
Stryving in vinne that nigh his bowels brast,
He with him closd, and laying mightic hold.
Upon his throte, did grape his gorge so fist,
That wanting breath him downe to ground he cast,
And then oppressing him with ingent paine,
Ere long entoist to breath his utmost blast,
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vinne, [shaine
And threatning his shaipe clawes, now wanting powie to

Then tooke he up betwist his aimes twaine
The litle babe, sweet relickes of his pray,
Whom pitying to here so sore complaine,
From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,
And from his free the filth that did it ray,
And every litle limbe he searcht around,
And every part that under sweathbands lay,
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound
Made in his tender flesh, but whole them all he found

So having all his bands againe uptyde,

He with him thought backe to return againe,

But when he lookt about on every syde,

To weet which way were best to entertaine

To bring him to the place where he would faine,

He could no path nor tract of foot descry,

No by inquire learne, nor ghesse by tyme,

For nought but woods and forrests faire and nye,

That all about did close the compasse of his eye

Much was he then encombied, ne could tell
Which way to take now West he went a while,
Then Noith, then neither, but as fortune fell
So up and downe he wandred many a mile
With wearie trivell and uncertaine toile,
Yet nought the nearer to his journeys end,
And everage his lovely life spoile
Crying for food did greatly him offend
So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend

At last, about the setting of the Sunne,

Him celfe out of the forest he did wynd,

And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne

Where, looking all about where he mote fynd

Some place of succour to content his mynd,

At length he heard under the forrests syde

A voice, that seemed of some woman kynd,

Which to has selfe lamanting loudly cryde,

And oft complaya'd of fate, and fortune oft defyde

To v hom approching, when as she perceived
A stranger wight in place, her plant she stryd,
As it she doubted to have bene deceived,
O. loth to let her sorrowes be bewryd
Whom when as Calepine saw so dismayd,
He to her drew, and with fine blandishment
Her charing up, thus gently to her sayd
'What be you, wofull Dune, which thus lament,
And for what cause, declare, so mote ye not repent"

30

31

To whore she thus 'What need me, Sn, to tell 28
That which your selie have cast and so right?
A wofull dame ye have me termed well,
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redressed be by living wight!"
"Nathlesse," (quoth he) "if need doe not you bynd,
Doe it disclose to ease your grieved spright
Oftimes it haps that sorrowes of the mynd
Find remedie unsought, which seeling cannot fynd"

Then thus began the luncatable Dame

"Sith then ye needs will know the griefe I hoord,
Fam th' unfortunate Matilde by name,
The wife of bold Sn Brain, who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
From a great Gyant, called Cormoraunt,
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord,
And in three battales did so deadly drunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily yount

"So is my Loid now sciz'd of 'll the land,
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dries with him for it debate
But to these happie fortunes cruell fate
Hath joyn'd one evill, which doth overthrow
All these our joyes, and all our blisse abute,
And all this land with endlesse losse to overflow

For th' heavens, envying our prosperitie,

Have not vouchs it to graunt unto us twaine

The glidfull blessing of posteritie,

Which we might see after our selves remaine

In th' heritage of our unhappie paine

So that for want of heries it to defend,

All is in time like to returne aguine

To that foule feend, who dayly doth attend

To leape into the same after our lives end

35

"But most my Lord is givered herewithall, And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke That all this land unto his foe shall fall, For which he long in vaine did sweat and swinke, That now the same he greatly doth forthinke Yet was it said, there should to him a sonne Be gotten, not begotten, which should drinke And dry up all the water which doth some Idonne In the next brooke, by whom that feend shold be for-

"Well hop't he then, when this was propheside, That from his sides some noble chyld should lize, The which through fime should fure be mignifide, And this moud gyant should with brave emprize Quite overthrow, who now ginnes to despize The good Sn Bruin growing fure in yeares, Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth like Lo! this my cause of griefe to you inperies. For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth cease-

lesse teares"

Which when he heard, he inly touched was 34 With tender 1 uth for her unworthy griefe, And when he had devized of her case. He gin in mind concerve a fit reliefe For all her pame, if please her make the priefe, And, having cheared her, thus said "Faire Dime. In evils counsell is the comfort chiefe. Which though I be not wise enough to firme, Yct, as I well it meane, vouch-afe it without blame

"If that the cause of this your languishment Be lacke of children to supply your place, Low ! how good fortune doth to you present This litle babe, of sweete and lovely fice, And spotlesse spirit in which ye may enchace Whatever formes ye list thereto apply, Being now soft and fit them to embrace. Whether ye list him trune in chevalry, Or noursle up in lore of learn'd Philosophy

"And, certes, it hith oftentimes bene scene, 26
That of the like, whose linge wis unknowne,
More brave and noble knights have raised beene.
As their victorious deedes have often shower,
Being with fune the ough many Nations blowen,
Then those which have bene dandled in the lap
Therefore some thought that those brave imps were
sowen

Here by the Gods, and ted with heavenless up. That made them grow so high t'all horor the hap"

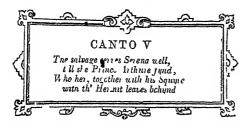
The Ladie, heaking to his senschill speach,
Found nothing that he said unineet not getson,
Having off scene it tayde as he did touch
Therefore inclyning to his goodly reason,
Agreeing well both with the place and season,
She gladly did of that same babe accept,
As of her owne by liverey and season,
And having over it a little wept,
She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it kept

Right glid wis Calepine to be soild of his young charge whereof he skilled nought. Ne she lesse glid, for she so wisely did, And with her husband under hind so wrought, That, when this infinition to him she brought, She mide him think it surely was his owne, And it in goodly thewes so well uphrought, That it become a funous knight well knowne, And did right noble deedes, the which elsewhere are showne

But Calepine, now being left alone
Under the greenewoods side in some plight,
Withouten aimes or steede to ride upon,
Or house to hide his head from heavens spight,
Albe that Dame, by all the meanes she might,
Hi in oft desired home with her to wend,
And offied him, his countesie to requite,
Both horse and aimes and what so else to lend,

And, for exceeding griefe which mly grew
That he his love so lucklesse now had lost,
On the cold ground maugre himselfe he threw
For fell despight to be so sorely crost,
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
Vowing that never he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
Till that his Ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or understand that she in safetie did remaine





WHAT an easie thing is to descry
The gentle bloud, how ever it be wrapt
In sad misfortunes foule deformity

And wretched sorrowes, which have often hapt!
For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,
Like this wyld man being undisciplind,
That to all vertue it may seeme unapt,
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,
And at the last breake forth in Lis owne proper kynd

That plainely may in this wild man be red,
Who, though he were still in this desert wood,
Mongst salvage beasts both rudely borre and bred,
Ne ever saw fore guize, no learned good,
Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood
By gentle usage of that wretched Dame
For certes he was borne of noble blood,
How ever by hard hap he hether came,
As ye may know when time shall be to tell the same

Who, when is now long time he lieled hid

The good Sir Calepine, that fare was strayd,
Did we've exceeding sorrowfull and sid,
As he of some mistortune were afrived,
And, leaving there this Ladie all dismayd,
Went forth streightway into the forcest wyde
To seeke if he perchance asleep were layd,
Or what so else were unto him betyde

[1] Fide

He sought him farre and neare, yet him no where he

The backe returning to that some Dame,

He shewed semblant of exceeding more
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame,
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head from a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament
By which she well perceiving what was done,
Gan tencher hapie, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and precously her selfe torment

Upon the ground her selfe she fiercely threw,
Regardlesse of her wounds yet bleeding rife,
That with then bloud did all the flore imbrew,
As it her breast, new launcht with mudrous knife,
Would streight dislodge the wretched wearie life
There she long groveling and deepe groung lav,
As it her vitall powers were at strife
With stronger death, and tened then decry
Such were this Ladies prings and dolorous assay

Whom when the Silvinge sim so sole distrest,
If he read her up from the bloudie ground,
And sought by all the meanes that he could best
Her to recure out of that stony swound,
And strunch the bleeding of her dreary wound
Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,
Nor cease her sorrow and impatient stound,
But dry and night did very her carefull thought,
And ever more and more her owne affliction wrought

At lergth, when as no hope of his retourne

She siw now left, she cast to leave the place,
And wend abrode, though feeble and forloine,
To seeke some comfort in that some case
His steede, now strong through rest so long a space,
Well as she could she got, and did bedight,
And being thereon mounted forth did pace
Withouten guide her to conduct might,
Or guid her to defend from bold oppressors might

x

Whom when her Host saw readic to depart,
He would not suffer her alone to fue,
But gan himselfe addresse to take her part
Those walke armse which Calepine whylene
Had left behind hagan eftsoones prepare,
And put them all about himselfe unfit,
His shield, his helmet, and his cur its bue
But without sword upon his thigh to sit
Sin Calepine himselfe away had hidden it

So forth they traveld, in uneven proce
That mote to all men seeme in uncouth right,
A salvage man matcht with a Ladic fare,
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,
Gotten by spoyle then purchased aright
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serve both day and night
Withouten thought of shame or villens,
No ever showed signs of foule disloyalty

Upon a day, as on then way they went,

It chaunst some furniture about her steed.

To be disordied by some accident,

Which to rediesse she did th' assistance need.

Of this her groome, which he by signes did reede,

And streight his cumbrous armes aside did lay.

Upon the ground withouten doubt or direct,

And in his homely wive began to assay.

T' amend what was unisse, and put in right may.

Bout which whilest he was busied thus haid,
Lo! where a knight, together with his square,
All aim'd to point came rading thetherward,
Which seemed, by their portance and attire,
To be two errant knights, that did inquire
After adventures, where they mote them get
Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince Arthur and young Timis, which met
By straunge occasion that here needs forth be set.

72

After that Timias had againe recured
The favour of Belphebe (as ye Reard)
And of her grace did stand againe assured,
To happie blisse he was full high uprear'd,
Nether of enry nor of chaurge aftered
Though many foes did him maligne therefore
And with unjust detraction him did beard,
Yet ne himselfe so well and wisely bore,
That in her soveraine lyking he dwelt evermore

But of them all which did his ruine seeke,

Three mightie enemies did him most despight,

Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eeke,

That him not onely sought by open might

To overthrow, but to supplant by slight

The first of them by name was cald Despetto,

Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight,

The second, not so strong but wise, Decetto,

Thethin d, nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest, Defetto

Oftimes then sundry powres they did employ,
And several deceipts, but all in vaine,
For neither they by force could him destroy,
Ne yet entrap in treasons subtill traine
Therefore, conspiring altogether plaine,
They did their counsels now in one compound
Where singled forces faile, conjoyed may gaine
The Blatant Beast the fittest meanes they found
Toworkehis utter shame, and throughly him confound

Upon a dig, as they the time did waite,

When he did i unge the wood for salvage game,
They sent that Blitint Beast to be a baite
To draw him from his deare beloved dame
Unwaies into the daunger of defame,
For well they wist that Squire to be so bold,
That no one beast in forcest wylde or tame,
Met him in chase but he it challenge would,
And plucke the pray oftimes out of their greedy hould.

The hady boy, as they devised had,

Seeing the ugly Monster passing by,

Upon him set, of perill nought idial,

Ne skiltall of the uncouth jeopardy,

And charged him as fierce and furiously,

That his great force unable to endure,

He forced was to turne from him and fly

Yet ere he fled he with his tooth impure

Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure

Securely he did after him pursew,

Thinking by speed to overtake his flight, [dicw, Who through thicke woods and brakes and bricishim To weary him the more and waste his spight,
So that he now has almost spent his spright,
Till that at length unto a woody glade
He came, whose covert stopt his further sight
There his three foes shrowded in guilefull shade
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to invide

Shaipely they all attonce did him assule,

Buning with inward rancour and despight,

And herped strokes did round about him hale

With so huge force, that seemed nothing might

Beare off then blowes from percing thorough quite

Yet he them all so warly did ward,

That none of them in his soft flesh did bite,

And all the while his backe for best safegaid

He lent against a tree, that backeward onset bard

Like a wylde Bull that, being at a bay,
Is bayted of a mastific and a hound
And a curre-dog, that doe him sharpe assay
On every side, and beat about him round,
But most that curre, burking with bitter sownd,
And creeping still behinde, doth him incomber.
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder
So did that Squire his foes disperse and drive asonder

Him well behoved so, for his three foes
Sought to encompasse him on every side,
And dangerously did round about enclose
But most of all Defetto him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him still thave destroyde,
So did Decetto eke him encumvent,
But stout Despetto in his greater pride
Did front him, face to face against him bent
Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent

Till that at length, nigh tyid with former chace, and we my now with carefull keeping ward, He gan to shrinke and somewhat to give place, Full like ere long to have escaped hind, When as unwares he in the forrest heard. A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast. Did warne his rider be uppon his gird, With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh aghast, Revived was, and sad dispance in ay did east.

Eftsoones he spide a Knight approching nye,
Who, seeing one in so great daunger set
Mongst many foes, him selfe did faster hye
To reskue him, and his weake put abet,
For pitty so to see him overset
Whom soone as his three enemies did vew,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get
Him booted not to thinke them to pursew,
The covert was so thicke that did no passage shew

Then turning to that swaine him well he knew

To be his Timus, his owne true Squile,
Whereof exceeding glid he to him drew,
And him embracing twist his aimes entile,
Him thus bespake "My hefe, my lifes desire,
Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what worlds despight, or heavens yie,
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
Where have ye all this while bin wanding? where
bene weft?"

With that he sighed deepe for inward tyne
To whom the Sepure nought aunswered igame,
But, shedding few soft terres from tender eyne,
His dear affect with silence did restrance,
And shut up all hisplant in privy pame
There they awhile some gracious speaches spent,
As to them seemed fit time to entertime,
After all which up to their steedes they went,
And forth together rode, a comely couplement

So now they be arrived both in sight

Of this wyld man, whom they full busic found About the sid Seren's things to dight,

With those betwe amount lying on the ground That seem'd the spoile of some right well renowed Which when that Squire beheld, he to them stept Thinking to take them from that hylding hound But he it seeing lightly to him lept,

And steinely with strong hand it from his handling kept

Gnishing his grinded teeth with grie-ly looke, 26
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne.
Him with his fist unwares on th' head he strooke,
That made him downe unto the carth encline,
Whence soone upstarting much he gan repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have slaine,
Who it perceiving hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping his avengement stayd

With that aloude the fine Sciena cryde 27
Unto the Knight, them to dispart in twaine,
Who to them stepping did them soone divide,
And did from further violence testi une,
Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine
Then gan the Prince of her for to demand
What and from whence she was, and by what to une
She tell into that salvage villaines hand?
And whether free with him she now were, or in band?

To whom she thus "I am, as now ye see,
The wretchedst Dame that lives this day on ground,
Who both in minde, the which most grieveth me,
And body have receiv'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driven to this diery stound
I was erewhile the love of Calepine,
Who whether he alive be to be found,
Or by some deadly chance be done to pine
Since I him lately lost, uneath is to define

"In salvage forcest I him lost of late,
Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,
Or else remained in most wretched state,
Had not this wylde man in that wofull stead
Kept and delivered me from deadly dread
In such a salvage wight, of brutish kynd,
Amongst wylde beastes in desert forcests bred,
It is most straunge and wonderfull to fynd
So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd

"Let me therefore this favour for him finde,
That ye will not your wrath upon him wreake,
Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speake
Small praisetoproveyour powreon wight so weake"
With such fure words she did their heate asswage,
And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
That they to pitty turnd their former rage,
And each sought to supply the office of her page

So having all things well about her dight,
She on her way cast forward to proceede,
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede,
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed
And eke this Squne, who likewise wounded was
Of that same Monster late, for lacke of heed
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes oppressed has

So forth they rode together all in troupe
To seeke some place the which mote yould some end.
To these sicke twaine, that now began to droupe
And all the way the Prince sought to appease
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease
By all the courteous meanes he could invent,
Somewhile with merry purpose, fit to please,
And otherwhile with good encouragement
To make them to endure the pains did their torment

Mongst which Seiena did to him relate
The fould discourtisies and unknightly parts,
Which Turpine had unto her shewed late,
Without compassion of her cruell smarts
Although Blandina did with all her arts
Him otherwise perswade all that she might,
Yet he of malice, without her desarts,
Not onely her excluded late at night,
But also trayterously did wound her weary Knight

Wherewith the Prince sore moved there avoid That soone as he retained backe agune,
He would avenge th' abuses of the timed And shamefull Knight of whom she did complaine This wize did they each other entertaine
To passe the tedious travell of the way,
Till towards night they came unto a plaine,
By which a little Hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood the which among it may

And nigh thereto a little Chappell stoode,
Which being all with yvy overspred
Deckt all the roofe, and, shadowing the roode,
Scem'd like a grove fure brunched over hed
Therein the Hermite, which his life here led
In streight observaunce of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and hely things to bed,
And therein he likewise was praying now, [now
Whenas these Knights arriv'd, they wast not where nor

They stayd not there, but streight way in did pa- 36
Whom when the Hermite present saw in place,
From his devotion streight he troubled was,
Which breaking off he toward them did pace
With stayed steps and grave bescenning grace
For well it seem'd that whilome he had beene
Some goodly person, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all, and well did weene
How each to entertaine with curt'sie well besseene

And soothly it was sayd by common fame,

So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had bene a man of mickle name,
Renowmed much in aimes and derling doe,
But being aged now, and wears to[o]
Of warres delight ind worlds contentious toyle,
The name of knighthood he did disavow,
And, hanging up his aimes and wallike spoyle,
From ill this worlds incombi aunce did himselfe assoyle

He thence them led into his Heimitage,
Letting their steedes to graze upon the givene
Small was his house, and like a little cage,
For his owne turne, yet inly neate and clene,
Deckt with greene boughes and flowers gay beseene
Therein he them full faire did entertaine
Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene
For courting fooles that curtesies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine

Yet was their fure but homely, such as hee
Did use his feeble body to sustaine,
The which full gludly they did take in glee,
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But being well suffiz'd them lested faine
But faine Serene all night could take no rest,
Ne yet that gentle Squne, for grievous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant Beast
Had given them, whose griefe through sufficience sore
increast

So all that night they past in great disease,
Till that the morning, bringing energy light
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
And some asswig Guent of their punefull plight
Then up they rose, and gin them selves to dight
Unto their journey, but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they no might
Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame.
Then hearts were sicke, their sides were sore, their
feete were lune

Therefore the Prince, whom great aftines in mynd 41 Would not permit to rinke there lenger stry, Wis forced there to leave them both behynd. In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray To tend them well. So forth he went his way, And with him eke the salvage, that whyleare Seeing his royall usage and array. Was greatly growne in love of that him e perc. Would needes depart, as shall declared be elsewhere.





O wound, which wallike hand of enemy I Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light As doth the poysnous sting, which infamily

Infiveth in the name of noble wight
For, by no art, nor any leaches might,
It ever can recured be againe,
Ne all the skill, which that immortall spright
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,

Can remedy such hurts such hurts are hellish paine

Such were the wounds the which that Blatint Beast 2
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame,
And, being such, were now much more increast
For want of taking heede unto the same,
That now corrupt and curelesse they became
How be that carefull Hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame
The poysnous humour which did most infest

Then rancking wounds, and every day them duely drest

For he right well in Leaches craft was seene,
And through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene
And past through many perillous assayes,
He knew the diverse went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great insight,
Which with sage counsell, when they went astray,
He could enforme, and them reduce anight,

And all the passions heale which wound the weaker

For whylome he had bene a doughty Knight,
As any one that in ad in his dries,
And proved oft in many perillous fight,
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies.
And in all battels bue away the baies
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds unquiet waies,
He tooke him selfe unto this Hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage

One day, as he was searching of their wounds,
He found that they had festied pivily,
And ranckling inward with untily stounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrity,
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery,
And rather needed to be disciplinde
With holesome reede of sad sobriety,
To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde
Give salves to every sore, but counsell to the minde
So, taking them apart into his cell,

He to that point fit sperches g in to firme,
As he the nit of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe as well as say the same,
And thus he to them sayd "Fane drughter Dame,
And you, fine Sonne, which here thus long now lie
In pitcous languor since ye hither came,
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewise in vaine doe salves to you applie

"For in your selfe your onely helpe doth he
To heale your selves, and must proceed alone
From your owne will to cure your maladic
Who can him cure that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye seeke, observe this one
Frist learne your outward senses to refraine
From things that strine up fraile affection,
Your cies, your eares, your tongue, your talke restraine

From that they most affect, and in due termes containe

- "For from those outward sences, ill affected,
 The seede of all this evall first doth spring,
 Which it the first, before it had infected,
 Mote easie be supprest with ittle thing,
 But being growen strong it forth doth bring
 Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine,
 In th'inner paits, and lastly, scattering
 Contagious poyson close through every vaine,
 It never rests till it have wrought his finall bane
- "For that beastes teeth, which wounded you tofore, 9
 Are so exceeding venemous and keene,
 Mide all of rusty yron ranckling sore,
 That where they bite it booteth not to weene
 With salve, or antidote, or other mone,
 It ever to amend ne marvaile ought,
 For that same beast was bred of hellish strene,
 And long in darksome Stygrin den upbrought,
 Begot of foule Echidan, as in bookes is trught
- "Echidna is a Monster direfull died, 10
 Whom Gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to see, So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,
 That even the hellish fiends affrighted bee
 At sight thereof, and from her presence flee
 Yet did her face and former parts professe
 A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee,
 But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
 A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull uglinesse
- "To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face,
 In fearefull darknesse, furthest from the skie
 And from the earth, appointed have her place
 Mongst rocks and caves, where she enrold doth lie
 In hideous horour and obscurity,
 Wasting the strength of her immortall age
 There did Typhaon with her company,
 Cruell Typhaon, whose tempestuous rage
 Makes th' hervens tremble oft, and him with vowes
 asswage

"Of that commission they did then beget
This hellish Dog, that hight the Blitint Beast,
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most und hist,
And pours his possions gill forth to infest
The noblest wights with notable defame
Ne ever Knight that bore so lofty creast,
Ne ever Lady of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproch, or secrete shame

"In vame therefore it were with medicine
To goe about to salve such kynd of sore,
That rather needes wise read and discipline,
Then outward salves that may augment it more"
"Aye me!" (sayd then Serena, sighing sore)
"What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,
If that no salves may us to health restore?"
"But sith we need good counsell," (sayd the swame)
"Aread, good Sire, some counsell that may ussustaine"

"The best" (sayd he) "that I can you advize,
Is to avoide the occasion of the ill
For when the cause, whence evill doth mize,
Removed is, th' affect surceiseth still
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will,
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,
Use scanted diet, and forbeire your fill,
Shun secresie, and talke in open sight
So shall you soone repaire your present evill plight"

Thus having sayd, his sickely patients

Did gladly hearken to his grave heheast,
And kept so well his wise commaundements,
That in short space their malady was ceast,
And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast
Was throughly heal'd Tho, when they did perceive
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leave,
And went both on their way, ne ech would other leave

But each the other vow'd t'accompany
The Lady, for that she was much in died,
Now left alone in great extremity,
The Squine, for that he countrous was indeed,
Would not her leave alone in her great need
So both together traveld, till they met
With a faire Mayden clid in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy jade unmeetely set,
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
And how thereof her selfe she did acquite,
I must a while forbeare to you to tell,
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton Prince did lite,
Pursuing that proud Knight the which whileare
Wrought to Sir Calepine so fould despight,
And cke his Lady, though she sickely were,
So lewdly had abusde, as ye did lately heare

The Prince, according to the former token
Which fane Serene to him delivered hid,
Pursu'd him streight, in mynd to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeane and usage bad,
With which he had those two so ill bestid
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that wylde man, whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
Would he restrayed be from his attendement

Aniving there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne stryd, till that he came into the hall,
Where soft dismounting, like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there must make abode
The whiles the salvage man did take his steede,
And in some stable neare did set him up to feede

Ene long to him a nomely groome there came,

That in rude wise him asked what he was

That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his Lords for adden hall to passe?

To whom the Prince, him fayning to embase,
Mylde answer made, he was an errant Knight,
The which was fall'in into this feeble case
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight
Received had, and prayd to pitty his ill plight

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickely thence arount,
Or deare aby, for why his Lord of old
Did hate all errant Knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt,
And therefore lightly bid him picke awy,
Not sparing him with bitter words to trunt,
And therewithill rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of dore doing his worst assay

Which when the Salvage, comming now in place, 22
Beheld, eftsoones he all enlaged grew,
And, running streight upon that villaine base,
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nules, in present vew,
Him rudely rent and all to peeces tore,
So miserably him all helpelesse slew,
That with the noise, whilest he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great uprore

Who when on ground they saw then fellow slune, 23
And that same Kright and Silvage studing by,
Upon them two they fell with might and mune,
And on them live so huge and hornibly,
As if they would have slaine them presently
But the bold Prince defended him so well,
And then assault withstood so mightly,
That, maugic all their might, he did repoll
And beat them back, whilest many under neath him fell

Yet he them still so shaipely did pursew,

That few of them he left alive, which fled
Those evill tidings to their Lou to shew
Who, he ring how his people badly sped,
Came forth in hist, where when is with the dead
He saw the ground all strow'd, and thit same Knight
And salvage with their bloud fresh steeming red,
He wore night mid with writh and fell despiglit,
And with reprochfull words him thus bespake on hight

"Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile
Hist slune my men in this unmanly maner,
And now triumphest in the piteous spoile
Of these poore folk, whose soules with black dishonor
And foule detime doe decke thy bloudy brane?
The meede whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
And wretched end which still attendeth on her
With that him selfe to battell he did frame,
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came

With dieadfull force they all did him assaile,
And round about with boyshous strokes oppresse,
That on his shield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempest, that in such distresse
He wist not to which side him to addresse
And evermore that craven cowherd Knight
Was at his backe with heartlesse heedinesse,
Wayting if he unwaies him muither might,
For cowardize doth still in villany delight

Whereof when the Prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare,
Like a fierce Bull, that being busic bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curre behinde his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell avengement
So likewise turnde the Prince upon the Knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might

Who, when he once his dieadfull strokes had tristed, Durst not the furie of his force abyde,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him hasted
Through the thick prease, there thinking him to hade
But, when the Prince had once him plainely eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to shimke asyde,
But joyning close huge lode at him did lay,
Who flying still did ward, and wriding fly away

But, when his foe he still so erger saw,
Unto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw
Ne would the Prince him ever foot for ake
Where so he went, but after him did make
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whylest every joynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chace,
That made him evermore increase his speedic pace

At last he up into the chamber came

Whereas his love was sitting all alone,
Wryting what tydings of her folke became
There did the Prince him overtake anone,
Crying in vaine to her him to bemone,
And with his sword him on the head did smyte,
That to the ground he fell in senselesse swone
Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempred steele did not into his branepan byte

Which when the Ladie saw, with great afflight 3r She starting up began to shrieke aloud, And with her garment covering him from sight, Seem'd under her protection him to shroud, And falling lowly at his feet her bowd Upon her knee, intreating him for grace, And often him besought, and prayd, and vowd, That with the ruth of her so wretched case, He stayd his second strocke, and did his hand abase.

Her weed she then withdrawing did him discover, 32
Who now come to himselfe yet would not 112e,
But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,
That even the Prince his bay nesse did despize,
And eke his Dame, him seeing in such guize,
Gan him recomfort and from ground to reace
Who rising up at last in ghastly wize,
Like troubled ghost, did dieadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare

Whom when the Pinnes so deadly saw dismayd,
He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,
And with sharpe words did bitterly upbrayd
"Vile cowheard dogge! now doe I much repent,
That ever I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou, caytive, so unworther art,
That both thy love, for lacke of hardiment,
And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart, [part
And eke all knights hast shamed with this knightlesse

"Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame, And come to come, by this thy cowheard feare. For first, it was to thee reprochfull blame. To erect this wicked custome, which I have Granst enant Knights and Ladies thou dost rane, Whom when thou may st thou dost of aims despoile, Or of their upper grament which they weare, Yet doest thou not with manhood, but with guile, Maintaine this evil use, thy foes thereby to folle.

"And lastly, in approvance of thy wrong,
To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize
Is greatest shame, for off it falles, that strong
And valuant Knights doe rashly enterprize
Enther for fame, or else for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight,
Yet have through prowesse and their brave emprize
Gotten great worship in this worldes sight
For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then

t'or greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then right "Yet, since thy life unto this Ladie fayle
I given have, live in reproch and scorne,
Ne ever armes ne ever knighthood drie
Hence to professer, for shame is to adoine
With so brave badges one so basely borne
But onely breath, sith that I did forgive"
So having from his craven bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did give,
And onely suffied him this wretched life to live.

There whilest he thus was setling things above
Atwene that Ladie myld and recreant knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her love,
He gan bethinke him in what perilous plight
He had behand him left that salvage wight
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
By this quite slaine in so unequall fight
Therefore descending backe in haste he sought
If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought

There he him found environed about

With slaughtied bodies which his hand had slaine,
And laying yet a fresh with courage stout
Upon the rest that did alive remaine,
Whom he likewise right sorely did constraine,
Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,
After he gotten had with busic paine
Some of their weapons which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them first to fire

Whom when the Plince so felly saw to rage,
Approching to him neare, his hand he stijd,
And sought by making signes him to asswige,
Who them perceiving streight to him obayd,
As to his Loid, and downc his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his heasts bene trayned
Thence he him brought away, and up conviyd
Into the chamber, where that Dame remayned
With her unworthy knight, who ill him entertayned

Whom when the Salvage saw from daunger free 40 Sitting beside his Ladie there at ease,
He well remembred that the same was hee,
Which lately sought his Lore for to displease
Thould in rage he on him streight did seaze,
As if he would in precess him have rent,
And, were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him unient
But streight he held his hand at his commandement

Thus having all things well in peace ordayned, 4x
The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest,
Where him Blunding fayrely entertayned
With all the counteous glee and goodly feast
The which for him she could imagine best
For well she knew the wayes to win good will
Of every wight, that were not too infest,
And how to please the minds of good and ill,
Through tempering of her words and lookes by wondrous skill

Yet were her words and lookes but false and fayned,
To some hid end to make more easie way,
Or to allure such fondlings whom she trayned
Into her trap unto then owne decay
Thereto, when needed, she could weepe and pray,
And when her listed she could fawne and firtter,
Now smyling smoothly, like to summers day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter,
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her teares but
water

Whether such grace were given her by kynd,
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde,
Or learnd the art to please, I doe not fynd
This well I wote, that she so well applyde
Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifyde
The writhfull Prince, and wrought her husbands
Who nathelesse not therewith satisfyde [peace
His a incolous despight did not release,
Ne secretly from thought of fell revence cureesse

For all that night, the whyles the Prince did rest 44
In carclesse cough, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in close awayt with weapons prest,
Willing to worke 'is villenous intent
On him that hid so shamefully him shent
Yet durst he not for very cowardize
Effect the same, whylest all the night was spent
The morrow next the Prince did early rize,
And passed forth to follow his first enterprize





IKE as the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes r
In doing gentle deedes with finnke delight,
Even so the baser mind it selfe displayes

In cancied malice and revengefull spight
For to maligne, t' envie, t' use shifting slight,
Be arguments of a vile doughill mind,
Which, what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discovering his base kind

That well appears in this discounteous knight,
The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat,
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life received late,
Yet in his mind, malitious and ingrate,
He gan devize, to be aveng'd anew
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate
Therefore, so soone as he was out of vew,
Himselfe in hast he aim'd, and did him fast pursew

Well did he tract his steps as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approch in daungers eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be descryde,
Untill fit time and place he mote espy,
Where he mote worke him scath and villony
At last he met two knights to him unknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combynd, whatever chaunce were blowne
Betwart them to divide, and each to make his owne

To whom false Turpine comming courteously,

To cloke the mischiese which he inly ment,
Gin to complaine of great discourtesie,
Which a straunge height, that neare afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie shent
Which if they would afford him hyde at need
For to avenge in time convenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed

The knights believ'd that all he sayd was new,
And being fresh and full of youthly spright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make triall of their might
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,
And eke desirous of the offred meed
Said then the one of them, "Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and punish him with speed"

"He nides" (said Tunpine) "there not faire afore, 6
With a wyld man soft footing by his syde,
That, if ye list to haste a litle more,
Ye may him overtake in timely tyde"
Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,
And ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not furre away they spyde,
Ryding a softly pace with portunce sad,
Devizing of his love more then of daunger drad

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,

Bidding him tuine againe, "False to lytour knight!

Foule womanwonger!"—for he him defyde

With that they both at once with equall spight

Did bend their speares, and both with equall might

Against him ran, but th' one did misse his marke,

And being carried with his force forthright

Glaunst swiftly by, like to that heavenly sparke,

Which glyding through the agre lights all the heavens

darke

But th' other, ayming better, did him smite

Full in the shield with so importious powre,

That all his launce in peeces rivered quite,

And scattered all about fell in the flowre

But the stout Prince, with much more steddy stowre,

Full on his bever did him strike so sore,

That the cold steele, through piercing, did devowre

His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,

Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore

As when a cast of Faulcons make then flight
At an Heineshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring,
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
Her selfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing,
But th' other, not so swift as she before,
Fayles of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no more

By this the other, which was passed by,

Himselfe recovering was return'd to fight,

Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,

He much was daunted with so dismal sight,

Yet nought abating of his former spight,

Let drive at him with so malitious mynd,

As if he would have passed through him quight,

But the steele-head no stedfast hold could fynd,

But glauncing by deceiv'd him of that he desynd

Not so the Pince, for his well learned speare
Tooke surer hould, and from his horses backe
Above a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him strake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake
Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,
And to him leaping vengeance thought to take
Of him for all his former follies meed,
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed

The fearfull swayne beholding death so nie

Cryde out aloud for mercie, him to save,
In lieu whereof by would to him descrie

Great treason to him meant, his life to reave
The Prince soone hearkned, and his life torgive
Then thus said he "There is a straunger knight
The which, for promise of great meed, us drave
To this attempt to wreake his hid despight,
For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might"

The Pince much mused at such villenie, [mccd, And sayd "Now sure ye well have eun'd your For th' one is dead, and th' other come shall die, Unlesse to me thou hither bring with speed. The writch that hyr'd you to this wicked dead." He glad of life, and willing eke to wielke. The guilt on him which did this mischiefe breed, Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke. He would surceasse, but him where so he were would seeke.

So up he rose, and forth streightway he went
Backe to the place where Turpine late he lore,
There he him found in great astonishment
To see him so bedight with bloodie gore,
And griesly wounds that him appalled sore,
Yet thus at length he said "How now, Sir knight,
What meaneth this which here I see before?
How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,
So different from that which earst ye seem'd in sight?"

"Perdie," (said he) "in evill houre it fell,
That ever I for meed did undertake
So hard a taske as life for hyre to sell,
The which I earst adventur'd for your sake
Witnesse the wounds, and this wide bloudie I ike,
Which ye may see yet all about me steeme
Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise make,
My due reward, the which right well I deeme
I yearned have that life so dearely did redeeme"

"But where then is" (quoth he halfe wrothfully) 16

'Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
That cursed crytive, my strong enemy,
That recreant knight, whose lated life I sought?
And where is eke your friend which halfe it ought?

"He lyes" (said he) "upon the cold bare ground,
Slayne of that errant knight with whom he fought,
Whom afterwards my selfe with many a wound
Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the stound"

Thereof false Turpin was full glad and fune,
And needs with him streight to the place would 1 yde,
Where he himselfe might see his foeman slaine,
For else his feare could not be satisfyde
So as they rode he saw the way all dyde
With streames of bloud, which tracting by the traile,
Ere long they came, whereas in evill tyde
That other swayne, like ashes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale

Much did the Civien seeme to mone his case,
That for his sake his deare life had forgone,
And him bewryling with affection base,
Did counterfeit kind pittic where was none
For wheres no courage, theres no ruth nor mone
Thence passing forth, not faire away he found
Whereas the Prince himselfe lay all alone,
Loosely displayd upon the grassie ground,
Possessed of sweete sleepe that luld himsoft inswound.

We use of travell in his former fight,

He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,

Having his aimes and warlike things undight,

Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest,

The whyles his salvage page, that wont be prest,

Was wan'hed in the wood another way,

To doe some thing that seemed to him best,

The whyles his Lord in silver slomber lay,

Like to the Evening starre adorn'd with deawy ray.

Whom when as Tuipin saw so loosely lived,
He weened well that he in deed was dead,
Like as that other knight to him had sayd,
But, when he night approach, he mote aread
Plune signes in him of life and livelihead
Whereat much griev'd against that straunger knight,
That him too light of credence did nisle id,
He would have backe retyred from that sight,
That was to him on earth the deadliest despight

But that same knight would not once let him start 21
But plainely gan to him declare the case
Of all his muschiefe and late lucklesse smart,
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace,
And now that he, in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd unto the victor him to trace
And follow through the world where so he went,
Till that he him delivered to his punishment

He, therewith much abashed and aftityd,

Began to tremble every limbe and vine,

And softly whispering him entitely pined

T' advize him better then by such a trune

Him to betray unto a strunger swaine

Yet rather counseld him contrarywize,

Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,

To joyne with him and vengeance to devize,

Whylest time did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize

Nathelesse, for all his speach the gentle knight
Would not be tempted to such villence,
Regarding more his faith which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemie,
Then to entrap him by false treacherie
Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd!
Thus whylest they were debating diversite,
The Salvage forth out of the wood issew'd
Bucketo the place, whereas his Lord he sleeping vel.'d

There when he saw those two so neare him stand, 24

He doubted much what mote their meaning bee,
And throwing downe his load out of his hand,
To weet, great store of forrest fute which hec
Had for his food late gathered from the tree,
Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root, which he so sternely shooke,
That like an hazell wand it quivered and quooke

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spyde
The traytour Turpin with that other knight,
He started up, and snatching neare his syde
His trustic sword, the servant of his might,
Like a fell Lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar layd
Therewith the cowheard, deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, he word unto him sayd,
But holding up his hands with allence mercie prayd

But he so full of indignation was,

That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But as he lay upon the humbled gras,
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
Of servile yoke that nobler harts repine
Then, letting him arise like abject thiall,
He gan to him object his haynous crime,
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
And lastly to despoyle of knightly bannerall

And after all, for greater infume,

He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,
And baffuld so, that all which passed by
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like ensample warned bee,
How ever they through treason doe trespasse
But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,
Whom lite we left ryding upon an Asse,
Led by a Carle and foole which by her side did passe

She was a Ladie of great dignitie,

And lifted up to honorable place,

Famous through all the land of Faerie

Though of meroparentage and kindled base,

Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,

That all men did her person much admire,

And praise the feature of her goodly face,

The beames whereof did kindle lovely fine

In th' harts of many a knight, and many a gentle squire

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthie thought to be her fere,
But scornd them all that love unto her ment,
Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy pere
Unworthy she to be belov'd so dere,
That could not weigh of worthinesse right,
For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest she that served is of noblest knight

But this coy Damzell thought continuinze, 30
That such proudlooks would make her project more,
And that the more she did all love despize,
The more would wretched lovers her adore
What cared she who sighed for her sore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearse night?
Let them that list their lucklesse lot deplore,
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would ever live, and love her owne delight

Through such her stubborne stifnesse and hard hart,
Many a wretch for want of remedie
Did languish long in lifeconsuming smart,
And at the last through dierry dolour die
Whylest she, the Ladic of her libertic,
Did boast her beautic had such soveraine might,
That with the onely twinckle of her eye
She could or save or spill whom she would hight
Whatcould the Gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

But loe! the Gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthly revenge this maydons pride,
And, nought regarding her so goodly hew,
Did laugh at her that many dold deride,
Whilest she did weepe, of no man mercifide
For on a day, when Cupid kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all lovers doe resort,
That of their loves successe they there may make report,

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red In which the names of all loves folke were fyled, That many there were missing, which were ded, Or kept in bands, or from their loves expled, Or by some other violence despoyled Which when as Cupid heard, he wered wroth, And doubting to be wronged or beguyled, He bad his eyes to be unblindfold both, That he might see his men, and muster them by oth

Then found he many missing of his ciew,
Which wont doe suit and service to his might,
Of whom what wis becomen no man knew
Therefore a June was impined streight
T' enquire of them, whether by force, or sleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away convayd?
To whom foule Infamie and fell Despight
Give evidence, that they were all betrayd
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious Mayd

Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all those crymes she there indited was
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great displeasure wild a Capias
Should issue forth t' attach that scornefull lasse
The warrant strught was made, and therewithall
A Baylieffe errant forth in post did passe,
Whom they by name there Portamore did call,
He which doth summon lovers to loves judgement hall

The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought
Unto the barre whereas she was arrayned,
But she thereto ould plead, nor answere ought,
Even for stubborne pride which her restrayred
So judgement past, as is by law ordayned
In cases like which when at last she saw,
Her stubborne hart, which love before disdayned,
Gan stoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde mercie! to abate the extremitic of law

The sonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd

But where he is provokt with peevishnesse,
Unto her prayers pitcously enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome represse,
Yet not so freely, but that nathclesse
He unto her a penance did impose,
Which was, that through this worlds wyde wildernes
She wander should in companie of those,
Till she had sav'd so many loves as she did lose

So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares 38

Throughout the world in this uncomely case,
Wasting her goodly hew in heavie to ues,
And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace
Yet had she not in all these two yeares space
Saved but two, yet in two yeares before,
Throgh her dispiteous pride, whilest love lackt pluce,
She had destroyed two and twenty more [fore?
Are me! how could her love make half amends there-

And now she was uppon the weary way,

When as the gentle Squire, with faire Serene,
Met her in such misseeming foule array,
The whiles that mighty man did her demeane
With all the evill termes and cruell meane
That he could make And eeke that angry foole
Which follow'd her, with cursed hands uncleane
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her doole.

Ne ought it mote availe her to entient

The one of th' other better her to use,
For both so wilfull were and ofstinate
That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beate and bruse
But most the former villame, which did lead
Her tyreling jade, was bent her to abuse,
Who, though she were with wearnesse nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead

For he was steine and terrible by nature,
And eeke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
And rather like a Gyant monstruous
For sooth he was descended of the hous
Of those old Gyants, which did warres darraine
Against the heaven in order battarlous,
And sib to great Orgolio, which was slaine
By Arthure, when as Unas Knight he did maintaine

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery cies,
Like two great Beacons, glared bright and wyde,
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He scorned in his overweening pryde,
And stalking stately, like a Chane, did stryde
At every step uppon the tiptoes hie
And, all the way he went, on every syde
He gaz'd about and stared horiblie,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie

He wore no armour, no for none did care,
As no whit dreading my living wight
But in a Jacket, quilted richly rare
Upon checklaton, he was straungely dight,
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Mores of Maliber, he wore,
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
Were bound about and voyded from before,
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore

This was Disdame, who led that Ladies horse
Through thick and thin, through mountains and
through plans,

Compelling he. There she would not, by force, Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines But that same foole, which most increast her prines, Was Scorne, who having in his hand a whip Her therewith yirks, and still, when she complaines, The more he laughes, and does her closely quip To see her sore lament and bite her tender lin

Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld, 45 And saw those villaines her so vildely use, His gentle heart with indignation sweld, And could no lenger beare so great abuse As such a Lady so to beate and bruse, But to him stepping such a stroke him lent, That forst him th' halter from his hand to loose, And maugie all his might backe to relent Else had he surely there bene slaine, or fowly shent

The villaine, width for greeting him so sore
Gathered him selfe together soone againe,
And with his yion batton which he bore
Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,
That for his safety he did him constraine
To give him ground, and shift to every side,
Rither than once his builden to sustaine
For bootlesse thing him seemed to abide
So mighty blowes, or prove the puissaunce of his prade

Like as a Mastiffe having at a bay

A salvage Bull, whose cruell hornes doe thicat

Desperate daunger, if he them assay,

Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,

To spy where he may some advauntage get,

The whiles the beast doth rige and loudly rore,

So did the Squire, the whiles the Cule did fiet

And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,

And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore

Nathelesse so shaipely still he him puisewd,
That at advantage him at last he tooke,
When his foote slipt, (that slip he dearely rewd)
And with his yion club to graind him strooke,
Where still he lay, ne out of swoune awooke,
Till heavy hand the Carle upon him layd,
And bound him fast Tho, when he up did looke
And saw him selfe captiv'd, he was dismayd,
Ne powie had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd

Then up he made him itse, and forward fare,
Led in a rope which both his hands did bynd,
Ne ought that foole for pitty did him spare,
But with his whip him following behynd
Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to fynd
And other whiles with bitter mockes and mowes
He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd
Was much more grievous then the others blowes
Words sharpely wound, but greatest griefe of scorning
growes

The faire Sciena, when she saw him fall
Under that villaines club, then surely thought
That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speede she mought
To seeke for safety, which long time she sought,
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere she againe to Calepine was brought
The which discourse as now I must delay,
Till Murbellaes fortunes I doe further say



Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th' hearts of men, as your eternall
downe,

In you chaines of liberty beieft,
Delivered hath into your hands by gift,
Be well aware how ye the same doe use,
That pide doe not to tyranny you lift,
Least, if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe abuse

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,
Adoind with goodly gifts of beauties givee,
So be ye soft and tender ceke in mynde,
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the love of men to hate
Ensample take of Murbellaes case,
Who from the high degree of happy state
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late

Who after the eldome of the gentle Squire,
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compassion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her sake fell into misery,
Which booted nought for prayers nor for threat
To hope for to release or mollify,
For aye the more that she did them entreat,
The more they him misust, and cruelly did beat

So as they forward on then way did pas,

Him still reviling and afflicting fore,

They met Prince Arthure with Sir Emas,

(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before

Having subdew'd yet did to life restore,)

To whom as they approacht, they gan augment

Then cruelty, and him to punish more,

Scourging and haling him more vehement,

As if it them should give to see his punishment

The Squire him selfe, when as he saw his Loid
The witnesse of his wictchednesse in place,
Was much asham d that with an hempea cord
He like a dog was led in captive case,
And did his head for bishfulnesse abase,
As loth to see or to be seene at all
Shame would be hid But when a Enias
Beheld two such, of two such villaines thiall,
His manly mynde was much emmoved therewithall,

And to the Prince thus sayd "See you, Sn Knight,
The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw,
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule despight
Abusde against all reason and ill law,
Without regard of pitty or of awe?
See, how they doe that Squire beat and revile!
See, how they doe the Lady hale and draw!
But if ye please to lend me leave awhile,
I will them soone acquire, and both of blame assoile"

The Prince assented, and then he, streight way
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
With which approching thus he gan to say
"Abide, ye crytive treachetours untrew,
That have with treason thralled unto you
These two, unworthy of your wretched bands,
And now your crime with cruelty pursew!
Abide, and from them by your loathly hands,
Or else abide the death that had before you stands"

The villing stird not unswer to invent,

But with his vion club prepaing way,

His mindes sal riesige by ke unto him sent,

The which descended with such dreadfull swir,

That is emed nought the row so thereof could stir.

No more then lightening from the lotts by

Ne list the Knight the power thereof is it,

Whose doome was death, but lightly ship ing by,

Unware defineded his intented to stor.

And, to requite him with the along hie,

With his shape sword he decelve thim it w,

And stooke so stongly that the Cale with mis w,

And stooke so stongly that the Cale with pine

Saved him selte but that he there him stew,

Yet say d not so, but that he blood it doew,

And give his foe good hope of victory

Who therewith flesht upon him set unew,

And with the second stooke thought cut unely

To have supplyed the first, and pine the usury

But Fortune univered not unto his cili.

For is his hind was here along on hight.

The villame met han in the needle of d.

And with his club bet backe his homelyion hight.

So torcibly, that with his owne hands night.

Rebeaten backe upon himselfe ignine.

He driven was to ground in sche despight.

From whence ere he recovery could gane.

He in his necke had set his tooce with til casdaine.

With that the toole, which did that end awayte, it Came running in, and whilest on ground he lay, Laide heavy hands on him that held so strive, That downe he kept han with his sometiall sales, So as he could not well him ay wiv. The whiles that other vill one went about Him to have bound in this do without delay, The whiles the toole did him; yill aid that, [stout The string to yoke them towers! the there could be the stout of the string to yoke them towers!

11

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde

By strength have overthrowne a stubboine steare,
They downe him hold, and fast vith cords do bynde,
Till they him force the buxone yoke to beare
So did these two this Knight off tug and teare
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,
He left his lofty steede to aide him neare,
And, buckling soone him selfe, gan fiercely fly
Upon that Carle to save his friend from jeopardy

The villaine, leaving him unto his mate

To be captiv'd and handled as he list,
Himselfe addrest unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about so blist,
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow,
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist,
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow

But yet the Prince so well enued was
With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,
That way to them he gave forth right to pis,
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt advantage when they downe did light
At last the caytive, after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw avoyded quite,
Resolved in one t'assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remoise

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
And with his dreadfull instrument of yie
Thought sure have pownded him to powder soft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre
But Fortune did not with his will conspire,
For one his stroke attayned his intent,
The noble childe, preventing his desire,
Under his club with wary boldnesse went,
And smote him on the knee that never yet was bent

It never yet was been, no bent it now,

Albe the strot of so strong and pursant were,

That seem'd a me ble pillour it could bon,

But all that I g, which did his body benne,

It crackt throughout, yet did no bloud appeare,

So as it was unable to support

So huge a builden on such broken gene

But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of duit,

Whence he assayd to use, but could not for his huit

Eftsoones the Prince to him full n mbly stept,
And least he should recover foote againe,
His head meant from his shoulders to have swept
Which when the Lady siw, she cryde manne,
"Stay, stry, Six Knight! for love of God abstane
From that unwries ye weetlesse doe intend,
Slay not that Cale, though worthy to be slaine,
For more on him doth then him selte depend
My life will by his death have lamentable end"

He stude his hand according her desher, 13
Yet nathemore him sufficed to wize,
But still suppressing gim of her inquire,
What meaning mote those uncough words complier,
That in that all unes health her safety hes,
That were no might in man, nor heart in Kinghe,
Which durst her dreaded reskue enterprize,
Yet heavens them salves, that favour feeble relate,
Would for it selferednesse, and punish such despight

Then bursting forth in terries, which gushed first 19
Like many writer streames, a while she stayd,
Till the sharpe passion being overpast,
Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sind
"Nor heavens, normen, can me, most wretched may d,
Deliver from the doome of my desut,
The which the God of love hith on me layd,
And damned to endure this direfull smart,
For penaunce of my proud and hard rebellious hart

- "In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre 20 Of beauty gan to bud, and bloome delight, And nature me endu d with plenteous dowre Of all her gifts, that pleasde each living sight, I was belov'd of many a gentle Knight, And sude and sought with all the service dew Full many a one for me deepe ground and sight, And to the dore of death for sorrow drew, Complaying out on me that would not on them rew
- "But let them love that list, or live of die,
 Me list not die for any lovers doole,
 Ne list me leave my loved libertie
 To pitty him that list to play the foole
 To love my selfe I learned had in schoole
 Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,
 And, sitting chielesse on the scorners stoole,
 Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine,
 But all is now repayd with interest againe
- "For loe' the winged God that woundeth haits 22
 Causde me be called to accompt therefore,
 And for revengement of those wrongfull smarts,
 Which I to others did inflict afore,
 Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce sore,
 That in this wize, and this unmeete array,
 With these two lewd companions, and no more,
 Disdaine and Scoine, I through the world should
 Till I have sav'd so many as I east did slay" [stray,
- "Certes," (sayd then the Prince) "the God is just, 23
 That taketh vengeaunce of his peoples spoile,
 For were no law in love, but all that lust
 Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,
 His kingdome would continue but a while
 But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare
 This bottle thus before you with such toile,
 And ceke this wallet at your backe arreare,

25

"Here in this bottle" (sayd the sory Mayd) 24 "I put the tears of my contait, r, Till to the bim I have it full defrayd And in this big, which I behinde me don,

I put repentaunce for things past and gon Yet is the bottle leake, and big so torne, That all which I put in fils out anon,

And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne,

Who mocketh all my prine, and laughs the more I mouin"

The Infant hearkned wisely to her tale, And wondred much it Cupids judg'ment wise, That could so meekly make proud hearts wale, And wreake him selfe on them that him despise Then suffred he Disdaine up to arise,

Who was not able up him selfe to reac, By meanes his leg, through his late lucklesse prisc

Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish tear c

W is holpen up, who him supported standing ne ue

But being up he lookt ag une iloit,

As if he never had received full And with steine eye-blowes stried it him oft,

As it he would have drunted him withall And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,

Downe on his golden feete he often gued, As if such pilde the other could upill, Who was so far from being ought imazed,

That he his lookes despised and his boast dispirated Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,

Who all this while stood there beside them bound, Unwilling to be knowne or scene it all, He from those bands weend him to have unwound,

But when approaching neare he pluncly found It was his owne time groome, the gentle Squire,

He therent wext exceedingly astound, And him did oft embrace, and oft admine, Meane while the Salvage man, when he beheld 28
That huge great foole oppressing th' other Knight,
Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,
He flew upon him, like a greedy kight
Unto some carrion offered to his sight,
And downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite,
And, from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So sore him scourgeth that the bloud downe followeth

And sare I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stry,
He would with whipping him have done to dye,
But being checkt he did abstaine streight wry,
And let him rise Then thus the Prince g in say
"Now, Lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,
The trifye list have liberty ye may,
Unto your selfe I freely leave to chose,
Whether I shall you leave, or from these villames lose"

"Ah' nay, Sn Knight," (said she)' it may not be, 30
But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
This penaunce, which enjoyned is to me,
Least unto me betide a greater ill,
Yet no lesse thankes to you for your good will"
So humbly taking leave she turnd aside,
But Arthure with the rest went onward still
On his first quest, in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them devide

But first it falleth me by course to tell
Of fure Serena, who, as earst you heard,
When first the gentle Squne at vuriannee fell
With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd
So fiesh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,

Through hils and dales, through bushes and through bi ci es.

Long thus she fled, till that it last she thought Her selfe now past the perill of her terres Then looking round about, and seeing nought Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought, She from her palfiey lighted on the plane, And sitting downe her selte while bethought Of her long travell and turmoyling paine,

And often did of love, and oft of lucke complume

And evenuoue she blumed Culepine, The good Sn Culepa e, her owne true Knight, As th' onely author of Ler worth time, For being of his love to her so light, As her to leave in such a piteous plight Yet never Turtle truer to his make, Then he was tride unto his Lady bright, Who all this while endured for her sake Great perill of his life, and restlesse primes did take

The when as all her plun to she had displayd. 24 And well disburdened her engineed brest, Upon the grasse her selte adowne she layd, Where, being tyrde with travell, and opprest With sollow, she betooke her selfe to lest There whilest in Morpheus bosome safe the lar, Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace molest, False Fortune did her safety betray Unto a strange mischaunce that mea c'd her deca,

In these wylde deserts where she now abode, 35 There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode Into then neighbours borders, ne did give Them selves to any trade, as for to drive The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed, Or by adventious marchandize to thire, But on the labours of poore men to feed,

Thereto they usde one most accursed order,

To eate the flesh of men whom they mote fynde,
And straungers to devoure, which on their border
Were brought by errour or by wreckfull wynde,
A monstrous cruelty granst course of kynde!

They, towards evening wandering every way
To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde
Whereas this Lady, like a sheepe astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearlesse lay

Soone as they spide her, Loid! what gladfull glee 37
They made amongst them selves, but when her face
Like the fure yvory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace
For joy of such good hap by hervenly grace
Then gan they to devize what course to take,
Whether to slay her there upon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her cate attonce, or many meales to make

The best advizement was of bid, to let her Sleepe out her fill without encomberment,
For sleepe, they siyd, would make her battill better. Then when she wikt they all gave one consent. That since by a rice of God she there was sent, Unto their God they would her sacrifize, [sent, Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud, they would pre-But of her dainty flesh they did devize.

To make a common teast, and feed with gui mandize.

So round about her they them selves did place
Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose
As each thought best to spend the lingring space
Some with their eyes the daintest morsels chose,
Some praise her paps, some praise her lips and nose,
Some what their knives, and strip their elboes bare
The Priest him selfe a gail and doth compose
Of finest flowers, and with full busic care
His bloudy vessels wish, and holy fire prepare.

The Damzell wikes, then all attorne upstart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping and hallowing on every put,
As if they would have rent the brasen skies.
Which when she sees with ghastly griefful eves,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pulled hew
Benumbes her cheekes. Then out aloud she care,
Where none is night to heare that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy brests embrew

But all bootes not, they hands upon her lav
And first they spoile her of her jewels de ue,
And afterwards of all her rich urry,
The which amongst them they in pieces teare,
And of the pray each one a part doth herie
Now being naked, to their sordid eyes
The goodly threasures of nature appeare
Which as they view with lustfull tantasyes,
Each wisheth to him selfe, and to the rest curves

Her yvore neck, her alablaster brest,
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were
For love in soft delight thereon to rest,
Her tender sides, her belie white and clerc,
Which like an Altan did itselfe uprere
To offer sacrifice divine thereon,
Her goodly thighes, whose glorie did appeare
Like a triumphal Arch, and thereupon
The spoiles of Princes hang'd which were in battely on

Those dannie puts, the dealings of delight,
Which mote not be prophar'd of common eves,
Those villeins view'd with loose listivious sight,
And closely tempted with their craftic spice,
And some of them gin mongst themselves devize
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasu a
But them the Priest rebuking did advize
To date not to pollute so sacr—threasure
Vow'd to the gods—religion held even theeves in

So being stayd, they her from thepee directed

Unto a little grove not farre asyde,
In which an altar shortly they erected

To slay her on And now the Eventyde [w/de
Ilis brode black wings had through the heavens
By this dispred, that was the tyme ordayned
For such a dismall deed, then guilt to hyde
Of few greene turfes an altar soone they fayned,
And deckt at all with flowres which they nigh hand
obtiyned

The when as all things readie were aright,

The Damzell was before the altar set,

Being threadie dead with fearefull fright

To whom the Priest with naked arms full net

Approching high, and murdrous knife well whet,

Gur mutter close a certaine secret charme,

With other divelish ceremonies met

Which doen, he gan aloft t'advance his arme,

Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alume

Then gan the bigpypes and the hornes to shall
And shaleke aloud, that, with the peoples voyce
Confused, did the agre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce
The whyles she wigld, the more they did rejoyce
Now mote ye understand that to this grove
Sin Calepine, by chaunce more then by choyce,
The selfe same evening fortune bether drove,
As he to secke Serena through the woods did rove

Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle 47
Hid traveld still on foot in heaviermes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes
And now, all weetlesse of the wretched stormes
In which his love was lost, he slept full fast,
Till, being waked with these loud alumes,
He lightly started up like one aghist,
And catching up his arms streight to the noise forth

There by th' unce we use glims of starry might,
And by the twinkling of their stated inc,
He mote perceive a little dawning sight
Of all which there was doing in that quire
Mongst whom a woman spoyld of all attire
He spyde lamenting her unluckie strate,
And groning sore from grieved hat entire
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knite
Readie to launch her brest, and let out loved hit

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng,
And even is his right hand adowne descends,
He him preventing lives on curth along,
And sacrifizeth to the inferioral reends.
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends,
Of whom he makes such havocke and such hear,
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends.
The rest, that scape his sword and death eacher,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a Faulcons ven

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
Whom by the Altin he doth sitting find
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to cover what they ought by kind,
He first her hands beginneth to unbind,
And then to question of her present woo,
And afterwards to cheare with spenches kind,
But she, for nought that he could say or doe,
One word durst speake, or answere him awhit the cro

So inward shame of her uncomely case

She did conceive, through the of womanhood

That though the night did cover her disgrace,

Yet she in so unwomanly a mood

Would not bewray the state in which she stood

So all that night to him unknowen she past,

But day, that doth discover had and good,

Ensewing, made her knowen to him at last

The end whereof He keepe untill another cast

3



Backe to the furiow which I lately left

I lately left a furrow, one or twayne,
Unplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft,
Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull eft,
As I it past—that were too great a shame,
That so such finite should be from us bereft,
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befull to Calidores mimortall name

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore 2
And toyle endured, sith I left him last
Sewing the Blatant beast, which I forbore
To finish then, for other present hast
Full many pathes and perils he hath past,
Through hils, through dales, through forests, and
through plaines.

In that same quest which fortune on him cast, Which he atchieved to his owne great gaines, Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines

So sharply he the Monster did pursew,
That dry nor night he suffied him to rest,
Ne rested he himselfe, but natures dew,
For dread of drunger not to be redrest,
If he for slouth forslackt so timous quest
Him first from court he to the citties coursed,
And from the citties to the townes him prest,
And from the townes into the countrie forsed,
And from the country back to private farmes he scorsed

From thence into the open fields he fled,

Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their next.

And shepheds singing to their flockes that fed.

Layes of sweete love and youthes delightfull heat.

Him thether eke, for all his tearefull theat,

He followed tast, and chaced him so me.,

That to the folds, where sheepe at might doe seat,

And to the hille cots, where shepherds he

In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to five

There on a day, as he pursew'd the chace,

He chaunst to spy a sort of shephe and groomes,
Plaving on pipes and canoling apace,
The whiles then beasts there in the budded broomes
Beside them fed, and mipt the tender bloomes,
For other worldly wealth they cared nought
To whom Sn Calidore yet sweating comes,
And them to tell him courteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thether brought

They answer'd him that no such heast they saw, 6
Not any wicked feend that mote offend
Then happie flockes, not drunger to them driew,
But if that such there were (15 none they I end)
They praydhigh God them true from them to send
Then one of them, him seeing so to sweat,
After his rusticke wise, that well he weard,
Offied him drinke to quench his thirstie hart,
And if he hungry were him offied eke to cet

The knight was nothing nice where was no need, 7
And tooke their gentle offer so adowne
They prayd him sit and gave him for to feed
Such homely what as serves the simple clowne,
That doth despise the dainties of the towne
Tho having fed his fill, he there beside
Saw a fane damzell which did we're a crowne
Of sundry flowies with silken imbands tyde, [dyde
Yelad in home-made greene that her owne hands had

Upon a litle hillocke she was placed

Higher then all the rest, and round about
Environ'd with a guland, goodly graced,
Of lovely lasses, and them all without
The lustic shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,
The which did pype and sing her prayses dew,
And oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heavenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly vew

And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well shapt in every lim,
Which she did more augment with modest grace
And comely carriage of her countinance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim
Who her admiring as some heavenly wight,
Did for their soveraine goddesse her esteeme,
And, chioling her name both day and night,
The fayrest Pastorella her by name did hight

Ne was there hered, ne was there shepheards swayne,
But her did honour, and eke many a one
Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing payne
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone
But most of all the shepheard Condon
For her did languish, and his deare life spend,
Yet norther she for him nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend

Her whyles Sn Calidore there vewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed
So farre the meine of shepherids to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
To be a Princes Paragone esteemed,
He was unwares surprisd in subtile bands
Of the blynd boy, ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands,
Caught like the bird which gazing still on others stands

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,

Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his quest were first store him gon
But after he had fed, yet did he stay
And sate there still, untill the flying day
Was farre forth spent, discoursing diversly
Of sundry things as fell, to worke delay
And evermore his speach he did apply
To th' heards, but meant them to the danzels fint my

By this the moystic night approching fast

Her deavy humour gan on th' crith to sired,

That warn'd the shepheards to their home, to hist
Then tender flocks now being fully feel,

For itare of wetting them before their bod
Then came to them a good old aged spre,

Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beind and hed,

With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit ittyre,
That wild the damzell rise, the day did now expire

He was, to weet, by common voice estemed

The father of the fagrest Pastorell,
An of her selfe in very deeds so deen ed

Yet was not so, but, as old stories tell,
Found her by fortune, which to him befull
In th' open fields an Intint left done,
And taking up, brought home, and noursed will
As his owne chyld, for other he had none,
That she in tract of time accompted was his or no

She at his bidding meckely did vise,

And streight unto her litle flocke did fine
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundrie sheepe with serenill one
Gathered together, and them honewind hine
Whylest everie one with helping hinds did strive
Amongst themselves, and did then labour share,
To helpe fine Pistorella home to drive
Her fleece flocke, but Condon most helpe did give

But Melibæe (so hight that good old man)

Now seeing Calidore left all alone,

And night arrived hard at hand, began

Him to invite unto his simple home,

Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,

And all things therein meane, yet better so

To lodge then in the salvage fields to rome

The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,

Being his harts owne wish, and home with him did go

There he was welcom'd of that honest syre
And of his aged Beldame homely well,
Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,
And rest himselfe till supper time befell
By which home came the fryrest Pastorell,
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde
And supper readic dight they to it fell
With small adoc, and nature satisfyde,
The which doth litle crave contented to abyde

Tho when they had their hunger slaked well,
And the fayic mayd the table ta'ne away,
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courtesie and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day
Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife,
'And drawing thence his speech another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life
Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter strife

"How much" (sayd he) "more happie is the state 19 In which ye, fither, here doe dwell at ease, Leading a life so free and fortunate From all the tempests of these worldly seas, Which tosse the rest in danngerous disease, Where warres, and wickes, and wicked enmitte Doe them afflict, which no man can appease. That certes I your happinesse envic, And wish my lot were plast in such felicitie"

- "Surely, my sonne," (then answer'd he agame) 20
 "If happie, then it is in this intent
 That having small yet doe I not compluive
 Of wint, ne wish for more it to augment,
 But doe my selfe with that I have content,
 So taught of nature, which doth little need
 Of foreine helpes to lifes due nourishment
 The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed,
 No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed
- "Therefore I doe not any one envy,

 Nor am envyde of any one therefore
 They, that have much, for a much to loose thereby,
 And store of cares doth follow riches store
 The little that I have growes dayly more
 Without my care, but onely to attend it,
 My lambes doe every yeare mereive their score,
 And my flockes father duly doth unead it [it!]
 What have I, but to pruse th' Almighty that doth and
- "To them that list the worlds gay showes I let 1, 22
 And to great ones such follies doc forgre
 Which off through pride do ther owne perilly care
 And through ambition downs themselves doe drive
 To sad decry, that might contented live
 Me no such cares nor combrous throughts offend,
 Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve,
 But all the night in silver sieepe I spend,
 And all the day to what I list I doe attend
- "Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
 Unto my Lumbes, and him dislodge away
 Sometime the fawne I practise from the Doe,
 Or from the Goat has kide, how to coavay
 Another while I brytes and nets display
 The birds to atch, or fishes to begard,
 And when I we use am, I downe doe lay
 My limbes in every shade to sest from toyle, [boyle
 And disheof every brooke when this tiny throte doth

- "The time was once, in my first prame of years, 24
 When pride of youth forth pricked my desne,
 That I disd an'd amongst mine equal peries
 To follow sheepe and shephcards base attre
 For further fortune then I would inquire,
 And, leaving home, to roull court I sought,
 Where I did sell my selle for yearely hire,
 And in the Princes gudin daily wrought
 There I beheld such vanenesse as I never thought
- "With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded With idle hopes which them doe entertaine, After I had ten years my selfe excluded From native home, and spent my youth in vaine, I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine, And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare Tho backe returning to my sheepe againe, I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more deare This lowly quiet life which I inherite here"
- Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
 Hong still upon his melting mouth attent,
 Whose sensefull words empirist his hart so neare,
 That he was rapt with double ranshment,
 Both of his speach, that wrought him great content,
 And also of the object of his vew,
 On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent,
 That twint his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,
 He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entraunced grew

Yet to occasion meanes to worke his mind,
And to insinuate his harts desire,
He thus replyde 'Now surely, syre, I find,
That all this worlds gay showes, which we admire,
Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retyre
Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
Fearelesse of foes, or fortunes windfull yie
Which tosseth states, and under foot doth tread
The mightie ones affrayd of every changes die-40

"That even I, which duly doe behold
The glove of the great monest whom I won,
And now have provided the premesse ye hold.
In this small plot of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordship and ambation,
And wish the heaven so much had graced mee,
As graunt me live in like condition,
Or that my fortunes night transposed bee
From pitch of higher place unto this low degree?

"In varie" (said her old 1919) "deemen 29
The heavens of their forestes foult center,
Sith they know best what is the best for them,
For they to each such fortune doe distuse,
As they doe know each can most uptly use
For not that which men covet most is best,
Nor that thing worst which men do most refuse,
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold each hath his fortune in his brest

"It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,

That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore,

For some, that hath abundance at his will,

Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store,

And other, that hath litle, askes no more,

But in that litle is both rich and wise,

For wisedome is most riches fooles therefore

They are which fortures doe by voves device,

Sith each unto himselfe his line in y fortunize"

"Since then in each mans celt" (and Chidore)

"It is to fashion his owne lytes estate,
Give leave awhyle, good in their, in this shore
To rest my backe, which hath bene beaten lie.

With stormes of fortune and tempestuous into
In seas of troubles and of toylesome paire,
That, whether quite from them for to retrate
I shall resolve, or backe to turne againe,
I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine

"Not that the burden of so bold a guest
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all,
For your means food shall be my daily feast,
And this your cabin both my bowie and hall
Besides, for recompense hereof I shall
You well rew u d, and golden guerdon give,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you safer live"
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer 33
Of his rich mould, did thrust it faire away,
And thus be-pake "Sn knight, your bounteous
proffer
Be faire fio me, to whom ye ill display
That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
That mote empure my peace with daungers dread,
But if ye algates covet to assay
This simple soit of life that shepheric lead,
Be it your owne our rudenesse to your selfe aread"

So there that night Sn Calidore did dwell,
And long while after, whilest him list remune,
Dayly beholding the fane Pastorell,
And feeding on the bryt of his owne banc.
During which time he did her entertime
With all kind courtesies he could invent,
And every day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field she went he with her went
So for to quench his fire he did it more augment

But she that never had acquainted beene
With such quient usige, fit for Queenes and Kings,
Ne ever had such knightly service seene,
But being bred under base shepheards wings,
Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things,
Did little whit regard his courteous guize,
But cired more for Colins curolings
Then all that he could doe, or ever devize
His layes, his loves, his lookes, she did them all despize

39

Which Calidore p—ceiving, thought it best 36
To chaunge the manner of his lofter looke,
And doffing his bright aimes, himselfe addrest
In shepheards weed, and in his hand he tooke,
In stead of steelehead speare, a skepheards hooke,
That who had seene him then, would have bethought
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,
When he the love of farie Benone sought,
What time the golden apple was unto him brought

So being clud unto the fields he went
With the fure Pustoiella every day,
And kept her sheepe with diligent ittent,
Witching to drive the rivenous Wolfe iwry,
The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and play,
And every evening helping them to fold
And other whiles, for need, he did assay
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to presse the milke love so much
could

Which seeing Condon, who her likewise 38
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to game
He much was troubled at that strangers gaze,
And many gealous thoughts concerv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harvest ere it ripened were
That made him scoule, and pout, and of complaine
Of Pastorell to all the shephonds there,
That she did love a stranger swayne then him more
dere

And even, when he came in companie
Where Calidore was present, he would loure
And byte his lip, and even for gealousie
Was readile oft his owne heart to devoure,
Impatient of any paramoure
Who, on the other side, did seeme so farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That all he could be graced him with her,
Ne ever sheved signe of rancour or of pare

And oft, when Condon unto her brought
On litle spanowes stolen from them nest,
On wanton squincls in the woods fure sought,
On other daintie thing for her addrest,
He would commend his guift, and make the best,
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to funcion her brest
This newcome shepheard had his market mard
Old love is litle worth when new is more prefard

One day, when as the shephen'd swaynes together 41 Were met to make their sports and merrie glee, As they are wont in fine sunshyme weather, The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded bee, They fell to daunce—then they did all agree That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most fit, And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee That most in Pastorellaes grace did sit Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip closely bit

But Calidore, of counteous inclination,

Tooke Condon and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was his fishion
For Condon could daunce, and trimly trace
And when as Pastorella, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,
And plast on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on Condons in stead
Then Condon woxe frollicke, that earst seemed dead

Another time, when as they did dispose

To practise games and maisteries to try,
They for their Judge did Pastorella chose,
A garland was the meed of victory
There Condon forth stepping openly
Did chalenge Calidore to wrestling game,
For he, through long and perfect industry,
Therein well practised was, and in the same
Thought sure t' avenge his gaudge, and worke his foe great shame

But Calidore he greatly did most ike,

For he was strong and mightily strop ght,

That with one fall his needed a almost lark.

And had he not upon him fallen hight,

His denest joynt he sure had broke a quarkit

Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell

Given to Calidore as his due right,

But he, that did in courtesie excell,

Gave it to Couldon, and said he women it well

Thus did the gentle knight hangelte abeau 45
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That even they, the which his rivals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs.
For courtesic amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and favour So it surely wrought
With this fane Mayd, and in her mynde the seeds
Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought
The fruite of joy and blisse, though long time denely
bought

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time

To winne the love of the fine Pistorell,

Which having got, he used without crime

Or blamefull blot, but menaged so well,

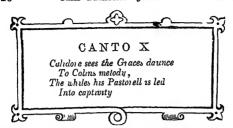
That he, of all the rest which there did dwcli,

Was fivoured and to her grace commended

But what strainge fortures unto him before,

Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,

Shall more conveniently in other place be ended



HO now does follow the foule Blatant Beast
Whilest Calidore does follow that fane
Mayd,

Unmyndfull of his vow, and high beheast
Which by the Frei y Queene was on him layd,
That he should never leave, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it attchieved?
But now, entrapt of love, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more how he may be relieved
With grace from her, whose love his heart hath sore
engileved

That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew
His former quest, so full of torle and prine
Another quest, another game in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his love to game,
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vame
Of courtly favour, fed with light report
Of every blaste, and sayling alwaies on the port

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be
From so high step to stoupe unto so low,
For who had tasted once (as oft did he)
The happy peace which there doth overflow,
And prov'd the perfect pleasures which doe grow
Amongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales
Would never more delight in printed show
Of such false blasse, as there as set for stales
T entrap unwary fooles in their eternal bales

For what hath all that goodly glorious gize Like to one sight which Calidore did ven -The glaunce whereof then dimmed eres would die, That never more they should endure the shew Of that sunne-shine that makes them looke iskey Ne ought, in all that would of beautics i uc, (Save onely Glournaes heavenly hew, To which what can compare?) can it compare, The which, as commeth now, by course I will deal ac

One day, as he did raunge the fields abroad, 5 Whilest his faire Pastorella was elsewhere, He chaunst to come, fu from all peoples troad, Unto a place whose pleasaunce did appere To passe all others on the earth which were For all that ever was by nature, skill Devized to worke delight was githered there, And there by her were poured forth at full, As it, this to adorne, she all the rest did pill

6 It was an hill plaste in an open plaine, That round about was bordered with a wood Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th'en th to disd unc. In which all trees of honour stately stood, And did all winter as in sommer bud, Spiedding pavilions for the birds to bowie, Which in their lower braunches sung alord, And in their tops the soring banke and towie, Sitting like King of fowles in in ijesty and powie

And at the foote thereof a gentle flud His silver waves did softly tumble downe, Unmaid with lagged mosse or filthy mud, Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne, Thereto approch, ne filth mote thereir drowne But Nymphes and Frences by the bancks did at In the woods shade which did the waters counc, Keeping all noysome things away from it, And to the witers full tuning their accents his

9

And on the top thereof a spready plane

Did spred it selfe, to serve to all delight,

Either to dance, when they to dance would fune,
Or else to course about their bases light,
Ne ought there winted which for pleasure might
Desired be, or theree to banish bale,
So pleasuantly the hill with equall hight
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale,
Therefore it rightly eleeped was mourt Acidale

They say that Venus, when she did dispose

Her selfe to pleasaunce, used to resort

Unto this place, and therein to repose

And rest her selfe as in a gladsome port,

Or with the Graces there to play and sport,

That even her owne Cytheron, though in it

She used most to keepe her royall court,

And in her soveraine Majesty to sit,

She in regard hereof refusde and thought unfit

Unto this place when as the Elfin Knight

Approach, him seemed that the merry sound

Of a shill pipe he playing heard on hight,

And many feete first thumping th' hollow ground,

That through the woods ther. Eccho did rebound

He nigher drew to weete what mote it be

There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found

Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,

And in the midst a Shepherid piping he did see

He durst not enter into th' open greene,

For dread of them unwares to be descryde,

For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene,

But in the covert of the wood did byde,

Beholding all, yet of them unespyde

There he did see that pleased much his sight,

That even he him selfe his eyes envyde,

An hundred naked maidens hilly white

All raunged in a ring and drunning in delight

All they without were a runged in a ring,
And diurced round, but in the mult of the
Three other Ladies and both diurnational size
The whilest the rest them round about did he are
And like a gulond did in complete stemme
And in the middest of those sime three will need
Another Damzell, as a precious generic
Amidst a ring most righty well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the rest in uch greed

Looke! how the crowne, which Arraine wore
Upon her yvory forehead, that some dry
That Theseus her unto his bradle book
When the bold Centrures made that bloudy fory
With the fierce Lapithes which did then drainly,
Being now placed in the firm ment,
Through the bright heaven doth her beams display,
And is unto the startes an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sunday parts were here too long to tell,
But she that in the midst of them don's and
Seem'd all the test in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a rose gulond that i ght well
Did her beseeme And even, as the crew
About her drunst, sweet flowers that is and included
And fragrant odows they upper him thick.
But most of all those three and him with gits ender.

Those were the Graces, drughters of adapt,
Handmards of Venus, which he wont to brant
Uppon this hill, and drunce there div and right
Those three to men all gifts of grace do grant,
And all that Venus in her selfe doth vaint
Is borrowed of them—But that fure one,
That in the midst was placed pararunit,
Was she to whom that shephend papt alone,
That made him pipe so merrily, as never none

She was, to weete, that jolly Shepheal ds lasse,
Which piped there unto that meny rout,
That jolly shepheald, which there piped, was
Poore Colin Clout, (who knowes not Colin Clout?)
He pypt apace, whilest they him daunst about
Pype, jolly shepheald, pype thou now apace
Unto thy love that made thee low to lout
Thy love is present there with thee in place,
Thy love is there advanist to be another Grace

Much wondied Calidore at this strainge sight
Whose like before his eye had never seene,
And standing long astonished in spright,
And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene,
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Freries, or enchannted show,
With which his eyes mote have deluded beene
Therefore, resolving what it was to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go

But soone as he appeared to then vew,

They vanisht all away out of his sight,

And cleane were gone, which way he never knew,

All save the shepheard, who, for fell despight

Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,

And made great mone for that unhappy turne

But Calidore, though no lesse sory wight

For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,

Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him motelearne

And, first him greeting, thus unto him spake
"Hule, jolly shepheard, which thy joyous dayes
Here leadest in this goodly merrymake,
Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,
Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely layes!
Tell me, what mote these dunty Damzels be,
Which here with thee doe make their pleasant playes?
Right happy thou that mayest them freely see!
But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me?

23

'Not I so happy," answerd then that sware, 20
"As thou unhappy, which them thence did-t chack,
Whom by no meanes thou can't recall agains.
For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of them solves list so to grace"
"Right sory I," (saide then Sn Calidore)
"That my ill fortune did them hence displace
But since things passed none may now restore,
Tell me, what were they all whose lacke thee graves
so sore."

The gan that shepheard thus for to dilate

"Then wote, thou shepheard, whitsoever them bee,
That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
Are Venus Damzels, all within her fee,
But differing in honour and degree
They all are Graces which on her depend,
Besides a thousand more which ready bee
Her to adorne, when so she forth doth wend,
But those three in the midst doe cheete on her attend

- "They are the drughters of sky-ruling Jove By him begot of time Eurynome,
 The Oceans drughter, in this pleasant grove,
 As he this way comming from firstfull glee
 Of Thetis wedding with AEcidee
 In sommers shade him selfe here rested wears
 The first of them hight mylde Euphro yre,
 Next fure Aglua, last Thalir menry, Eche v'
 Sweete Goddesses all three which me in rusta do
- "These three on men all gracious gifts bestow, Which decke the body or adorne the mynde, To make them lovely or well two med show. As comely curringe entert unement kynde, Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that byide, And all the complements of curtesie. They teach us how to each degree and kynde. We should our selves demonie, to low to me, To friends, to toes, which skill men cail Civility.

26

"Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile, 24
That we likewise should mylde and gentle be,
And also niked inc, that without guile
Or rulse dissemblatance ill them plane may see,
Simple and true, from covert in thee free,
And ceke them selves so in their drunce they bore,
That two of them still frown a seem'd to bee,
But one still towards shew'd her selte afore,
That good should from us goe, then come, in greater
store

"Such were those Goddesses which ye did .ee, 25
But that fourth Mryd, which there amidst them
traced,

Who can aread what creature mote she bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
With heavenly gifts from heven first erraced?
But what so sure she was, she worthy was
To be the fourth with those three other placed
Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse,
Yet she all other countrey lasses faire did passe

"So faire, as doth the drughter of the day
All other lesser lights in light excell,
So faire doth she in beautyfull array
Above all other lasses beare the bell
Ne lesse in vertue that beseemes her well
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race,
For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,
Have for more honor brought her to this place,
And graced her so much to be another Grace

'Another Grace she well deserves to be,
In whom so many Graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree,
Divine resemblance, beauty soverame rare,
Firme Chastity, that spight ne blemish dare
All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
That all her peres cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed when she is in place
She made me often pape and now to pape apace

"Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the earth doest lighten with thy raysGreat Glorian greatest Marcsty!
Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many laveAs he both sung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore hardmand
And underneath thy feete to place her lagues,
That when thy glory shall be farre displayed
To future age, of her this mention may be made!"

When thus that shephered ended had his speach 29 Sayd Calidore. "Now sure it yracth mee, That to thy blasse I made this luckclesse breach, As now the authors of thy bale to be, Thus to beceive thy loves deare sight from thee But, gentle Shephered, pardon thou my shame, Who rashly sought that which I mote not see." Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blane, And to recomfort him all comely meanes did trame

In such discourses they together spent

Long time, as it occasion touth them led,
With which the Knight him salte did much content
And with delight his greedy tancy fed
Both of his words which he with reconfied,
And also of the place, whose plainings and
With such regard his sences a wished,
That thence he had no will way to fine, [share
But wisht that with that shiphe und he more dwelling

But that envenind sting, the which of yore
His poysnous point deepe fixed in his Lat
Had left, now gan affect to rancle sore,
And to renue the rigour of his smart,
Which to recur in oskill of Leaches ut
Mote him availe, but to returne game
To his wounds worker, that with lovely dut
Dinting his brest had bred his restlesse paine,
Like is the wounded Whale to shore fluction it he maine

32

So, taking leave of that same gentle Swaine,
He backe returned to his rusticke wonne,
Where his faire Pastorella did remaine
To whome, in sort as he at first begonne,
He daily did apply him selfe to donne
All dewfull service, voide of thoughts impure,
No any paines no perill did he shonne,
By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untained heart procure

And even more the shepheard Condon,
What ever thing he did her to aggrate,
Did strive to match with strong contention
And all his paines did closely emulate,
Whether it were to caroll, is they site
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercise,
Or to present her with their Inbours late,
Through which if any grace chaunst to mize
Tohim, the Shepheard streight with jealousie did frize

One day, as they all three together went

To the greene wood to gather strawberres,
There chrunst to them a dangerous accident
A Tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth wide gaping like hell gate,
Did runne at Pistorell her to surprize,
Whom she beholding, now all desolate,
Gan cry to them aloud to helpe her ere too late

Which Couldon first hearing ian in hast
To reskue her, but when he saw the feend,
Through cowherd fearche fled iway as first,
Ne duist ibide the daunger of the end,
His life he steemed dearer then his friend
But Calidore soone comming to her hyde,
When he the beast saw ready now to rend
His loves deare spoile, in which his heartwas prayde,
He i in at him emaged, in stead of being frayde

He had no weapon but his shephenids hooke
To serve the vengeaunce of his wrathfull will,
With which so sternely he the monster strooke.
That to the ground astonished he fell,
Whence cre he could recour, he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, [he] it presented
Before the feete of the fure Pastorell.
Who scarcely yet from former fear exempted,
A thousand times him thankt that had her death prevented

From that day forth she gan him to affect,
And daily more her tayour to augment,
But Condon for cowherdize reject,
Fit to keepe sheepe, unit for loves content
The gentle heart scornes base disparagement
Yet Calidore did not despise him quight,
But usde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowship he colour might
Both his estate and love from skill of any wight

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her, 38

With humble service, and with daily sate
That at the last unto his will he brought her,
Which he so wilely well did prosecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely flute,
And poyed long in close felicity,
Till fortune, flaught with makee, blinde and brute,
That envies lovers long prosperity,
Blew up a bitter storme of foule adversity

It fortuned one day, when Calidore

Was hunting in the woods, (as was his trade)

A lawlesse people, Brigants hight of yore,

That never usde to live by plough nor spade,

But fed on spoile and booty, which they made

Upon their neighbours which did night them border,

The dwelling of these shephcards did invade,

And spoyld their houses, and them selves did munder,

And drove away then flocks, withother much disorder

IY

Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray, of They spoyld old Michbee of all he had, And all his people captive led sway, Mongst which this lucklesse moyd away was lad, Fure Pistorella, sorrowfull and sad, Most sorrowfull, most sad, that ever sight, Now made the spoile of theeves and Brigants bad, Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight That ever livid, and th' onely glory of his might

With them also was taken Condon,
And canned captive by those theeves away,
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them close convay
Their dwelling in a little Island was,
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way
Appeared for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for overgrowen gras

For underneath the ground their way was made 122. Through hollow caves, that no man mote discover For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade. From view of living wight and covered over, But darkenesse died and duly night did hover. Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt, Ne lightned was with window nor with lover, But with continual candle light, which delt. A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene as felt.

Hither those Brigants brought their present pr 19, 43
And kept them with continuall watch and ward,
Meaning, so soone as they convenient may,
For slaves to sell them for no small reward
To Merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or sold againe Now when faire Pastorell
Into this price was brought, and kept with gard
Of griesly theeves, she thought her self in hell,
Where with such darmer frends she should in darknesse dwell

But for to tell the dolctull deciment

And pittifull complaints which there she made,
Where day and night she maghe dot but I arent
Her wretched his shat up to deadly shade,
And we see her goodly be note, when and into
Like to a flower that feeles no here of same
Which may her feeble leaves with contout all de,
And what befull her in that the rish wome,
Will in another Canto better be begonie





Without affliction or disquietnesse [cast, That wouldly chaunces doe amongst them Would be on cuth too giert a blessednesse, Liker to heaven then mortall wretchednesse Therefore the winged God, to let men weet That here on earth is no sure happinesse,

HE joyes of love, if they should ever last

A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet, To make it seems more dears and dainty, as is meet

Like as is now befalne to this faire Mayd,

Faire Pastorell, of whom is now my song

Who being now in dieadfull darknesse layd

Amongst those theeves, which her in bondage strong

Detaynd, yet Fortune, not with all this wrong

Contented, greater mischiefe on her threw,

And sorrows heapt on her in greater throng,

That who so here she heavinesse, would rew

And pittyher sadplight, so chang'd from pleasaunthew

Whylest thus she in these hellish dens remayned,
Winpped in wietched cares and hearts unicst,
It so befell, (as Fortune had ordayned)
That he which was their Capitaine profest,
And had the chiefe communid of all the rest,
One day, as he did all his prisoners vew,
With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,
Fane Pastorella, whose and mournefull hew
Like the fane Morning clad in misty fog did shew

At sight whereof his bub nous he ut was fired,
And only bount with flames most riging who.
That her alone he for his put desired
Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mynde did to him selfe allot
From that day forth he kyndnesse to her showed
And sought her love by all the means he mote,
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed,
And mixed threats among, and much unto her wowed

But all that ever he could doe or say

Her constant mynd could not a what remove,

Nor do we unto the lune of his leved by,

To graunt him favour or afford him love

Yet ceast he not to sew, and all wares prove,

By which he mote accompanish his request,

Saying and doing all that mote behove,

Ne day nor night he suffied her to rest,

But her all night did watch, and all the day mokest

At list, when him she so importune saw,

Foring least he at length the raines would lead

Unto his lust, and make his will his law,

Sith in his powie she was to foe or frend

She thought it best, for shadow to pretend

Some shew of favour, by him gracing small,

That she thereby more either freely vend,

Or at more case continue there his theall

A little well is lent that graneth more with ill

So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
With better tearnes she did him entertune,
Which gave him lope, and did him halte perswade
That he in time her joyance should obtaine
But when she saw, through that small favours game
That further then she willing was he prest,
She found no meanes to brane him, but to tame
A sodaine sickenesse which her some opprest,
And made unfit to serve his lawleste mades behest

8

By meanes whereof she would not him permit
Once to approach to her in privity,
But onely mongst illerest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigori of her milidy,
And seeking all things incete for remedy,
But she resolv'd no remedy to fynde,
Nor better cheric to shew in misery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde
Her sickenesse was not of the body, but the mynde

During which space that she thus sicke did lie, 9
It chaunst a sort of merchants, which were wount
To skim those coastes for bondmen there to buy,
And by such trafficke after gunes to hunt,
Arrived in this Isle, though brie and blunt,
T'inquire for slaves, where being readic met
By some of these same theeves at the instant brunt,
Were brought unto their Captaine, who was set
By his faire patients side with sorrowfull regret

Aniv'd in place their bondslaves for to buy,
And therefore proyd that those same captives there
Mote to their for their most commodity
Be sold, and mongst them shared equally
This their request the Captune much appalled,
Yet could be not their just demand deny,
And willed streight the slaves should forth be called,
And sold for most advantage not to be forstalled

To whom they shewed, how those marchants were 10

Then forth the good old Melibæ was brought,
And Condon with many other moe,
Whom they before in diverse spoyles had caught,
All which he to the marchants sale did showe
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe,
And gan her forme and feature to expresse, [nesse
The more t'augment her price through praise of combi-

To whom the Ciptume in full angly wire

Made unswere, that the mixed of whom they sail is
Was his owne perchase and his or cly paire.

With which rone had to doe re ought part dre,
But he himselfe which did that conquest in he
Litle for him to have one sully lasse.

Besides, through sicknesse now so win and well c.

That nothing meet in merchandise to passe [wis
So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and weaks she

The sight of whom, though now decryd and maid, 13
And eke but hardly seeme by cardle-light,
Yet, like a Damond of aich aegard,
In doubtfull shadow of the darke-ome night
With stable beames about her shiring bright,
These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
That what through wonder, and what through delight,
A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praise

At last when all the rest them of con were,
And prises to them pland at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how ever prisd with measure
Withouten her, whose worth above all threatine
They did esteeme, and officed stone of gold
But then the C prune, fraght with more displantare,
But them be still—his love should not be sold,
The rest take it they would, he her to him would hold

Therewith some other of the chiefest theeres
Boldly him bid such injurie forbeine,
For thit same mayd how ever it him greeves,
Should with the rest be sold before him therre,
To make the prises of the rest more derie
That with great rige he stoutly doth denry,
And fiercely drawing forth his blade doth sweme
That who so hardie hand on her doth lix,
It dearely shall aby, and death for handsell pay

Thus, as they words amongst them multiply, т6 They fall to strokes, the fiute of too much talke, And the mad steele about doth fiercely fly, Not sparing wight, ne le wing any balke, But making way for death at large to walke, Who, in the horior of the griesly night, In thousand dieadful shapes doth mongst them stalke, And makes huge havocke, whiles the candlelight Out quenched leaves no skill not difference of wight

Like a soit of hungiy dogs, ymet 17 About some carcase by the common way, Doe fall together, stryving each to get The greatest portion of the greedie pray, All on confused heapes themselves assay, And snatch, und byte, and rend, and tug, and tene, That who them sees would wonder at then fray, And who sees not would be affinyd to heare Such was the conflict of those ciuell Brigants there

But first of all then captives they doe kill, Least they should joyne against the weaker side, Or use against the remnant at their will Old Melibæ is slaine, and him beside His aged wife, with many others wide, But Condon, escaping craftily, Creepes forth of dores, whilst duknes him doth hide, And flyes away as fast as he can hye, Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends doe dye

But Pastorella, wofull wretched Elfe, 19 Was by the Captaine all this while defended, Who, minding more her safety then himselfe. His target alwayes over her pretended, By means whereof, that mote not be amended, He at the length was slaine and livd on ground, Yet holding fast twist both his aimes extended Figure Pastorell, who, with the selfe same wound Launcht through the arme, fell down with him in

diene swound

There by she covered with confused prease
Of carcases, which dying on her fell
Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gim care,
And each to other calling did compell
To stry then cruell hands from slaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all were grace
Thereto they all attorice agreed well,
And, lighting candles new, gan search mone
How many of their friends were slaine, how many time

Then Captune there they cruelly found hild,
And in his times the dienty dying mind,
Like a sweet Angell twint two clouds uphild,
Her lovely light was dimmed and decind
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayd,
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
Seeme much more lovely in that darknesse light,
And twint the twirckling of her evel do bright
To sparke out little be lines, like starres in toggie night

But when they mov'd the energies sale,

They found that life did yet in her remaine
Then all then helpes they busily apply de
To call the soule backe to her home ag une,
And wrought so well, with labour and long pame,
That they to life recovered her at last
Who sighing sore, as it her hart in twome
Had riven bene and all her hart strings brast,
With dreame drouping evine lookt up like one aghist

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to see,

Her fither and her friends about her lying,
Her selfe sole left a second spoyle to bee
Of those, that having sived her from dying
Renew'd her death by timely death danying
What now is left her but to wille and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ructully loud crying.
Ne cared she her wound in terres to steepe
Albe with all their might those Brig arts her did keepe

But when they saw her now reliv'd againe,

They left her so, in charge of one, the best
Of many weast, who with unland disdaine
And cruell rigour her did much molest,
Scarse yeelding her due food or timely rest,
And searsely suffring her infestred wound,
That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest
So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we back to Calidore where we him found

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And saw his shepheards cottage spoyled quight,
And his love reft away, he weved wood
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight,
That even his hart, for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh he readie was to terre
He chauft, he griev'd, he fietted, and he sight,
And fued like a furious wyld Beare,
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being otherwhere

Ne wight he found to whom he might complaine, 26

Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire,
That more increast the anguish of his paine.
He sought the woods, but no man could see there,
He sought the plaines, but could no tydings herre.
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound,
The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare,
Where wont the shepherads of their paper resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found

At last, as there he romed up and downe,

He chainst one comming towards him to spy,

That seem'd to be some some simple clowne,

With ragged weedes, and lockes upstaring hye,

As if he did from some late daunger fly,

And yet his feare did follow him behand

Who as he unto him approached nive,

He mote perceive by signes which he did find,

That Condon it was, the silly shepherds hand

The to him running fast, he did not stry

To greet him mist, but what where were the rest.

Where Pustorell—Who full of fresh disn is,

And gushing forth in to ness, was so opposet.

That he no word could speake, but start his brest,

And up to heaven his eyes fast streaming this w

Whereat the knight amaz'u yet did not rest,

But askt againe, what ment that rufull him?

Where was his Pastorell? where all the other crew?

"Ah, well away!" (sand he, then sighing sore)
"That ever I did have this day to see,
This dismall day and was not dead before,
Before I saw face Past nella die"
"Die? out alas!" then Calidore did cay
"How could the death dare ever her to quell?
But read thou, shepheard, read what destinat
Or other derivall hap from he wen or hell [tell."
Hath wrought this wicked deed. doe to be war, and

The when the Shepheard breathed had while, 52

He thus begin "Where shill I then comments."

This wefull tale? or how those Brigart, tyle,
With cruell rige and diendfull violence,
Spoyld all our cots and crued us from hence,
Or how fine Pastorell chould have I one soir
To marchants but wis savid with strong or refere,
Or how those theeves, whilestoness whither to hold
Fell all at ods, and fought through tury there and bold

'In that same conflict (woe is ine') wefull
This fitall channee, this dolefull accident,
Whose heavy tydings now I have to tell
First all the captives, which they here had hent,
Were by them slame by generall consent
Old Melibor and his good vife withill
These eyes saw die, and dealely did liment,
But when the lot to Pastorell did fail, [stall
Their Captaine long withstood, and ord her death tor-

"But what could he gamst all them doe alone? 32
It could not boot needs mote she die at last
I onely scapt through great confusione
Of cryes and clamors which amongst them past,
In diedfull darknesse dieadfully aghast,
That better were with them to have bene dead,
Then here to see all desolute and wast,
Despoyled of those joyes and jolly head,
Which with those gentle shepher ds here I wont to lead "

When Caluloie these ruefull newes had raught,
Ilis hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,
That he his face, his head, his brest did beat,
And death it selfe unto himselfe did threat,
Oft cursing th' heavens, that so cruell were
To her, whose nume he often did repert,
And wishing oft that he were present there
When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour nere

But after galefe awhile had his course,
And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,
And in his mind with better reason cast
How he might save her life, it life did last,
Or, if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past,
Or if it to revenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his lives threed to breake

The Condon he prayd, sith he well knew
The readic way unto that theevish wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct tiew
Unto the place, to see what should be donne,
But he, whose hait through feare was late for donne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,
But by all meanes the drunger knowne did shonne
Yet Caldore so well him wrought with meed,
And fure bespoke with words, that he at last agreed

So forth they goe together (God before)

Both clid in shephe a ds weeds agreeably,

And both with shepheards hookes. But Calidore

Had, underneath, him armed privals.

The to the place when they approached mye,

They chaunst, upon an hill not farre away,

Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to esper,

To whom they both igneed to take their way,

In hope there newes tole rine, how they mote best assiv

There did they find, that which they did not is no 37.

The selfe same flocks the which those theeves had rett From Meliber and from themselves whylene,
And certaine of the theeves there by them left. The which, for want of he ids, themselves then kept. Right well knew Condon his owne lite sheepe,
And seeing them for tender pittle wept,
But when he saw the theeves which did them I cepe,
His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all isleepe.

But Calidore recomforting his gracte, 38

Though not his terre, for nought may te re dissipate,
Him hardly forward drew, where is the three Livy sleeping soundly in the bushes shade.
Whom Condon him counseld to my ide.
Now all unwards, and take the spoyle are in But he, that in his mind had closely rathe. A further purpose, would not so them slay,
But gently waking them gave them the time of day.

The sitting downe by them upon the gicene,

Of sundie things he purpose gun to i une,

That he by them might certaine tydings weene

Of Pastorell, were she alive or slane?

Mongst which the theores them questioned ig une,

What mister men, and else it im whence they vee?

To whom they aunswer'd, as did appert in a

That they were poore hendgroomes, the which

whylere

[clswhere

Had from their maisters field, and now sought hyre

Whereof right glid they seem'd, and offer mide 40 To have them all if they then flockes would keepe For they them clives were evill groomes, they sayd, Unwout with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe, But to four y the lind, or scoure the deepe Thereto they soone agreed, and emnest tooke To keepe then hockes for little have and chepe, For they for better have did shortly looke. So there all day they bode, till light the sky forsooke

The when as towards driksome night it drew, 41 Unto then hellish dens those theores them brought, Where shortly they in great requaintance grew, And all the secrets of their entrayles sought There did they find, contrare to their thought, That Pastorell yet liv'd, but all the rest Were dead, right so as Condon had taught Whereof they both full glad and blyth did rest, But chiefly Cahdore, whom griefe had most possest

At length, when they occasion fittest found,
In dead of night, when all the theores did rest
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir Culidore him arm'd as he thought best,
Having of late by diligent inquest
Provided him a sword of memest sort,
With which he streight went to the Captaines nest
But Condon durst not with him consort,
Ne durst abide behind for dread of worse effort

When to the Cive they cime, they found it fast, 43
But Candore with huge resistlesse might
The dores assiyled, and the locks upbrast
With moyse whereof the theefe awaking light
Unto the entrance rin, where the bold knight
Encounting him with small resistence slew,
The whiles fine Pistorell through great affright
Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new
Some uprocewere, like that which lately she did vew

But when as Calidore was comen in,
And gan aloud for Pistorell to call,
Knowing his voice, although not heard long are,
She sudden was revived therewithall,
And wondrous joy felt in her spirits thrall
Like him that being long in tempest tost,
Looking each home into deathes mouth to fall,
At length express at hand the happie cost,
On which he safety hopes that coast fear d to be lost

Hei gentle hait, that now long season past
Had never joyance felt not cheatefull thought,
Begin some smacke of comfort new to tast,
Like lyful heat to nummed senses brought,
And life to feele that long for death had sought
Ne lesse in hait rejoyced Calidore,
When he her found, but, like to one distraught
And robd of reason, towards her him bore,
A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand more

But now by this, with noyse of lite uploid,
The hue and dry was raysed all about,
And all the Brigants flocking in great store
Unto the cave gun prease, nought having dont
Of that wis doen, and entied in a rout
But Caldore in th' entry close did stind,
And entertryning them with courage stout,
Still slew the formost that came first to hind,
So long till all the entry was with bodies mand

The when no more could nigh to him approach, 47

He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day,
Which when he spyde upon the earth t'encroch,
Through the dead carcases he made his way,
Mongst which he found a sword of better say,
With which he found a sword of better say,
With which he found a sword of better say,
Where all the rest for him did reade stay,
And, frere assaying him, with all then might
Gan all upon him by there gan a die ulful right

How many flyes, in whottest sommers day,

Do seize upon some beast whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swammes do overlay,
And with their little stings right felly fare,
So many theeves about him swamming are,
All which do him assayle on every side,
And sore oppresse, he any him doth spare,
But he doth with his raging brond divide [wide
Their thickest troups, and round about him scattieth

Like as a Lion mongst an heard of dere,

Disperseth them to catch his choysest pray,

So did he fly amongst them here and there,

And all that nere him came did hew and slay,

Till he had showd with bodies all the way,

That none his drunger daring to abide

Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convay

Into their caves, then heads from death to hide,

Ne any left that victorie to him envide

Then, backe returning to his deriest deare,
He has gan to recomfort all he might
With gludfull speaches, and with lovely cheare,
And forth her bringing to the joyous light,
Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,
Deviz'd all goodly meanes from her to drive
The sad remembrance of har wretched plight
So her uneath at last he did revive
That long had lyen dead, and made again alive

This doen, into those theevish dens he went,

And thence did all the spoyles and threasures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent,
But fortune now the victors meed did make
Of which the best he did his love betake,
And also all those flockes, which they before
Had reft from Melibæ and from his make,
He did them all to Condon restore
So drove them all away, and his love with him bore



IKE is a ship, that through the Ocean wyde

Directs her course unto one certaine cost,

Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,

With which her winged speed is let and crost And she her selfe in stormie surges tost, Yet making many a borde and many a bay, Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost Right so it fues with me in this long way, Whose course is often stuyd, yet never is astray

For all that bether to both long delayd

This gentle knight from sewing his first quest,
Though out of course, yet both not bene mis-sayd,
To shew the courtesic by him profest
Even unto the lowest and the least
But now I come into my course againe,
To his atchievement of the Blatant beast,
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to restraine

Sir Calidoie, when thus he now had laught
Faire Pastorella from those Brighnts powie,
Unto the Castle of Belghad her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamoure,
Who whylome was, in his youthes freshest flowre,
A lustic knight as ever wielded speare,
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure
In bloudy battell for a Ladie deare,
The fayrest Ladie then of all that living were

Her name was Claribell, whose father hight
The Lord of Many Hands, faire renound
For his great riches and his greater might
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This drughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
Unto the Prince of Picteland, bordering nere,
But she, whose sides before with secret wound
Of love to Bellamoure empiriced were,
By all meanes shund to match with any foriem fore

And Bellimour again so well her pleased
With dayly service and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entyrely serzed,
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few
Which when her fither understood, he grew
In so great rage that them in dongeon deepe
Without compassion cruelly he threw,
Yet did so streightly them a sunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other creepe

Nathlesse Sir Bellamoui, whether through grace 6
Or secret guifts, so with his keepers wrought,
That to his love sometimes he came in place,
Whereof her wombe, unwist to wight, was fraught,
And in dew time a mayden child forth brought
Which she streight way, for dread least if her syre
Should know thereof to slay he would have sought,
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She should it cause be fosted under straunge attyre

The trustie dumzell bearing it abrode
Into the emptie fields, where living wight
Mote not bewry the secret of her lode,
She forth gan by unto the open light
The litle babe, to take thereof a sight
Whom whylest she did with watrie eyne behold,
Upon the litle brest, like christall bright,
She mote perceive a litle puiple mold,
That like a rose her silken leaves did fure unfold

Well she it mulkt, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wietched case,
But, closing it ig une like as before,
Bederw'd with terres there left it in the place
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle space
Behind the bushes, where she her did hyde,
To weet what mortall hand, or heavens grace,
Would for the wretched infinits helpe provide,
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde

At length a Shepheard, which there by did keepe 9
His fleecie flock upon the playnes around,
Led with the infants cry that love did weepe,
Came to the place, where when he wrapped found
Th' abundand spoale, he softly it unbound,
And, sceing there that did him pittle sore,
He tooke it up and in his maitle wound,
So home unto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it maist and named evermore

Thus long continu'd Clumbell a thindl,
And Bellimour in birds, till that her spic
Departed life, and left unto them all
Then all the stoimes of fortunes former pic
Were turned, and they to freedome did retyre
Thenceforth they joy d in happinesse together,
And lived long in peace and love entyre,
Without disquiet or dishibe of ether,
Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella thether

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine,

For Bell mour larr Culidore right well,

And loved for his provesse, sith they twaine

Long since had fought in field. Als Clambell

Ne lesse did tender the fare Pastorell,

Secing her well a and was though did ance long.

There they awhile together thus did dwell.

In much delight, and many joyes among,

Untill the Danzell gas to we more sound and strong.

Tho gan Sn Calidore him to advize

Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,
Asham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,
The which the Facry Queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so sore,
That much he ferred least reprochfull blame
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore,
Besides the losse of so much loss and fame,
As through the world thereby should glorific his name

Therefore, resolving to returne in hast
Unto so great atchievement, he bethought
To leave his love, now perill being past,
With Claribell, whylest he that monster sought
Throughout the world, and to destruction brought
So taking leave of his faire Pistorell,
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to Bellamour and Chribell,
He went forth on his quest, and did that him befull

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell
In this exploite, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire Pastorell
During his absence, left in hervy care
Through duly mourning and nightly misfare
Yet did that auncient matione all she might,
To cherish her with all things choice and rare,
And her owne handmayd, that Melissa hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night

Who in a morning, when this Maiden faire
Was dighting her, having her snowy brest
As yet not liced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses dewly diest,
Chaunst to espy upon her yvory chest
The rosie marke, which she remembed well
That litle Infant had, which forth she kest,
The drughter of her Lady Chribell,
The which she bore the whiles in prison she did dwell

Which well avizing, streight she gan to cist In her concerptfull mynd that this fure Mayd Was that same infant, which so long sith past She in the open fields had loosely layd To fortune's spoile, unable it to ayd So, full of joy, streight forth she ran in hast Unto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd, To tell her, how the heavens had her graste [plaste To save her chylde, which in misfortunes mouth was

The sober mother seeing such her mood,
Yet knowing not what meant that sodaine thro,
Askt her, how mote her words be understood,
And what the matter was that mov'd her so?
"My liefe," (sayd she) "ye know that long ygo,
Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
A little mayde, the which he chylded tho,
The same againe if now ye list to have,
The same is honder Lady, whom high God did save"

Much was the Lady troubled at that speach,
And gan to question streight, how she it knew?

"Most certaine markes" (sayd she) "do me it teach,
For on her brest I with these eyes did view
The litle purple rose which thereon grew,
Whereof her name ye then to her did give
Besides, her countenaunce and her likely hew,
Matched with equall years, do surely prieve [live"
That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet doth

The matione stryd no lenger to enquire,
But forth in hast ran to the strainger Mayd,
Whom catching greedily, for great desire
Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,
In which that rose she plainely saw displayd
Then her embracing twirt her armes twaine,
She long so held, and softly weeping sayd,
"And livest thou, my daughter, now againe?
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did faine?"

The further asking her of sundry things,

And times comparing with their accidents,

She found at last, by very certuine signes

And speaking markes of passed monuments,

That this young Mayd, whom chance to her presents.

Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare
The wondring long at those so straunge events,
A thousand times she her embraced nere,
With many a joyfull kisse and many a melting teare

Who ever is the mother of one chylde,

Which having thought long dead she fyndes alive,
Let her by proofe of that which she hath fylde
In her owne breach, this mothers joy descrive,
For other none such passion can contrive
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When she so fane a daughter saw survive,
As Pastorella was, that high she swelt
For passing joy, which did all into pitty melt

Thence running forth unto her loved Lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell,
Who, joyning joy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne fure Pastorell
There level we them in joy, and let us tell
Of Calidore, who, seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
Through every place with restlesse pune and toile
Him follow'd by the tract of his outragious spoile

Through all estates he found that he had past,
In which he many massaces had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at last,
In which such spoile, such havocke, and such theft
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place besides unsought had left,
At length into a Monastice did light, [might
Where he him found despoyling all with maine and

.

Into then cloysters now he broken had,
Through which the Monckes he chaced here and
there,

And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,
And searched all their cels and secrets neare
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were yikesome to report, yet that foule Beast,
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,
And ransacke all their dennes from most to least,
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heast

From thence into the sacred Church he broke, 25
Androbd the Churcell, and the deskes down throw,
And Altars touled, and blusphemy spoke,
And th' Images, for all then goodly hew,
Did cast to ground, whilest none was them to rew,
So all confounded and disordered there
But seeing Culdore away he flew,
Knowing his fitall hand by former ferre,
But he him first pursuing soone approched neare

Him in a nation place he overtooke,

And fierce assailing forst him turne againe
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke
With his sharpe steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good pecke within the utmost brim,
All set with your teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrified his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus griesly grim

And therein were a thousand tongs empight
Of sundry kindes and suadry quality,
Some were of dogs, that banked day and night,
And some of cats, that wawling still did cry,
And some of Beares, that groynd continually,
And some of Tygres, that did seeme to gren
And some at all that ever passed by
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reprochfully, not can ing where nor when

And them amongst were mingled here and there 28
The tongues of Serpents, with three forked stings,
That spat out poyson, and gore bloudy gere,
At all that came within his ravenings,
And spake licentious words and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hic,
Ne Kesars spared he a whit, nor Kings,
But either blotted them with infimie,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of injury

But Calidore, thereof no whit afrayd,

Rencountred him with so impetuous might,

That th' outrage of his violence he stayd,

And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,

And spitting forth the poyson of his spight

That fomed all about his bloody jawes

Tho rearing up his former feete on hight,

He rampt upon him with his ravenous pawes,

As if he would have rent him with his cruell clawes

But he, night well aware, his rage to ward

Did cast his shield atweene, and therewithall
Putting his puissaunce forth, puisa'd so hard,
That backeward he entorced him to fall,
And being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held
Like as a bullocke, that in bloudy stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore

To be downe held, and maystred so with might,
That he gan fret and fome out bloudy gore,
Striving in vaine to rere him selfe upright
For still, the more he strove, the more the Knight
Did him suppresse, and forcibly subdew,
That made him almost mid for fell despight
He grind, he bit, he scratcht, he venim threw,
And fired like a feend right horrible in hew

Or like the hell-borne Hvdr, which they faine
That great Alcides whilome overthew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Whilest Calidore him under him downe threw,
Who nathemore his heavy load releast,
Butaye, the more herag'd, the more his power increast

The when the Beast saw he mote nought availe
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharpely at him to revile and raile
With bitter terms of shamefull infamy,
Oft interlacing many a forged he,
Whose like he never once did speake, nor heare,
Nor ever thought thing so unworthly
Yet did he nought for all that him forbeare,
But strained him so streightly that he chokt him neare

At list, when as he found his force to shimcke
And rage to quale, he tooke a muzzel strong
Of surest vion, made with many a lincke
Ther with he mured up his mouth along,
And therein shut up his blasphemous tong,
For never more defaming gentle Knight,
Or unto lovely Lady doing wrong,
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, even in his own despight

Like as whylome that strong Thynthin swaine
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And, roing horribly, did him compell
To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell
To griesly Pluto what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghosts which dwell
For aye in darkenesse, which day light doth shonne
Soled this Knight his captyrewith like conquest wonne

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
Straunge bands, whose like till then he never bors,
Ne ever any durst till then impose,
And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore
Yet durst he not draw backs, nor once withstand
The proved powre of noble Calidore,
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And like a fear cfull dog him followed through the land

Him through all Frery land he follow d so,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people, where so he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To see him leade that Beast in bondage strong,
And seeing it mach wonded at the sight
And all such persons as be east did wrong
Rejoyced much to see his captive plight,
And much admyr'd the Beast, but more admyr'd the
Knight

Thus was this Monstei, by the maysting might
Of doughty Cilidore, supprest ind tamed,
That never more he mote end immadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defimed,
And many causelesse caused to be blumed
So did he ceke long after this remaine,
Untill that, whether wicked fate so framed
Or full of mer, he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe

Thenceforthmore mischiefe and more scath he wrought
To mortall men then he had done before,
Ne ever could, by any, more be brought
Into like bands, ne maystred any more
Albe that, long time after Calidore,
The good Sir Pellers him tooke in hand,
And after him Sir Lamoracke of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Brittine land,
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band

So now he laungeth through the world againe,
And rageth sore in each degree and state,
Ne any is that may him now restraine,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bute,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime
Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime,
But rends without regard of person or of time

No may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his vencinous despite,
More than my former write, ill were they clemest
From blumefull blot, and free from ill that wite
With which some wacked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a nighty Peres displeasure,
That never so descrived to endite
Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better measure,
And seeke to please, that now is counted wisemens
threasure





INO CANTOS OF

MUTABILITIE

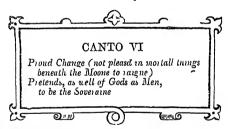
WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER, APPEARE TO BE PAPCELL OF SOME FOLLOWING BOOKF OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

UNDER THE

LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE

Never before imprinted





HAT man that sees the ever-whiling wheele [doth sway,

Of Change, the which all mortall things But that thereby doth find, and plainly feele.

How MUTABLITY in them doth play
Her cruell sports to many mens decry?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehease that whylome I heard say,
How she at first her selfe began to reare

How she at first her selfe began to reare Lbeare Gainst all the Gods, and th'empue sought from them to

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I have found it registred of old
In Facry Land mongst records permanent
She was, to weet, a drughter by descent
Of those old Titans that did whylome strive
With Saturnes sonne for heavens regiment,
Whom though high Jove of kingdome did deprive,
Yet many of their stemme long after did survive

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of Jove, and high authority
As Hecaté, in whose almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her disposed diversity
To Gods and men, as she them list divide,
And drad Bellona, that doth sound on hie
Warres and allarums unto Nations wide, [pride
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble it her

So likewise did this Titanesse aspire
Rule and dominion to her selte to give,
That as a Goddesse men might her idmire,
And heavenly honours yield, as to them twaine
And first, on earth she sought it to obtaine,
Where she such proofe and sad examples showed
Of her great power, to many ones great pline,
That not men onely (whom she soone subdewed)
But eke all other creatures her bad doorngs rewed

For she the face of earthly things so changed,
That all which Nature had establish first
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet durst
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite, and made them all accurst
That God had blest, and did at first provide
In that still happy state for ever to abide

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,

But eke of Justice, and of Policie,

And wrong of right, and brid of good did make,

And death for life exchanged foolishine

Since which all living wights have learn'd to die,

And all this world is women daily worse

O pittious worke of Mutabilitie,

By which we all me subject to that curse,

And death, in stead of life, have sucked from our Nurse!

And now, when all the cuth she thus had brought 7
To her behest, and thralled to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought
T'attempt the empire of the heavens hight,
And Jove himselfe to shoulder from his right
And first, she past the region of the agre
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight
Made no resistance, no could her contraire,
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepare

Thence to the Circle of the Moone she climbe,
Where Cynthia rugnes in everlasting glory,
To whose bright shining prlace straight she came,
All fairely deckt with hervens goodly story,
Whose silver gates (by which there sate an hory
Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,
Hight Tyme,) she entired, were he hefe or sory,
Ne stande till she the highest stage had scand,
Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand

Her sitting on an Ivory throne shee found,
Drawne of two steeds, th' one black, th' other white,
Environd with tenne thousand staries around,
That duly her attended day and night,
And by her side there can her Page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the Evening-starie intend,
That with his Torche, still twinkling like twylight,
Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
And joy to weary wanding travalers did lend

That when the hardy Titanesse beheld

The goodly building of her palace bright,

Made of the bences substance, and up-held
With thousand crystall pillors of huge hight,
Shee gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
And t' envie her that in such glorie raigned
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might
Her to displace, and to her selfe to have gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained

Boldly she bid the Goddesse downe descend,
And let her selfe into that Ivory throne,
For she her selfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone,
Whether to men, whose fill she did bemone,
Or unto Gods, whose state she did maligne,
Or to the infernall Powers her need give lone
Of her faire light and bounty most benigne,
Her selfe of all that rule shee deemed most condigne

But shee, that had to her that soverage seat

By highest Jove assign'd, therein to beare

Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,

No yielded ought for favour or for feare,

But with sterne countenaunce and disdunfull cheare,

Bending her horned browes, did put her back,

And boldly bluming her for comming there,

Bade her attonce from her vers coast to pack,

Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders wrack

Yet nathemore the Grantesse forbrie,

But boldly preacing on rought forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chure,
And, there-with lifting up her golden wand,
Threatned to strike her it she did with-strind
Where-at the strines, which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moones bright wagon still did strind,
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and sterne looke still gazed

Mean-while the lower World, which nothing knew 14
Of all that chaunced here, was darkned quite,
And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly crew
Of happy wights, now unpurvaide of light,
Were much ifiaid, ind wondred at that sight,
Ferring least Chaos broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night,
But chiefely Mercury, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haste unto the king of Gods to plaine

All ian together with a great out-cry

To Joves faire palace fixt in heavens hight,
And beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might
To know what meant that suddaine lack of light
The fither of the Gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange afflight,
Doubting least Typhon were againe uprear'd,
Or other his old foes that once him sorely fear'd

Eftsoones the sonne of Maia forth he sent

Downe to the Cricle of the Moone, to knowe
The cause of this so strange astonishment
And why shee did her wonted course forslowe,
And if that any were on earth belowe
That did with charmes or Magick her molest,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe,
But if from heaven it were, then to ariest
The Author, and him bring before his presence prest

The wingd-foot God so fast his plumes did beat, 17.
That soone he came where-as the Titanesse
Was striving with faire Cynthia for her sent,
At whose strange sight and haughty hardinesse
He wondred much, and feared her no lesse
Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,
At last he bade her (with bold stedfastnesse)
Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,
Or come before high Jove her doorng- to discharge

And there-with-all he on her shoulder laid

His sniky-wreathed mace, whose awfull power

Doth make both Gods and hellish fiends affined

Where-at the Titanesse did sternely lower,

And stoutly answer'd that in evill hower

He from his Jove such message to her brought,

To bid her leave fane Cynthias silver bower,

Sith shee his Jove and him esteemed nought,

No more then Cynthias selfe, but all then kingdoms

sought

The Heavens Herald strid not to reply,

But past away, his doings to relate
Unto his Loid, who now, in th' highest sky,
Was placed in his principall Estate,
With all the Gods about him congregate
To whom when Hermes had his message told,
It did them all exceedingly amate, [bold Save Jove, who changing nought his count'nance
Did unto them at length these speeches wise unfold,

"Harken to mee awhile, yee heavenly Powers
Ye may remember since th' Eurths cursed seed
Sought to assaile the heavens eternall towers,
And to us all exceeding feare did breed,
But how we then defeated all then deed,
Yee all doe knowe, and them destroised quite,
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An off-spring of their bloud, which did alite
Upon the fruitfull carth, which doth us yet despite

"Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,
That now with bold presumption doth aspire
To thrust fare Phobe from her silver bed,
And eke our selves from heavens high Empire,
If that her might were match to her desire
Wherefore it now behoves us to advise
What way is best to drive her to retire,
Whether by open force, or counsell wise
Areed, ye sonnes of God, as best ye can devise"

So having said, he ceast, and with his blow
(Ilis black eye-brow, whose doomefull dieaded beck
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the highest Powers of heaven to check)
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake,
Who straight gan cast their counsell grave and wise
Meanewhile th' Earth's daughter, though she nought
did reck

Of Hermes message, yet gan now advise
What course were best to take in this hot bold emprize
Eftsoones she thus resolv'd, that whil'st the Gods 23
(After returne of Hermes embassie)
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at ods,
Before they could new counsels re-allie,
To set upon them in that extasie,
And take what for tune, time, and place would lend.
So forth she rose, and through the purest sky
To Jove's high Palme straight cast to ascend,
To prosecute her plot Good on-set boads good end

Shee there arriving boldly in did pass,

Where all the Gods she found in counsell close,
All quite unaim'd, as then their manner was
At sight of her they suddaine all arose
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose
But Jove, all tearelesse, forc't them to aby,
And in his soveraine throne gan straight dispose
Himselfe, more full of grace and Majestie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrifie

That when the haughty Titanesse beheld,
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld,
And mly quiking seem'd as reft of sense
And voyd of speech in that drad audience,
Until that Jove himselfe her selfe bespake
"Speake, thou fraile woman, speake with confidence,
Whence art thou, and what doost thou here now
make?

What idle eil and hast thou earths mansion to for sake?

Shee, halfe contused with his great commaund, 26
Yet gothering spirit of her natures pinde,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaind
'I am a drughter, by the mothers who
Of her that is Grand-mother magnifiche
Of all the Gods, great Earth, great Chaos child,
But by the fathers, (be it not envide)
I greater am in bloud (whereon I build) [exil'd
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from heaven

"For Titan (as ye all acknowledge must)
Was Saturnes older brother by brith-right,
Both sonnes of Uranus, but by unjust
And guilefull me mes, through Corybintes slight,
The younger thrust the elder from his right
Since which thou, Jove, injuriously hast held
The Heavens rule from Titans sonnes by might,
And them to hellish durgeons downe hast fold
Witnesse, ye Heavens, the truth of all that I have teld!"

Whil'st she thus spake, the Gods that give good eare To her bold words, and marked well her grace, Because of stature tall as any there Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face As any of the Goddesses in place, Stood all astonied, like a soit of steeres, Mongstwhom some beast of stringe and forming account of their ghistly gaze bewry their hidden ferres.

Till, having pauz'd awhile, Jove thus bespake
"Will never mortall thoughts ceases to aspire
In this bold sort to Heaven claime to make,
And touch celestrall seates with critially name?
I would have thought that bold Produstes hire,
Or Typhons fall, or proud Ixions paine,
Or great Prometheus tasting of our me,
Would have suffiz'd the rest for to restraine,
And warn'd all men by their example to refraine

"But now this off-scum of that cursed fry 30 Date to tenew the like bold enterprize, And chalenge th' heritage of this our skic, Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise Should handle as the rest of her allies, And thunder-drive to hell?" With that, he shooke His Nectai-deawed locks, with which the skyes And all the world beneath for terror quooke,

And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke

But when he looked on her lovely face, In which faire beames of beauty did appeare That could the greatest wrath soone turne to grace. (Such swry doth be ruty even in herven beare) He staide his hand, and, having chang'd his cherie, He thus againe in milder wise began "But ah! if Gods should strive with flesh yfere, Then shortly should the progeny of min Be rooted out, if Jove should doe still what he can

"But thee, fane Titan's child, I rather weene, Through some vaine errour, or inducement light, To see that most all eyes have never seene, Or through ensample of thy sisters might, Bellona, whose giert glory thou doost spight, Since thou hast seene her diendfull power belowe, Monest wretched men (dismaide with her affright) To bandle Crownes, and Kingdoms to bestowe

And sure thy worth no lesse then hers doth seem to showe

"But wote thou this, thou haidy Titanesse, 33 That not the worth of any living wight May challenge ought in Heaven's interesse, Much lesse the Title of old Titans Right For we by Conquest, of our sovernine might, And by eternall doome of Fates decree, Hive wonne the Empire of the Heavens bright, Which to our selves we hold, and to whom wce Shill worthy deeme putakers of our blisse to bee

- "Then cease thy idle claime, thou foolish geile, 34
 And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine
 That place, from which by folly Titan tell
 Thereto thou maist perhaps, if so thou faint
 Have Jove thy gracious Lord and Soveraigne"
 So having said, she thus to him replide
 "Ceasse, Situines Sonne, to seeke by proffers vaine
 Of idle hopes t'allure me to thy side,
 For to betray my Right before I have it tride
- "But thee, O Jove! no equal Judge I deeme 35
 Of my desert, or of my dewfull Right,
 That in thine owne behalfe must partiall sceme
 But to the highest him, that is behight
 Father of Gods and men by equall might,
 To weet, the God of Nature, I appeale"
 There-at Jove we'ved wroth, and in his spright
 Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale,
 And bade Dan Phæbus scribe her appellation se de

Eftsoones the time and place appointed were, 36
Where all, both here only Powers and entity wights,
Before great Natures presence should appeare,
For that of their Titles and best Rights
That was, to weet, upon the highest hights
Of Arlo-hill (Who knowes not Arlo-hill ')
That is the highest head (in all mens sights)
Of my old father Moll, whom Shepheards quill
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for viril skill

And, were it not ill fitting for this file

To sing of hilles and woods mongst warres and
I would abate the sternenesse of my stile, [Knights,
Mongst these sterne stounds to mingle soft delights,
And tell how Arlo, through Dianaes spights,
(Beeing of old the best and tariest Hill
That was in all this holy Islands hights)
Was made the most unpreasant and most ill
Meane while, O Cho! lend Calliope thy quill

Whylome when IRELAND florished in fame 38 Of wealths and goodnesse, far above the rest Of all that beare the British Islands name, The gods then us'd (for pleasure and for rest) Oft to resort there-to, when seem'd them best, But none of all there-in more pleasure found Then Cynthia, that is soveraine Queene profest Of woods and for ests which therein abound, Sprinkled with wholsom writers more then most on ground

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game, Either for chace of beasts with hound or boawe. Or for to shroude in shade from Phæbus flame, Or bothe in fountaines that doe freshly flowe Or from high hilles, or from the diles belowe, She chose this Ailo, where shee did resort With all her Nymphes can uiged on a rowe, With whom the woody Gods did oft consoit, [spoit For with the Nymphes the Sityres love to play ind

Amongst the which there was a Nymph that hight 40 Molanna, daughter of old Father Mole, And sister unto Mulla fure and bright, Unto whose bed filse Biegog whylome stole, That Shepheud Colin denely did condole, And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to be But this Molenna, were she not so shole, Were no lesse fine and beautiful then shee. Yet, as she is, a fairer flood may no man see

For first, she springs out of two marble Rocks, On which a grove of Oakes high-mounted growes, That as a gulond scemes to deck the locks [showes Of som fane Bride, brought forth with pompous Out of her bowie, that many flowers strowes So through the flowry Dales she tumbling downe Through many woods and shuly coverts flowes, (That on each side her silver channell crowne)

Till to the Plune she come whose Valleyes shee doth drowne

In her sweet sheames Diana used oft
(After her sweatie chace and toilesome play)
To bathe her selfe, and, after, on the soft
And downy grasse her dainty limbes to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may,
For much she hated sight of living eye
Foolish god Funus, though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
To see her naked mongst her Nymphes in privity

No way he found to compasse his desire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to discover for some secret hire
So her with flattering words he first assaid,
And after, pleasing gifts for her purvid,
Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured, and betraid
To tell what time he might her Lady see
When she her selfe did bathe, that he might secret bee

There-to he promist, it shee would him pleasure
With this small boone, to quit her with a better,
To weet, that where- is shee had out of measure
Long-lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did set her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his Love, and of him liked well
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
For many more good turnes then he would tell,
The least of which this little pleasure should excell

The simple mud did yield to him anone;
And eft him placed where he close might view
That never any siw, save onely one,
Who, for his hire so foole-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds devour'd in Hunters hew
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew
To this sweet spring, where, doffing her mray,
She bith'd her lovely limbes, for Jove a likely pray

There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That, for great joy of some-what he did spy,
He could him not containe in silent rest,
But breaking forth in laughter loud profest
His foolish thought a foolish Faune indeed,
That couldst not hold thy selfe so hidden blest,
But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed!

Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed

The Goddesse, all abashed with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brooke,
And running straight where-as she heard his voice,
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke,
Like dured Larke, not daring up to looke
On her whose sight before so much he sought
Thenceforth they drewhim by the hornes, and shooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought,
And then into the open light they forth him brought

Like is an huswife, that with busic care 48

Thinks of her Danie to make wondrous gaine,
Finding whereas some wicked beast unware

That breakes into her Dayr'house, there doth draine
Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine,
Hath, in some snare or gin set close behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinkes what punishment were best assign'd,
And thousand deathes deviseth in her vengefull mind

So did Diana and her mrydens all

Use silly Faunus, now within their baile

They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall,
Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,
And by his goatish beard some did him haile

Yet he (poore soule!) with patience all did beare.

For nought against their wils might countervaile
Ne ought he said, whatever he did heare,
But hanging downe his head did like a Mome appeare

At length, when they had flouted him then fill, 50
They gan to cast what penaunce him to give
Somewould have gelthim, but that same would spill
The Wood-gods breed, which must for ever live
Others would through the river him have drive
And ducked deepe, but that seem'd penaunce light
But most agreed, and did this sentence give,
Him in Deares skin to clad, and in that plight
To hunt him with their hounds, him selie save how
hee might

But Cynthia's selfe, more angry then the rest,
Thought not enough to punish him in sport,
And of her shame to make a gamesome jest,
But gan examine him in straighter sort,
Which of her Nymphes, or other close consort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid?
He, much affeard, to her confessed short
That 'twas Molanna which her so bewraid
Then, all attonce their hunds upon Molanna laid

But him (according as they had decreed)

With a Deeres-skin they covered, and then chast
With all their hounds that after him did speed,
But he, more speedy, from them fled more fast
Then any Deere, so sore him dread aghast
They after follow d all with shall out-cry,
Shouting as they the heavens would have brast,
That all the woods and dales, where he did flie,
Did ring againe, and loud rececho to the skie

So they him follow'd till they weny were,
When, back returning to Molann' againc,
They, by commaund'ment of Diana, there
Herwhelm'd with stones Yct Faunus (for her paine)
Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
That her he would receive unto his bed
So now her waves passe through a pleasant Plaine,
Till with the Fanchin she her selfe doe wed,
And (both combin'd) themselves in one faire river
spred

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,

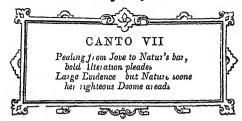
Thence-forth abandond her delicious brooke,
In whose sweete streame, before that bad occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke
Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
All those faire for ests about Arlo hid,
And all that Mountaine, which doth overlooke
The richest champion that may else be rid,
And the faire Shure, in which are thousand Salmons

bred

Them all, and all that she so deare did way, 55
Thence-forth she left, and parting from the place,
There-on an heavy haplesse cruse did lay,
To weet, that Wolves, where she was wont to space,
Shou'd harbour'd be and all those Woods deface,
And Threves should rob and spoile that Coast around
Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly Chase
Doth to this day with Wolves and Threves abound
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers since have
found







Muse, r
Me from these woods and pleasing for lests

bimg,

VII

And my fiale spirit, (that dooth oft refuse
This too high flight, unfit for her weake wing)
Lift up aloft, to tell of heavens King
(Thy soveraine Sire) his fortunate successe,
And victory in bigger noates to sing,
Which he obtain'd against that Titunesse,
That him of heavens Empire sought to dispossesse?

Yet, sith I needs must follow thy behest,

Doe thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,

Fit for this turne, and in my sable brest

Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire

Which learned minds inflameth with desire

Of heavenly things for who, but thou alone

That ait yborne of heaven and heavenly Sire,

Can tell things doen in heaven so long y gone,

So faire past memory of man that may be knowne?

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The gods assembled all on Arlo Hill,
As well those that are spring of hewenly seed
As those that all the other world doe fill,
And rule both ser ind land unto their will
Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare,
As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did feare,
Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present there

And thither also came all other creatures,
What-ever life or motion doe retaine,
According to their sundry kinds of features,
That Arlo scristy could them all containe,
So full they filled every hill and plaine,
And had not Natures Sergeant (that is Order)
Them well disposed by his busic paine,
And raunged faire abroad in every border,
They would have caused much confusion and disorder

Then for the issew'd (great goddesse) great dame Nature With goodly port and gracious Mejesty, Being fur greater and more tall of stature. Then any of the gods or Powers on hie Yet certes by her face and physnomy, Whether she man or woman inly were, That could not any creature well descry, For with a veile, that wimpled every where, Her head and face was hid that mote to none appeare.

That, some doe say, was so by skill devized,
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized,
For that her fice did like a Lion shew,
That eye of wight could not induce to view
But others tell that it so beautious was,
And round about such beames of splendor threw,
That it the Sunne a thousand times did pass,
Ne could be seene but like an image in a glass

That well may seemen true, for well I weene,
That this same day when she on Arlo sat,
Her griment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
That my fraile wit cannot devize to what
It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that
As those three sacred Sunts, though else most wise,
Yet on mount Thabor quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
Transfigur'd sawe, his griments so did daze their eyes

In a fayre Plane upon an equal hill

She placed was map valion,

Not such as Craticsmen by their adle skill

Are wont for Princes states to fashion,

But th' Earth herself, of her owne motion,

Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe

Most dainty trees, that, shooting up anon,

Did sceme to bow their bloosming heads full lowe

For homage unto her, and like a throne did shew

So haid it is for any living wight

All her array and vestiments to tell,

That old Dan Geffrey (in whose gentle spright,

The pure well head of Poesie did dwell)

In his Foules parley durst not with it mel,

But it transferd to Alane, who he thought

Hid in his Plaint of kindes describ'd it well

Which who will read set forth so as it ought,

Go seek he out that Alane where he may be sought

And all the earth far underneath her feete
Was dight with flowers that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and sent forth odoms sweet,
Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,
That might delight the smell, or please the view,
The which the Nymphes from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, they at her foot-stoole threw,
That richer seem'd then any typestry,
That Princes bowres adorne with painted imagery

And Mole himselfe, to honour her the more,

Did deck himself in freshest fine attrie,
And his high head, that seemeth alwaes hore
With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
He with an Oaken gulond now did trie,
As if the love of some new Nymph, late seene,
Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
And made him change his gray attrie to greene
Ah, gentle Mole! such joyance hath thee well beseene